This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

32101 063847220

Digitized by Google

Library of

Princeton University.

Digitized by Google

THE

MENTAL GUIDE,

BEING A COMPEND OF THE

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF METAPHYSICS,

AND

A SYSTEM OF ATTAINING AN EASY AND CORRECT MODE OF THOUGHT AND STYLE IN COMPOSITION BY TRANSCRIPTION;

PREDICATED ON THE

ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

FOR SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. *Lord Bacon.*

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY MARSH & CAPEN, and RICHARDSON & LORD.

J. H. A. FROST, PRINTER.

1828.

Digitized by Google

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS—TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1828, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, BELA MARSH and NAHUM CAPEN, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the Title of a Book the Right whereof they claim as Proprietors in the words following, to wit:

"The Mental Guide, being a Compend of the First Principles of Metaphysics, and a system of attaining an easy and correct mode of thought and style in composition by transcription; predicated on the Analysis of the Human Mind, for Schools and Academies.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—*Lord Bacon.*"

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

Digitized by Google

TO

LEVI HEDGE, L. L. D.

PROFESSOR OF LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Respected Sir,

In dedicating to you, a work, whose pretensions are humble, though aspiring to usefulness—whose merits are less in the execution, than in the design—I am actuated by those feelings of respect, to which your calling, abilities and performances are justly entitled. To one, whose life has been devoted to the science of the mind—who has deeply studied its original principles and scanned the secret laws by which they are governed; who has viewed its progress and become familiar with the extent of its powers and the habits to which they are liable—an attempt to predicate a mode of discipline for the developement of intellect, upon philosophical analysis—may be viewed in its just and proper light.

Systems of education are not wanting in number, but in natural foundation. They seem to have been framed, generally, without the aid of philosophy and urged without discovering a knowledge of its importance. It is a conclusion every person will be ready to coincide with upon reflection, that the Science of Mind, considered in all its relations, influences and effects upon the moral and intellectual character of man—is of all sciences, the most important to the Instructor and useful to the student. For what study more noble, (save of Him who created us!) than the noblest part of man? What object more worthy than the proper cultivation of that which alone is capable of never

(RECAP)

Digitized by Google

ending improvement? And what end more desirable than to be acquainted with the use of those powers—on which the success and enjoyment of all other pursuits depend? and by which all systems are to be judged and all arguments weighed? Yet, as estimated, how neglected by the learned, how strange to the ignorant and how valueless to the world!

The cause of this indifference, however, may be traced to other sources—than to the inactivity of those minds that would rather receive than propose theories. Much useless and speculative controversy has been blended with the useful parts of Mental Science,—and what is capable of being interwoven in the practice of life—has been clouded by the reasoning of skeptics and encumbered with the abstruse systems of Philosophers.

It has been my design in the following work to make a proper division of Metaphysical Principles as advanced by Locke, Stewart, and others, and apply them in some measure to use—that the science may be entered upon with less difficulty than before. If the object is attained in the least degree—my labour has been of use, if not—my attempt, though unsuccessful—may incite others to engage in the same good cause.

I am, with high considerations of Respect,

Your Most Obedient and

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

COMPEND.

CHAPTER I.

Page

Introduction, ... 13
Design, ... 14
Why it is necessary to adopt such design, ... 15

CHAPTER II.

OF THE MIND, ... 18

CHAPTER III.

OF IDEAS IN GENERAL AND THEIR ORIGINAL.

I. Idea is the object of thinking, ... 20
II. All Ideas come from Sensation or Reflection, ... 20
III. The Objects of Sensation one source of Ideas, . . . 21
IV. The Operations of our Minds, the other source of them, 21
V. All our Ideas from the one or the other of these, . . . 22
VI. In the Reception of simple ideas, the understanding is for the most part passive, ... 23

CHAPTER IV.

OF SIMPLE IDEAS.

I. Simple Ideas what, ... 24
II. Simple Ideas of Sensation, ... 25
III. Simple Ideas of Reflection, ... 25
IV. The Mind can neither make nor destroy them, . . . 26
V. They furnish ample materials of Knowledge, ... 27

CHAPTER V.

OF COMPLEX IDEAS.

I. Made by the Mind out of simple ones, ... 28
II. The abstrusest Ideas from the two sources 29

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI.

OF PERCEPTION.

I. Perception the first simple idea of Reflection, ... 30
II. Of the Process of Nature in Perception, ... 30
III. Perceptions are of two kinds, ... 31
IV. Perception the inlet to Knowledge, ... 35

CHAPTER VII.

OF RETENTION.

I. Contemplation, ... 36
II. Memory, ... 36
III. Attention, Repetition, Pleasure and Pain, fix Ideas, . 38
IV. Two defects in the Memory, Oblivion and Slowness, . 38
V. Of the Improvements of Memory, ... 39

CHAPTER VIII.

OF DISCERNING, AND OTHER OPERATIONS OF THE MIND.

I. No Knowledge without Discernment, ... 43
II. Difference between Wit and Judgment, ... 44
III. Clearness alone hinders confusion, ... 45
IV. Of Abstraction, ... 46

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

I. Association of Ideas what, ... 48
II. Succession of thoughts, ... 49
III. Resemblance, ... 49
IV. Contrariety or Contrast, ... 50
V. Contiguity, or nearness of situation, ... 50
VI. Cause and Effect, ... 51
VII. Custom or Habit, ... 52
VIII. In different sects, ... 54

CHAPTER X.

I. Of Real and Fantastical Ideas, ... 55
II. Ideas Adequate and Inadequate, ... 55

CHAPTER XI.

OF TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD, ... 58

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XII.

I. Of Relation, ... 56
II. Of Cause and Effect, and other relations, ... 57

CHAPTER XIII.

Of the Modes of Thinking, ... 58

CHAPTER XIV.

Of the Modes of Pleasure and Pain, ... 59

CHAPTER XV.

OF WORDS, OR LANGUAGE IN GENERAL.

I. Man fitted to form articulate sounds, ... 60
II. Words, Signs of Ideas, ... 61
III. General Signs, ... 61

CHAPTER XVI.

OF THE SIGNIFICATION OF WORDS.

I. Words are sensible signs necessary for communication, . 62
II. Words are the sensible signs of his Ideas who uses them, 63
III. The learned and unlearned use the words they speak all alike, ... 64
IV. Words often secretly referred, First to the Ideas in other men's Minds, ... 64
V. Secondly, to the reality of things, ... 65
VI. Words by use readily excite ideas, ... 65
VII. Words often used without signification, ... 66
VIII. Their signification perfectly arbitrary, ... 66

CHAPTER XVII.

OF PARTICLES.

I. Particles connect parts, or whole sentences together, . 67
II. In them consists the clearness and beauty of a good style, 68
III. The insufficiency of Dictionaries in explaining particles, 69
IV. Instance in *But*, ... 69

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENDS OF LANGUAGE.

I. To convey Ideas, ... 70
II. To do it with quickness, ... 71

Digitized by Google

III. Therewith to convey the knowledge of things, . . . 71
IV. How men's words fail in all these, ... 71

CONSEQUENTIÆ.

Introduction, ... 73
System, ... 73
Inference from Chapter II. 74
Inference from Chapter III. 75
Inference from Chapter V. 78
Inference from Chapter IX. 79
Inference from Chapter XVI. 81
Inference from Chapter XVIII. 82

CONCLUSION.

I. Expediency of Themes, ... 82
II. Natural Tendency of Rules, ... 83
III. Influence of Habit, ... 83
IV. Imitation, ... 85
V. Taste, how improved, ... 86
VI. Conversation, ... 86
VII. Reading, ... 87
VIII. Grammar and Rhetoric, ... 88

LESSONS.

On the Belief of God, ... *Gilpin*, 91
Religion the best and only support in cases of Real Stress, ... *Sterne*, 94
Astronomy, ... *Johnson*, 96
A Portrait of Mankind, ... *Sterne*, 98
Polite Conversation Defective, *From the Manners of the Great*, ... 99
On Intemperance in Eating, ... *Dean Bolton*, 100
The Balance of Happiness Equal, ... *Blair*, 103
On Music, ... *Usher*, 104
The Fruits of Industry and Innocence, ... *Wirt*, 105
Agrippina returning to Rome with the Ashes of her dead Lord, Germanicus, ... *Tacitus*, 107
The Pleasures of Snow, ... *Wirt*, 108
Comparative view of the rising and declining generations of America, ... *Wirt*, 110

Digitized by Google

Modern Affectation,	*Wirt*,	113
The Indian Kings,	*Addison*,	116
Satirical Notice of a class called Loungers,	*Steele*,	120
Luxury and Avarice,	*Addison*,	124
Improprieties,	"	127
Friendship, the Great Benefit of it,	"	131
Commerce, the Extent and Advantages of it,	"	135
Employment of time,	"	139
Head Dresses,	"	144
Virtue and Decency,	*Steele*,	147
Education,	*Addison*,	149
Ambition of use, if rightly directed,	"	153
Virtue, of a beautiful Nature,	"	157
Dissection of a Beau's Head,	"	160
Dissection of a Coquette's Heart,	"	164
The many advantages of a Cheerful Temper,	"	168
False Modesty,	"	172
The Beauties of Creation,	*Hervey*,	176
What is proper to be observed in Conversation,	*Dr. Johnson*,	177
The Progress of the Passions,	"	178
The Importance of Politeness,	*Lord Chesterfield*,	179
How to remove or lessen Prejudices,	*Barker*,	182
The Four Seasons,	*Melmoth*,	183
Affectation of Sensibility,	*Dr. Knox*,	184
On Reading Works of Taste,	*Dr. Enfield*,	185
The Ephemera an Emblem of Human Life,	*Franklin*,	186
The Handsome and Deformed Leg,	"	188
Some account of Rip Van Winkle,	*W. Irving*,	190
Rural Life in England,	"	193
Rural Occupation,	"	196
English Scenery,	"	198
The Broken-hearted Woman,	"	199
The Widow and her Son,	"	201
Rural Funerals,	"	210
Offerings of Nature to the dead,	"	212
On the Necessity of Writing a good hand,	*Chesterfield*,	217
Surprising instance of Gratitude in a Lion,	*Johnson*,	219
Personal Beauty produced by Moral Sentiment,	"	221
A good conscience the best security against calumny, &c.	"	226

Digitized by Google

On choosing our company, ... *Chesterfield*, 230
Rules for Conversation, ... *Dr. Johnson*, 232
On Dignity of Manners, ... *Chesterfield*, 235
The Natural History of Ants, ... *Dr. Johnson*, 237
Matter, ... *J. M. Good*, 251
Humility to be learned from the study of Physics, " 252
The Operations of Nature subservient to each other, " 254
Distinguishing and Sublime Characteristics of Nature, " 256
Human Happiness the result of Virtue, . . . " 258
Same concluded, ... " 261
Taste, Genius and Imagination, ... " 263
Goldsmith's Garret, ... *B. Silliman*, 265
Rules of Walking and Riding in London, . . " 266
Dr. Herschell's Telescope, ... " 267
Manufacture of Pins, ... " 270
Shepherds and their Flocks, ... " 272
Carisbrooke Castle, ... " 273
Society in Edinburgh, ... " 276
Solon and Publicola compared, ... *Plutarch*, 278
Timoleon and Paulus Æmelius compared, . . " 283
Pelopidas and Marcellus compared, ... " 285
Flaminius and Philopœmen compared, . . . " 289
Cimon and Lucullus compared, ... " 292
Sertorius and Eumenes compared, ... " 297
Demosthenes and Cicero compared, ... " 299
The Pernicious effects of unnecessary drinking,—*C. Sprague*, 304
Extract from Webster's Discourse on Adams and Jefferson, 307
From the same continued, ... 309
Another from the same, ... 313
Marshall's Speech on the Death of Washington, ... 315
Extract from the Speech of Mr. Wirt on the Trial of A. Burr, 317
Speech of Patrick Henry, 1775, ... 321
Mr. Hopkinson on the Impeachment of Judge Chase, . . 324
Extract from Demosthenes 1st Oration against Philip, . . 330
Do. from his second Olynthiac Oration, ... 333
Do. from his third Oration against Philip, ... 334
Do. from Demosthenes' Oration on the Regulation of the State, ... 338
Do. from Cicero's 1st Oration against Catiline, . . . 339
Do. from Cicero's 2d Oration against Catiline, . . . 342
Do. from Cicero's 3d Oration against Catiline, . . . 344

Digitized by Google

POETRY.

On Time,	*Milton*,	347
Retirement,	*Cowper*,	348
The Faithful Bird,	"	350
The Glow Worm,	"	351
Indolence Reproved—Sun Rising, &c.	*Thompson*,	352
The Wisdom of God,	"	356
Sunset,	"	357
Philosophy,	"	358
Rural Life,	"	360
The variety of constitution in the minds of men,	*Akenside*,	362
General character of a fine Imagination,	"	363
Natural of Beauty, Truth and Good,	"	366
Virtue,	"	368
The Wealth of Mind,	"	369
The Voice of Memory,	*Rev. T. Dale*,	371
Scenes of my Childhood,		372
Bee and Fly,	*Lord J. Russell*,	373
Morning,		375
The Friendship of Home,	*Miss E. S. Corey*,	376
The Quiet Mind,	*John Clare*,	377
God and Nature,	*Cowper*,	379
Conversation,	"	381
Sphere of Man,	*Pope*,	383
Imitation from the Persian,	*Dr. Southey*,	384

ERRATA.

In first line page 49, for "similar in connexion with," read "*dissimilar* in connexion with, &c."

In note, page 116, for "lengthy," read "*long*."

In 13th and 14th lines, page 78, for "thinking and speaking is," read, "thinking and speaking *are*, &c."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

COMPENDIUM.

CHAPTER I.

I. Introduction.

"IF in any thing," says Quintilian, when speaking on the utility of Rhetoric, "The Creator has distinguished us from the rest of animals, it is by the gift of speech. They surpass us in strength, patience, in size, in swiftness, and especially in independence of foreign aid. Guided by instinct they soon learn by its instructions, to walk, to feed themselves, and to swim.

"Their protection against cold, and their weapons of defence, are provided for them by nature. But what pains and labour does it cost man to procure all these things.

"Reason is our inheritance, and seems to associate us to immortal beings. But how feeble would reason be, were it not for the faculty of expressing our thoughts by speech, which is the faithful interpreter of reason. This is what is wanting in the inferior animals, much more than understanding, of which, it cannot be justly said, that they are absolutely destitute.

"If then we have received *nothing* from the Deity better than the use of speech, what is there, which we ought to cultivate with greater industry? What object is more worthy of our ambition, than that of rising above other men by that faculty, which alone raises them above the level of the brutes?"

Digitized by Google

If it is thus important to be master of our *speech*, how much more so, that we possess the art of communicating our thoughts with ease and propriety by the pen?—As the former has a limited circulation, the latter circulates throughout the world; as the former answers only, (in many respects) for the present or passing time, the latter can be preserved for the use of ages; and, it may be said, that it is by the latter, only, that the former is made most useful.

II. Design.

Admitting what is universally acknowledged, that the art of composing, and of communicating our thoughts with ease and accuracy is one of the most useful and important, I shall proceed to introduce such principles of Locke, Stewart, Reid, and others, as shall seem proper for the study of those, whose intellectual powers are but in the bud.

In which abridgement, the principal objects in view will be, to instruct the youthful mind* its natural and acquired powers; the laws by which they are governed; and to show wherein, and how, the mode of acquiring a good style of writing and of thinking, by transcription, is approved both by common sense and Philosophy.

The arguments contained in the "Introduction and Consequentiæ" are more properly adapted to the capacity of the instructor, than the student—and as such, it is wished they should be received.

It was suggested, by a gentleman whose deep learning and superior judgement are highly respected—whether a

*I would be understood by "*youthful mind*," to mean, the mind from youth to manhood.

For, a book of this nature cannot only be studied to advantage by the *young*, but by those, who are even *mature* in age; that this is *true*, I have no hesitation in affirming, and so far from approximating to the nature of a conjecture—it is a truth gained by actual experiment and observation.

Digitized by Google

more *extended* compendium of Metaphysics would not render the work more useful? This suggestion was a good one, and was in a degree improved, though, perhaps not to the extent its author would have advised.

It is not so much to be considered—whether this Compend as a Compend of Metaphysics, but, whether it is, in connexion with the work that follows, as extended as it should be. I humbly conceive that it is.

The design being, first, to exhibit the philosophy of the system, and secondly, to enable the youth to become acquainted with those mental powers that are in some measure under their direction. Farther than this, with due deference to those who may differ from me, I deem as inexpedient;—for it is better to be faulty in being too simple in plans of education—than too complex.

To discuss whether consciousness is a property of organized matter, or to attempt a definite exposition of the percipient principle of the mind, or whether the medullary substance of the brain be the sensorium or not, or to enter into the abstruse parts of Metaphysics, would not only be useless in this book, but make the arguments more mixed and confused, and less calculated to promote and substantiate the object for which it is written.

Our more limited sphere is, to represent the *mind* in its original state, to make deductions from the Phenomena discoverable in its progress to maturity, and by strictly observing the several effects, to trace out their respective causes; for, by a proper knowledge of *cause* and *effect* only—can the modes of culture be improved.

III. Why it is necessary to adopt such design.

It is certainly not unreasonable to require a child to cultivate and improve his mind?—then, wherefore is it, to teach him that *which* he ought to cultivate?

Digitized by Google

"There are few subjects," writes Professor Stewart, "more hackneyed than that of education; and yet there is none, upon which the opinions of the world are still more divided. Nor is this surprising, for most of those who have speculated concerning it, have confined their attention chiefly to incidental questions about the comparative advantages of public or private instruction, or the utility of particular languages or sciences; without attempting a previous examination of those faculties and principles of the mind, which it is the great object of education to improve. Many excellent detached observations, indeed, both on the intellectual and moral powers, are to be collected from the writings of ancient and modern authors; but I do not know, that in any language an attempt has been made to analyze and illustrate the principles of human nature, in order to lay a philosophical foundation for their proper culture."

As our most useful knowledge of the bodily system is acquired by anatomical dissection, so it is by an anatomy of the mind we are to become familiar with its powers and principles. If we admit the importance of the one, we must of the other; and when we acknowledge both to be of indispensable value, there remains but one way to test the excellence of the several systems of education. We then have something definite for our guide; something that admits of demonstration; something that must stand forever—for reason never destroys the better part of a work to be enabled to repair the other—She is able at one and the same time to preserve the good while she destroys the bad.

If we allow the principle of *Horace* to have its due weight—"Scribendi recte, sapere est principium et fons." We must admit the reasonableness of the study of the human mind as introductory to composition:—for all beings, as well as matter, have certain innate properties

Digitized by Google

by which they are to be distinguished in their several species;—and it is by an acquaintance with the process of the propagation of generative existences, or properties, that we learn the most proper method of improving and invigorating their powers of production.

"The young in particular" says a writer, on *Mental Philosophy*, "will be led by an acquaintance with the practical laws of the mind, to perceive how their present conduct affects their future character, and happiness; to perceive the importance of avoiding a frivolous employment of their time, without any end beyond mere amusement, to perceive the impossibility of indulging in vicious gratifications, without lessening their means of happiness, and checking their progress towards excellence. They will learn how habits are formed almost imperceptibly, and, when long exercised, how exceedingly difficult it is, to eradicate them; they will learn to consider the formation of habits as requiring, therefore, their utmost circumspection. They will be enabled to discern what habits of thought and feeling are baneful, what useful; what means of happiness should be regarded as of primary value, what should be regarded as secondary, only. In short there can be no hesitation in affirming, that next to the immediate pursuit of religion, to which the laws of the mind direct, a judicious acquaintance with those laws is the most important means of the right employment of that period of life, on which the happiness of our existence in a great measure depends."

Not that I would, (as I have already said) recommend the taxing of young minds with the abstruse and unsettled parts of Metaphysics—but only of those that are plain, easy to be understood, and profitable to be known.

"The most essential objects," writes Stewart, "of education, are the two following:—First, to cultivate all the various principles of our nature, both speculative and

Digitized by Google

active, in such a manner as to bring them to the greatest perfection of which they are susceptible; and, secondly, by watching over the impressions and associations which the mind receives in early life, to secure it against the influence of prevailing errors; and, as far as possible, to engage its prepossessions on the side of truth. It is only upon a philosophical analysis of the mind, that a systematical plan can be founded, for the accomplishment of either of these purposes."

CHAPTER II.

OF THE MIND.

THAT, whatever it be, which *thinks*, and *feels*, and *wills*, is called the *mind*; that part of the human being, which *thinks*, and *feels*, and *wills*, is called the *human* mind.

The notions we annex to the words, Matter, and Mind, are merely relative. If we are asked, what we mean by matter? We can only explain ourselves by saying, it is that which is extended, figured, coloured, moveable, hard or soft, rough or smooth, hot or cold,—that is, we can define it in no other way, than by enumerating its sensible qualities. It is not matter, or body, which we perceive by our senses, but only extension, figure, colour, and certain other qualities, which the constitution of our nature leads us to refer to something, which is extended, figured, and coloured. The case is precisely similar with respect to mind. We are not immediately conscious of its existence, but we are conscious of sensation, thought, and volition; operations, which imply the existence of

Digitized by Google

something which feels, thinks and wills. Every man too is impressed with an irresistible conviction, that all these sensations, thoughts, and volitions belong to one and the same being; to that being, which he calls *himself*; a being, which he is led, by the constitution of his nature, to consider as something distinct from his body, and as not liable to be impaired by the loss or mutilation of any of his organs.

Although we cannot easily find analogies that are perfectly illustrative for all subjects,—yet, there is no subject so detached—but what nature has afforded something similar either in its texture or properties, colour or form, that will give us an analogy both instructive and interesting. In brutes and in plants we see peculiar habits as in men. I mean by *habits*, in this general term—those particular ways—or appearances which any growing thing has peculiar to itself in its progress to maturity—those habits or modes of existence varying as the cultivation may differ.

The wild forest plant when transplanted to the richly cultivated garden—assumes new vigour, and its powers and capacities become more fully developed. Its form becomes more perfect—its appearance more beautiful—and its several parts seem to go through a kind of education and arrive at the highest degree of refinement.

All things that live and grow—all substances that bring forth and support—have laws that in some measure correspond and aid each other in being understood. This natural constitution of things, if properly observed and regarded is an unfailing source of knowledge. What is latent or complex in one thing, may be easily discovered and explained in another. And if the same truth is clothed with different degrees of complexity in different things, those that are most simple and best known, should receive our first attention.

Digitized by Google

Among the many Phenomena in the natural world I can discover nothing that represents the mind in its original state, and its operations, so well as the Earth.*

"In *that*, as in the mind," says Budgell, "we discover a vegetative principle, which cannot lie wholly idle, for if it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth."

CHAPTER III.

OF IDEAS IN GENERAL AND THEIR ORIGINAL.

I. *Idea is the object of thinking.*

EVERY man being conscious to himself that he thinks, and that which his mind is applied about, whilst thinking, being the ideas that are there, it is past doubt, that men have in their minds several ideas, such as those expressed by the words—*whiteness, hardness, sweetness, thinking, motion, man, elephant, army, drunkenness,* and others. It is in the first place then, to be inquired, how he comes by them.

II. *All Ideas come from Sensation or Reflection.*

Our observation employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of

* Vide Chap. 2, of the Consequentiæ.

Digitized by Google

thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge, whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.

III. *The objects of Sensation one source of Ideas.*

First, our senses conversant about particular sensible objects, convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways, wherein those objects affect them: and thus we come by those ideas we have of *yellow*, *white*, *heat*, *cold*, *soft*, *hard*, *bitter*, *sweet*, and all those which we call sensible qualities. This great source of most of the ideas we have, depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them to the understanding, we call *Sensation*.

IV. *The operations of our Minds, the other source of them.*

Secondly, the other fountain from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operations of our mind within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got, which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and consider, furnish the understanding with another set of ideas, which could not be had from things without; and such are *perception*, *thinking*, *doubting*, *believing*, *reasoning*, *knowing*, *willing*, and all the different actings of our minds; which we being conscious of, and observing in ourselves, do from these receive into our understandings as distinct ideas, as we do from bodies affecting our senses.

This source of ideas every man has wholly in himself: and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very similar to it, and might properly enough be called *internal* sense.

Digitized by Google

But as we call the other *sensation*, so we call this, *reflection*, the ideas it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself.

These two, viz. external material things, as the objects of sensation; and the operations of our own minds within as the objects of reflection; are the only originals whence all our ideas take their beginnings.

The term operations here, is used in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arising sometimes from them, such as is the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought.

V. *All our Ideas from the one or the other of these.*

The understanding seems not to have the least glimmering of any ideas, which it doth not receive from one of these two sources. External objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us, and the mind furnishes the understanding with ideas of its own operations.

These, when we have taken a full survey of them and their several *modes*, *combinations* and *relations*, we shall find to contain all our whole stock of ideas; and that we have nothing in our minds which did not come in one of these two ways. Let any one examine his own thoughts, and thoroughly search into his own understanding; and then let him say whether all the original ideas he has there, are any other than of the objects of his senses, or of the operations of his mind, considered as objects of his reflection; and how great a mass of knowledge soever he imagines to be lodged there, he will, upon taking a strict view, see that he has not any idea in his mind, but one

Digitized by Google

of these two have imprinted: though perhaps with infinite variety compounded and enlarged by the understanding, as we shall see hereafter.

But let not this important observation be forgotten by any one; that the ideas the mind possesses will be fewer or more numerous, simple or more diversified, clear or confused, according to the number of the objects or subjects presented to it, and the extent of its reflections and examinations.

VI. *In the Reception of simple ideas, the understanding is for the most part Passive.*

In the reception of simple ideas, the understanding is for the most part passive; and *whether or not* it will have these beginnings, and, as it were, materials of knowledge are not in its own power.

For the objects of our senses do, many of them, obtrude themselves into the notice of our minds whether we will or not: and the operations of our minds will not let us be without, at least, some obscure notions of them.

No man can be wholly ignorant of what he does when he thinks. These simple ideas, when offered to the mind, the understanding can no more refuse to have, nor alter, when they are imprinted, nor blot them out, and make new ones itself, than a mirror can refuse, alter, or obliterate the images which the objects set before it do therein produce. As the bodies that surround us diversely affect our organs, the mind is forced to receive the impressions, and cannot avoid the perception of those ideas that are annexed to them.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IV.

OF SIMPLE IDEAS.

1. *Simple Ideas what.*

THE first class of our ideas are those which are distinguished by the name of *simple* perception; because they exist in the mind under one uniform appearance without variety or composition. For though external objects do at the same time suggest to the understanding many different ideas, all united together, and making as it were one whole; yet the impressions themselves are evidently distinct, and are conceived by the mind, each under a form peculiar to itself.

Thus the ideas of *colour*, *extension*, and *motion* may be suggested to the mind, at one and the same time, from the same body; yet these three perceptions are as distinct in themselves, as if they all had been suggested by different objects, or were exhibited to our notice at different times. We are therefore carefully to distinguish between our simple and primitive conceptions, and those different combinations of them which are often suggested to the mind by single objects acting upon it. The first constitute our original notices of things, and are not distinguishable into different ideas, but are conceived by the senses simple and unmixed. They are also the materials, out of which all the others, how complex and complicated soever, are formed; and therefore ought deservedly to be looked on as the foundation and ground work of our knowledge.

Digitized by Google

II. *Simple Ideas of Sensation.*

Now if we take a survey of these ideas, and their several divisions and classes, we shall find them all suggested to us, either by our senses, or the attention of the mind to what passes within itself. Thus our notices of the different qualities of bodies, are all of the kind we call simple ideas, and may be reduced to five general heads, according to the several organs which are affected by them. *Colours*, &c. and *sounds*, are conveyed in by the *eyes* and *ears*; *tastes* and *smells*, by the *nose* and *palate*; and *heat*, *cold*, solidity, &c. by the touch. Beside these, there are others which make impressions on several of our senses, as *extension*, *figure*, *rest* and motion, &c. the ideas of which are suggested to our minds, both by seeing and feeling.

III. *Simple Ideas of Reflection.*

If we turn our view upon what passes within ourselves, we shall find another set of simple ideas arising from our consciousness of the *acts* and *operations* of our own minds. *Perception* or *thinking*, and *volition* or *willing*, are what every man experiences in himself, and cannot avoid being sensible of. I shall only observe farther, that besides all the above mentioned perceptions, there are others that come into our minds, by all the ways of *sensation* and *reflection*; such are the ideas of *pleasure* and *pain*, *power*, *existence*, *unity*, *succession*, &c. which are derived to our understandings both by the action of objects without us, and the consciousness of what we feel within. It is true some of these ideas, as of extension and duration, cannot be conceived altogether without parts, nevertheless, they are justly ranked among our simple ideas; because their

Digitized by Google

parts being all of the same kind, and without the mixture of any other idea, neither of them can be resolved into two distinct and separate conceptions. Thus they still answer the definition given above, of being one uniform appearance in the mind, with variety or plurality.

But to prevent confounding our simple ideas of space and duration, with those complex modes of them marked out by the several measures commonly in use, as *yards*, *miles*, *days*, *years*, &c. it may perhaps be most proper to consider the least portions of either whereof we can form a clear and distinct perception, as the simple ideas of that kind out of which all their other modes and combinations are formed. Such an *instant*, or *point*, may be conceived to be the same in respect of duration or space, as unity is in respect of numbers; and will serve best to show, how by a continued addition or repetition, our more enlarged and complex ideas are made up.

IV. *The Mind can neither make nor destroy them.*

These simple ideas, the materials of all our knowledge, are suggested and furnished to the mind only by those two ways before mentioned, viz. *sensation* and *reflection*. When the understanding is once stored with these simple ideas, it has the power to *repeat*, *compare*, and *unite* them, even to an almost infinite variety; and so can make at pleasure new complex ideas. But it is not in the power of the most exalted wit or enlarged understanding, by any quickness or variety of thought, to invent or frame one new simple idea in the mind, not taken in by the ways aforementioned; nor can any force of the understanding destroy those that are there. The dominion of man in this little world of his own understanding, being much the same as it is in the great world of visible things; wherein his power, however managed by art and skill, reaches no

Digitized by Google

farther than to compound and divide the materials that are made to his hand; but can do nothing towards the making the least particle of new matter, or destroying one atom of what is already in being. The same inability will every one find in himself, who shall go about to fashion in his understanding any simple idea, not suggested by external objects, or by reflection from the operations of his own mind about them. Let any one try to fancy any taste, which had never affected his palate; or frame the idea of a scent he had never smelt; and when he can do this, we may also conclude that a blind man hath ideas of colours, and a deaf man true distinct notions of sounds.

V. *They furnish ample materials of Knowledge.*

Though the mind cannot in multiplying its conceptions of things, advance one step beyond the materials furnished it by sense and consciousness; yet as it has a power of combining, modifying, and enlarging them, in all the different ways in which they can be put together, it therefore finds itself in possession of an inexhaustible treasure of ideas, sufficient to employ it to the full extent of all its powers, and furnish matter for all those various opinions, fancies, and views of things, that make up the subject of its thoughts and contemplations. Let us but reflect upon the single idea of unity, or one—and observe what a variety of combinations are formed, by continually adding it to itself: insomuch that the understanding finds no stop or boundary, in its progress from number to number. In what an infinity of different lights may *extension* alone be considered; what limits can be set to that endless diversity of figures, which it is in the power of the imagination to fashion and represent to itself? if to these we add those numberless other combinations that result from variously compounding and comparing the rest of our simple ideas,

Digitized by Google

we shall have little reason to complain of being limited to a scanty measure of knowledge, or that the exercise of the human faculties is confined within narrow bounds.

CHAPTER V.

OF COMPLEX IDEAS.

I. *Made by the mind out of simple ones.*

WE have hitherto considered those ideas, in the reception whereof the mind is only passive, which are those simple ones received from sensation and reflection before mentioned, whereof the mind cannot make one to itself, nor have any idea which does not wholly consist of them. But as the mind is wholly passive in the reception of all its simple ideas, so it exerts several acts of its own, whereby out of its simple ideas, as the materials and foundation of the rest, the other are framed. The acts of the mind, wherein it exerts its power over its simple ideas, are chiefly these three.

1. Combining several simple ideas into one compound one, and thus all complex ideas are made.

2. The second is bringing two ideas, whether simple or complex, together, and setting them by one another, so as to take a view of them at once, without uniting them into one; by which way it gets all its ideas of relations.

3. The third, is separating them from all other ideas that accompany them in their real existence; this is called *abstraction*: and thus all its general ideas are made.

Digitized by Google

This shows man's power, and its ways of operation, to be much the same in the material and intellectual world: for the materials in both being such as he has no power over, either to make or destroy, all that man can do is either to unite them together, or to set them by one another, or wholly separate them. As simple ideas are observed to exist in several combinations united together, so the mind has a power to consider several of them united together as one idea; and that not only as they are united in external objects, but as itself has joined them. Ideas thus made up of several simple ones put together, are called *complex;* such as are *beauty*, *gratitude*, a *man*, an *army*, the *universe;* which though complicated, of various simple ideas, or complex ideas made up of simple ones, yet are, when the mind pleases, considered each by itself as one entire thing, and signified by one name.

II. *The abstrusest Ideas from the two sources.*

If we trace the progress of our minds, and with attention observe how it *repeats*, *adds together*, and *unites* its simple ideas received from *sensation* or *reflection*, it will lead us farther than at first perhaps we should have imagined. And we shall find, if we warily observe the originals of our notions, that even the most *abstruse* ideas, how remote soever they may seem from sense, or from any operations of our own minds, are yet only such as the understanding frames to itself by repeating and joining together ideas, that it had either from objects of sense, or from its own operations about them: so that those even large and abstract ideas, are derived from sensation, or reflection, being no other than what the mind, by the ordinary use of its own faculties, employed about ideas suggested by objects of sense, or from the operations it observes in itself about them, may and does attain unto.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI.

OF PERCEPTION.

I. *Perception the first simple idea of Reflection.*

PERCEPTON, as it is the first faculty of the mind, exercised about our ideas; so it is the first and simplest idea we have from reflection, and is by some called thinking in general. Though thinking, in the propriety of the English tongue, signifies that sort of operation in the mind about its ideas, wherein the mind is active; where it with some degree of voluntary attention considers any thing. For in bare naked perception, the mind is, for the most part, only passive; and what it perceives, it cannot avoid perceiving.

II. *Of the Process of Nature in Perception.*

Although there is no reasoning in perception, yet there are certain means and instruments, which by the appointment of nature must intervene between the object and our perception of it; and, by these our perceptions are limited and regulated.

First, If the object is not in contact with the organ of sense, there must be some medium which passes between them. Thus, in vision, the rays of light; in hearing, the vibration of elastic air; in smelling, the effluvia of the body smelled, must pass from the object to the organ; otherwise we have no perception. Secondly, There must be some action or impression upon the organ of sense, either by the immediate application of the object, or by the medium that goes between them. Thirdly, The nerves which go from the brain to the organ, must receive some impres-

Digitized by Google

sion by means of that which was made upon the organ; and probably, by means of the nerves, some impression must be made upon the brain. Fourthly, The impression made upon the organ, nerves, and brain, is followed by a sensation. And, last of all, This sensation is followed by the perception of the object.

Thus our perception of objects is the result of a train of operations; some of which affect the body only, others affect the mind. We know very little of the nature of some of these operations; we know not at all how they are connected together, or in what way they contribute to that perception which is the result of the whole: but, by the laws of our constitution, we perceive objects in this, and in no other way.

What perception is, every one will know better by reflecting on what he does himself, *what he sees, hears, feels,* &c or thinks, than by any discourse of another. Whoever reflects on what passes in his own mind, cannot miss it: and if he does not reflect, all the words in the world cannot make him have any notion of it.

III. *Perceptions are of two kinds.*

Our perceptions are of two kinds; some are natural and original, others acquired, and the fruit of experience. When we perceive that this is the taste of cider, that of brandy; and this is the smell of an apple, that of an orange; that this is the noise of thunder, that the ringing of bells: this the sound of a coach passing, that the voice of such a friend; these perceptions, and others of the same kind, are not original, they are acquired. But the perception which we have by touch, of the hardness and softness of bodies, of their extension, figure and motion, is not acquired; it is original.

Digitized by Google

In all our senses, the acquired perceptions are many more than the original, especially in sight. By this sense we perceive originally the visible figure and colour of bodies only, and their visible place; but we learn to perceive by the eye almost every thing which we can perceive by touch. The original perceptions of this sense, serve only as signs to introduce the acquired.

The signs by which objects are presented to us in perception, are the language of nature to man; and as, in many respects, it hath great affinity with the language of man to man; so particularly in this, that both are partly natural and original, partly acquired by custom. Our original or natural perceptions are analogous to the natural language of man to man; and our acquired perceptions are analogous to artificial language, which in our mother tongue, is got very much in the same manner with our acquired perceptions, as we shall afterwards more fully explain.

Not only men, but children, idiots, and brutes, acquire by habit many perceptions which they had not originally. Almost every employment in life, hath perceptions of this kind that are peculiar to it. The shepherd knows every sheep of his flock, as we do our acquaintance, and can pick them out of another flock one by one. The butcher knows by sight the weight and quality of his beeves and sheep before they are killed. The farmer perceives by his eye, very nearly, the quantity of hay in a rick, or of corn in a heap. The sailor sees the burden, the build, and the distance of a ship at sea, while she is a great way off.—Every man accustomed to writing, distinguishes his acquaintance by their hand writing, as he does by their faces. And the painter distinguishes in the works of his art, the style of all the great masters. In a word, acquired perception is very different in different persons, according to the diversity of objects about which they are employed, and the application they bestow in observing them.

Digitized by Google

There is no reasoning in perception, as hath been observed. The belief which is implied in it, is the effect of instinct. But there are many things, with regard to sensible objects, which we can infer from what we perceive; and such conclusions of reason ought to be distinguished from what is merely perceived. When we look at the moon, we perceive her to be sometimes circular, sometimes horned, and sometimes gibbous. This is simple perception, and is the same in the philosopher and the clown: but from these various appearances of her enlightened part, it is to be inferred that she is really of a spherical figure. This conclusion is not obtained by simple perception, but by reasoning. Simple perception has the same relation to the conclusions of reason drawn from our perceptions, as the axioms in mathematics have to the propositions. We cannot demonstrate that two quantities, which are equal to the same quantity are equal to each other; neither can we demonstrate, that the tree, which we perceive, exists. But, by the constitution of our nature, our belief is irresistibly carried along by our apprehension of the axiom; and by the constitution of our nature, our belief is no less irresistibly carried along by our perception of the tree. All reasoning is from principles. The first principles of mathematical reasoning are mathematical axioms and definitions; and the first principles of all our reasoning about existence, are our perceptions. The first principles of every kind of reasoning are given us by nature, and are of equal authority with the faculty of reason itself, which is also the gift of nature. The conclusions of reason are built upon first principles, and can have no other foundation.

When a long train of reasoning is necessary in demonstrating a mathematical proposition, it is easily distinguished from an axiom, and they seem to be things of a very different nature. But there are some propositions

Digitized by Google

which lie so near to axioms, that it is difficult to say, whether they ought to be held as axioms, or demonstrated as propositions. The same thing holds with regard to perception, and the conclusions drawn from it. Some of these conclusions follow our perceptions so easily, and are so immediately connected with them, that it is difficult to fix the limit which divides the one from the other.

Perception, whether original or acquired, implies no exercise of reason; and is common to men, children, idiots and brutes. The more obvious conclusions drawn from our perceptions, by reason, make what we call *common understanding;* by which men conduct themselves in the common affairs of life, and by which they are distinguished from idiots. The more remote conclusions which are drawn from our perceptions by reason, make what we commonly call *science*, in the various parts of nature, whether in agriculture, medicine, mechanics, or in any part of natural philosophy. When we see a garden in good order, containing a great variety of things of the best kinds, and in the most flourishing condition, we immediately conclude from these signs, the skill and industry of the gardener. A farmer when he rises in the morning, and perceives that the neighbouring brook overflows his fields, concludes that a great deal of rain hath fallen in the night. Perceiving his fence broken and his corn trodden down, he concludes that some of his own or his neighbour's cattle have broke loose. Perceiving that his stable-door is broken open and some of his horses gone, he concludes that a thief has carried them off. He traces the prints of his horses' feet in the soft ground, and by them discovers which road the thief hath taken. These are instances of common understanding, which dwells so near to perception, that it is difficult to trace the line which divides the one from the other. In like manner, the science of nature dwells so near to common understanding,

Digitized by Google

that we cannot discern where the latter ends and the former begins. We perceive that bodies lighter than water swim in water, and that those which are heavier sink. Hence, we conclude, that if a body remains wherever it is put under water, whether at the top or bottom, it is precisely of the same weight with the water. If it will rest only when part of it is above water, it is lighter than water. And the greater the part above water is, compared with the whole, the lighter is the body. If it had no gravity at all, it would make no impression upon the water, but stand wholly above it. Thus, every man, by common understanding, has a rule by which he judges of the specific gravity of bodies which swim in water: and a step or two more leads him into the science of hydrostatics.

All that we know of nature or of existences, may be compared to a tree, which hath its root, trunk, and branches. In this tree of knowledge, perception is the root, common understanding is the trunk, and the sciences are the branches.

IV. *Perception the inlet of Knowledge.*

Perception then being the first step and degree towards knowledge, and the inlet of all the materials of it, the fewer senses any man, as well as any other creature, hath, and the fewer and duller the impressions are that are made by them, and the duller the faculties are employed about them, the more remote are they from that knowledge which is to be found in some men. But this being in a great variety of degrees, (as may be perceived among men) cannot certainly be discovered in the several species of animals, much less in their particular individuals. It suffices only to remark here, that *perception* is the first operation of all our intellectual faculties, and the inlet of all knowledge in our minds.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII.

OF RETENTION.

I. *Contemplation.*

THE next faculty of the mind, whereby it makes a farther progress toward knowledge, is that which is called *retention*, or the keeping of those simple ideas which from sensation or reflection it hath received. This is done in two ways; first, by keeping the idea, which is conceived, for some time actually in view; which is called *contemplation.*

II. *Memory.*

The other way is the power to revive again in our minds those ideas which after imprinting have disappeared, or have been as it were laid aside out of sight; and thus we do when we conceive *heat* or *light*, *yellow* or *sweet*, the object being removed. This is *memory*, which is, as it were, the storehouse of our ideas. For the narrow mind of man not being capable of having many ideas under view and consideration at once, it was necessary to have a repository to lay up those ideas, which at another time it might have use of. But our ideas being nothing but actual perceptions in the mind, which cease to be any thing when there is no perception of them, this laying up of our ideas in the repository of the memory signifies no more than this, that the mind has a power, in many cases, to revive perceptions which it once had, with this additional perception annexed to them, *that it has had them before.* And in this sense it is, that our ideas are said to be in our memories, when indeed they are ac-

Digitized by Google

tually no where, but only there is an ability in the mind when it will, to revive them again, and, as it were, paint them anew on itself, though some with more, some with less difficulty; some more lively, and others more obscurely. And thus it is, by the assistance of this faculty, that we are to have all those ideas in our understandings, which though we do not actually contemplate, yet we can bring in sight and make appear again, and be the objects of our thoughts, without the help of those sensible qualities which first imprinted them there.

The word memory is not employed uniformly in the same precise sense; but it always expresses some modification of that faculty, which enables us to treasure up, and preserve for future use, the knowledge we acquire; a faculty which is obviously the great foundation of all intellectual improvement, and without which, no advantage could be derived from the most enlarged experience. This faculty implies two things; a capacity of retaining knowledge; and a power of recalling it to our thoughts when we have occasion to apply it to use. The word memory is sometimes employed to express the capacity, and sometimes the power. When we speak of a retentive memory, we use it in the former sense; when of a ready memory, in the latter.

The various particulars which compose our stock of knowledge, are from time to time, recalled to our thoughts, in one of two ways; sometimes they recur to us spontaneously, or at least, without any interference on our part; in other cases, they are recalled, in consequence of an effort of our will. For the former operation of the mind, we have no appropriated name in our language, distinct from Memory. The latter, too, is often called by the same name, but is more properly distinguished by the word Recollection.

Digitized by Google

III. *Attention, Repetition, Pleasure and Pain, fix Ideas.*

Attention and repetition help much to the fixing any ideas in the memory: but those which naturally at first make the deepest and most lasting impressions, are those which are accompanied with *pleasure* or *pain*. The great business of the senses being to make us take notice of what hurts or what benefits the body, it is wisely ordered by nature that pain should accompany the reception of several ideas; which supplying the place of consideration and reasoning in children, and acting quicker than consideration in grown men, makes both the old and young avoid painful objects, with that haste which is necessary for their preservation; and, in both, settles in the memory a caution for the future.

IV. *Two defects in the Memory, Oblivion and Slowness.*

Memory in an intellectual creature, is necessary in the next degree to perception. It is of so great moment, that where it is wanting, all the rest of our faculties are in a great measure useless; and we, in our *thoughts*, *reasonings*, and *knowledge*, could not proceed beyond present objects, were it not for the assistance of our memories, wherein there may be two defects.

First, That it loses the idea quite, and so far produces perfect ignorance; for since we can know nothing farther than we have the idea of it, when that is gone, we are in perfect ignoranee.

Secondly, That it moves slowly, and retrieves not the ideas that it has, and are laid up in store, quick enough to serve the mind upon occasion. This, if it be to a great degree, is stupidity; and he who, through this default in his memory, has not the ideas that are really preserved

Digitized by Google

there ready at hand, when need and occasion call for them, might almost as well be without them, since they serve him to little purpose. The dull man who loses the opportunity, whilst he is seeking in his mind for those ideas that should serve his turn, is not much more happy in his knowledge than one who is perfectly ignorant. It is the business therefore of the memory to furnish to the mind those dormant ideas which it has present occasion for: in the having them at hand on all occasions consists that which we call *invention*, *fancy*, and *quickness of parts*.

V. *Of the Improvement of Memory.*

The improvement of which the mind is susceptible by culture, is more remarkable, perhaps, in the case of memory, than in that of any other of our faculties.

Of one sort of culture, of which memory is susceptible in a very striking degree, no explanation can be given; it is the improvement which the original faculty acquires by mere exercise; or in other words, the tendency which practice has to increase our natural facility of association. This effect of practice upon the memory, seems to be an ultimate law of our nature, or rather, to be a particular instance of that general law, that all our powers, both of body and mind, may be strengthened, by applying them to their proper purposes.

Besides, however, the improvement which memory admits of, in consequence of the effects of exercise on the original faculty, it may be greatly aided in its operations, by those expedients which reason and experience suggest, for employing it to the best advantage. These expedients furnish a curious subject of philosophical examination: perhaps, too, the inquiry may not be altogether without use; for, although our principal resources for assisting

Digitized by Google

the memory be suggested by nature, yet it is reasonable to think, that in this, as in similar cases, by following out systematically the hints which she suggests to us, a farther preparation may be made for our intellectual improvement.

Every person must have remarked, in entering upon any new species of study, the difficulty in treasuring up in the memory its elementary principles, and the growing facility which he acquires in this respect, as his knowledge becomes more extensive. By analyzing the different causes which concur in producing this facility, we may, perhaps, be led to some conclusions which may admit of a practical application.

1. In every science, the ideas about which it is peculiarly conversant are connected together by some particular associating principle; in one science, for example, by associations founded on the relation of cause and effect; in another, by associations founded on the relations of mathematical truths; in a third, by associations founded on contiguity in place or time. Hence one cause of the gradual improvement of memory with respect to the familiar objects of our knowledge; for whatever be the prevailing associating principle among the ideas about which we are habitually occupied, it must necessarily acquire additional strength from our favourite study.

2. In proportion as a science becomes more familiar to us, we acquire a greater command of attention with respect to the objects with which it is conversant; for information which we already possess, gives us an interest in every new truth, and every new fact, which have any relation to it. In most cases, our habits of inattention may be traced to a want of curiosity; and therefore such habits are to be corrected, not by endeavouring to force the attention in particular instances, but by gradually learning to place the ideas which we wish to remember, in an interesting point of view.

Digitized by Google

3. When we first enter on any new literary pursuit, we are unable to make a proper discrimination in point of utility and importance, among the ideas which are presented to us; and by attempting to grasp at every thing, we fail in making those moderate acquisitions which are suited to the limited powers of the human mind. As our information extends, our selection becomes more judicious and more confined; and our knowledge of useful and connected truths advances rapidly, from our ceasing to distract the attention with such as are detached and insignificant.

4. Every object of our knowledge is related to a variety of others; and may be presented to the thoughts, sometimes by one principle of association, and sometimes by another. In proportion, therefore, to the multiplication of mutual relations among our ideas (which is the natural result of growing information, and in particular, of habits of philosophical study,) the greater will be the number of occasions on which they will recur to the recollection, and the firmer will be the root which each idea, in particular, will take in the memory. It follows, too, from this observation, that the facility of retaining a new fact, or a new idea, will depend on the number of relations which it bears to the former objects of our knowledge; and, on the other hand, that every such acquisition, so far from loading the memory, gives us a firmer hold of all that part of our previous information, with which it is in a great degree connected.

5. In the last place, the natural powers of memory are, in the case of the philosopher, greatly aided by his peculiar habits of classification and arrangement. As this is by far the most important improvement of which memory is susceptible, it will be considered more particularly than any of the others that have been mentioned.

Digitized by Google

The advantages which the memory derives from a proper classification of our ideas, may best be conceived by attending to its effects, in enabling us to conduct, with ease, the common business of life. In what inextricable confusion would the lawyer or merchant be immediately involved, if he were to deposit in his cabinet promiscuously, the various written documents which daily and hourly pass through his hands? Nor could this confusion be prevented by the natural powers of memory, however vigorous they might happen to be. By a proper distribution of these documents, and a judicious reference of them to a few general titles, a very ordinary memory is enabled to accomplish more, than the most retentive, unassisted by method. We know, with certainty, where to find any article we may have occasion for, if it be in our possession; and the search is confined within reasonable limits, instead of being allowed to wander at random amidst a chaos of particulars.

Or, to take an instance still more immediately applicable to our purpose: suppose that a man of letters were to record, in a common-place book without any method, all the various ideas and facts which occurred to him in the course of his studies; what difficulties would he perpetually experience in applying his acquisitions to use? and how completely and easily might these difficulties be obviated by referring the particulars of his information to certain general heads? It is obvious, too, that, by doing so, he would not only have his knowledge much more completely under his command, but as the particulars classed together would all have some connexion more or less, with each other, he would be enabled to trace with advantage those mutual relations among his ideas, which it is the object of philosophy to ascertain.

A common-place book, conducted without any method, is an exact picture of the memory of a man whose inqui-

Digitized by Google

ries are not directed by philosophy. And the advantages of order in treasuring up our ideas in the mind, are perfectly analogous to its effects when they are recorded in writing.

Nor is this all. In order to retain our knowledge distinctly and permanently, it is necessary that we should frequently recall it to our recollection. But how can this be done without the aid of arrangement? Or supposing that it were possible, how much time and labour would be necessary for bringing to our view the various particulars of which our information is composed? In proportion as it is properly systematized, this time and labour are abridged. The mind dwells habitually, not on detached facts, but on a comparatively small number of general principles; and by means of these, it can summon up, as occasion may require, an infinite number of particulars associated with them; each of which, considered as a solitary truth, would have been as burdensome to the memory, as the general principle with which it is connected.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF DISCERNING, AND OTHER OPERATIONS OF THE MIND.

I. *No Knowledge without Discernment.*

ANOTHER faculty we may take notice of in our minds, is that of discerning and distinguishing between the several ideas it has. It is not enough to have a confused perception of something in general: unless the mind

Digitized by Google

had a distinct perception of different objects and their qualities, it would be capable of very little knowledge, though the bodies that affect us were as busy about us as they are now, and the mind continually employed in thinking. On this faculty of distinguishing one thing from another, depends the evidence and certainty, of several, even very general propositions, which have passed for innate truths, because men, overlooking the true cause why those propositions find universal assent, impute it wholly to native uniform impressions, whereas in truth it depends upon this discerning faculty of the mind, whereby it perceives two ideas to be the same or different.

II. *Difference between Wit and Judgment.*

How much the imperfection of accurately discriminating ideas one from another lies either in the dullness or faults of the organs of *sense*, or want of *acuteness*, *exercise*, or attention in the *understanding*, or hastiness and precipitancy, natural to some tempers, we will not here examine; it suffices to take notice, that this is one of the operations that the mind may reflect on and observe in itself. It is of that consequence to its other knowledge, that so far as this faculty is in itself dull, or not rightly made use of, for the distinguishing of one thing from another, so far our notions are confused, and our reason and judgment disturbed or misled. If in having our ideas in the memory ready at hand consists quickness of parts: in this of having them unconfused, and being able, nicely to distinguish one thing from another, where there is but the least difference, consists, in a great measure, the exactness of judgment and clearness of reason, which is to be observed in one man above another. And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of *wit*, and prompt

Digitized by Google

memories, have not always the clearest judgment or deepest reason: for *wit* lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; *judgment*, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully, one from another, ideas, wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding contrary to metaphor and allusion, wherein for the most part lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and therefore is so acceptable to all people, because its beauty appears at first sight, and there is required no labour of thought to examine what truth or reason there is in it. The mind, without looking any farther, rests satisfied with the agreeableness of the picture, and the gayety of the fancy; and it is a kind of an affront to go about to examine it by the severe rules of truth and good reason; whereby it appears that it consists in something that is not perfectly conformable to them.

III. *Clearness alone hinders confusion.*

To the well distinguishing our ideas, it chiefly contributes, that they be clear and determinate; and where they are so, it will not breed any confusion or mistake about them, though the senses should, (as sometimes they do) convey them from the same object differently on different occasions, and so seem to err: for though a man in a fever should from sugar have a bitter taste, which at another time would produce a sweet one, yet the idea of bitter in that man's mind would be as clear and distinct from the idea of sweet as if he had tasted only gall. Nor

Digitized by Google

does it make any more confusion between the two ideas of sweet and bitter, that the same sort of body produces at one time one, and at another time another idea by the taste, than it makes a confusion in two ideas of *white* and *sweet*, or *white* and *round*, that the same piece of sugar produces them both in the mind at the same time. And the ideas of orange colour and azure, that are produced in the mind by the same parcel of the infusion of *lignum nephriticum*, are no less distinct ideas, than those of the same colours taken from two very different bodies.

IV. *Of Abstraction.*

The use of words being to stand as outward marks of our internal ideas, and those ideas being taken from particular things, if every particular idea that we take in should have a distinct name, names must be endless. To prevent this, the mind makes the particular ideas, received from particular objects, to become general; which is done by considering them as they are in the mind, such appearances, separate from all other existences, and the circumstances of real existence, as *time*, *place*, or any other concomitant ideas. This is called *abstraction*, whereby ideas, taken from particular beings, become general representatives of all of the same kind, and their names general names, applicable to whatever exists conformable to such abstract ideas.

The assignation of particular names, to denote particular objects; that is, the institution of nouns substantive, would probably be one of the first steps towards the formation of Language. The particular cave, whose covering sheltered the savage from the weather; the particular tree, whose fruit relieved his hunger: the particular fountain, whose water allayed his thirst; would first be denominated by the words, cave, tree, fountain; or by what-

Digitized by Google

ever other appellations he might think proper, in that primitive jargon, to mark them. Afterwards, when the more enlarged experience of this savage had led him to observe, and his necessary occasions obliged him to make mention of, other caves, and other trees, and other fountains, he would naturally bestow upon each other of those new objects, the same name by which he had been accustomed to express the similar object he was first acquainted with. And thus, those words, which were originally the proper names of individuals, would each of them insensibly become the common name of a multitude.

It is this application of the name of an individual to a great number of objects, whose resemblance naturally recalls the idea of that individual, and of the name of which expresses it, that seems originally to have given occasion to the formation of those classes, and assortments, which, in the schools, are called *genera*, and *species*. What constitutes a *species*, is merely a number of objects, bearing a certain degree of resemblance to one another; and, on that account, denominated by a single appellation, which may be applied to express any one of them.

This view of the natural progress of the mind, in forming classifications of external objects, receives some illustration from a fact mentioned by Captain Cook, in his account of a small island called Wateeoo, which he visited in sailing from New Zealand to the Friendly Islands.

"The inhabitants," says he, "were afraid to come near our cows and horses, nor did they form the least conception of their nature. But the sheep and goats did not surpass the limits of their ideas; for they gave us to understand that they knew them to be birds. It will appear rather incredible, that human ignorance could ever make so strange a mistake, there being not the most distant similitude between a sheep or goat, and any winged animal. But these people seemed to know nothing of the

Digitized by Google

existence of any other land animals, besides hogs, dogs, and birds.

"Our sheep and goats, they could see, were very different creatures from the two first, and therefore they inferred that they must belong to the latter class, in which they knew that there is a considerable variety of species."

It may be added to Captain Cook's very judicious remarks, that the mistake of these islanders probably did not arise from their considering a sheep or a goat as bearing a more striking resemblance to a bird, than to the two classes of quadrupeds with which they were acquainted; but to the want of a generic word, such as *quadruped*, comprehending these two species; which men in their situation would no more be led to form, than a person who had only seen one individual of each species, would think of an appellative to express both, instead of applying a proper name to each. In consequence of the variety of birds, it appears, that they had a generic name comprehending all of them, to which it was not unnatural for them to refer any new animal they met with.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

I. *Association of Ideas what.*

THE association of ideas is that train of thought, suggested to the mind by one or more objects with which we have had a previous acquaintance, or with similar, or

Digitized by Google

similar in connexion with, under various and peculiar circumstances.

Thus, should we view the tomb of any distinguished man, for instance, that of Washington, there would arise in our minds a train of ideas relating to his several acts of *goodness*, *wisdom*, and *bravery*, and would call to mind some of the most important and interesting occurrences and facts of the American revolution. The ideas thus produced, where one has a tendency to introduce another, are termed, *the association of ideas.*

II. *Succession of Thoughts.*

The succession of our thoughts is often regulated by memory; as when we go over in our mind the particulars of a place we have seen, of a conversation we have heard, or of a book we have read. At other times, when our attention is not fixed on any one thing, (a state of mind called *reverie*,) we may observe that our thoughts are continually changing, so that in a little time our imagination wanders to something very different from that which we were thinking of just before. Yet if we could remember every thing that passed through our mind during this *reverie*, we should probably find, that there was some *relation, connexion*, or bond of *union*, between those thoughts that accompanied, or came next after, one another. The relations, or bonds of union, which thus determine the mind to associate ideas, are various.

III. *Resemblance.*

Resemblance is an associating quality: that is, when we perceive, or think of, any thing, it is natural for us,

Digitized by Google

at the same time, or immediately after, to think of something that is like it. When we hear a story, or see a person, we are apt to think of other *similar* stories or persons. Our discourse we often embellish with metaphors, allegories, and those other figures of speech, that are founded in likeness. And when any powerful passion, as anger, or sorrow, takes hold of the mind, the thoughts that occur to us have generally a resemblance to that passion, and tend to encourage it.

IV. *Contrariety or Contrast.*

Contrariety or *contrast*, is another associating principle, especially when the mind is in a disagreeable state. Great cold makes us think of heat, and wish for it. Hunger and thirst put us in mind of eating and drinking. In poetry and other works of fancy, we are sometimes pleased when we find things of *opposite* natures succeeding each other; when, for example, the *hurry* of *a battle*, is interrupted, as in Homer it often is, with a descriptive similitude taken from *still life*, or *rural affairs*; or when, in the same fable, persons appear of *opposite* characters, and the violent is opposed to the gentle, the cunning to the generous, and the rash to the prudent.

V. *Contiguity, or nearness of situation.*

When we think of any place which we are acquainted with, we are apt to think at the same time of the *neighbouring* places and persons: here the associating principle is *contiguity*, or *nearness of situation*. The sight of a house, in which we have been happy or unhappy, renews the agreeable or disagreeable ideas that were formerly realized there. Hence, in part, arises that partiality which most people have for the town, province, or

Digitized by Google

country, in which they passed their early years. Hence, on entering a church, even when nobody is present, a considerate mind is apt to feel some of those religious impressions which it has formerly experienced in such places; and sentiments of a different nature arise, when we go into play houses, ball rooms, or apartments, that we have seen appropriated to purposes of festivity.

VI. *Cause and Effect.*

Things related as *cause* and *effect*, do mutually suggest each other to the mind. When we see a wound, we think of the weapon or the accident that caused it, and of the pain which is the effect of it. The idea of snow or of ice brings along with it that of cold; and we can hardly think of the sun without thinking of light and heat at the same time. The associations founded on this principle are equally strong, whether the causation be real or imaginary. He who believes that darkness and solitude are the cause of the appearance of ghosts, will find, when he is in the dark and alone, that the idea of such beings will occur to him as naturally, as if the one were really the cause of the other. It is true, that solitude and darkness may reasonably produce some degree of fear: because where we cannot see, we must be in some danger; and, when every thing is silent about us, we must be at some distance from the protection and other comforts of society. But *ghosts* and *apparitions* have nothing more to do with darkness than with light: and the stories told of them will be found on examination, to arise, either from imperfect sensations owing to the darkness, or from those horrors which disorder the imagination when one is very much afraid, or from the folly, credulity or falsehood of them who circulate those silly tales.

Digitized by Google

VII. *Custom or Habit.*

Custom or *habit* is a very extensive principle of association. Things and thoughts that have no other bond of union, may, by appearing together, or being frequently joined together, become so closely related, that the one shall ever after introduce the other into the mind. Thus, in language written or spoken, the mind instantly passes from the word heard, or from the characters seen, to the thing signified; custom having so associated them, that the one always reminds us of the other. Upon associations established by custom, many of the pains and pleasures of life depend. An indifferent thing may become very agreeable, or very much the contrary, according to the nature of the ideas thus connected with it; and in like manner, in consequence of some perverse association, that which ought to make us serious may incline us to laughter.

Things solemn and sacred therefore, should never be spoken of in terms of ridicule or levity; and places appropriated to the offices of religion, should never be made the scene of any thing ludicrous, trifling or unsuitable. Where these rules are not attended to, important and frivolous thoughts may be so jumbled together in the mind, as that the former, shall sometimes, very unseasonably, and indecently, suggest the latter. Let sacred things be always accompanied with serious language and solemn circumstances: and let those who wish to retain the government of their passions, and the command of their thoughts, be careful to check in the beginning every tendency to perverse and impure associations.

Dresses both ugly and inconvenient become fashionable; and custom reconciles us to the fashion, though at first, perhaps, it might appear ridiculous: which is also owing to associations founded in custom. For when we

Digitized by Google

have long seen a particular form of dress worn by persons whom we love and esteem, and on occasions of the greatest festivity or solemnity, it acquires in our mind a connexion with a great number of pleasing ideas; and whatever is so connected, must itself be pleasing. It will appear by and by, that, from associations founded in habit, many, or perhaps most, of those pleasing emotions are derived, which accompany the perception of that which in things visible is called *Beauty*.

Some people contract strange habits of what may be termed external associations, of joining together two actions that have no natural connexion, and appear very awkward when they are so joined. You may have seen a boy button and unbutton his coat all the while he is repeating his catechism; and we have heard of a lawyer, who could not go on with his pleading, unless he was continually winding a piece of packthread around his finger. It should be our care to guard against these and the like absurd habits, and to be very thankful to those who caution us against them; for the eyes of a friend are, in a matter of this kind, much more to be depended on than our own.

Intellectual habits and defects this way contracted, are not less frequent and powerful, though less observed. Let the ideas of being and matter be strongly joined either by education or much thought, whilst these are still combined in the mind, what notions, what reasonings will there be about separate spirits? Let custom from the very childhood have joined figure and shape to the idea of God, and what absurdities will that mind be liable to about the Deity?

Let the idea of infallibility be inseparably joined to any person, and these two constantly together possess the mind; and then one body, in two places at once, shall, unexamined, be received for a certain truth, by an implicit

Digitized by Google

faith, whenever that imagined infallible person dictates and demands assent without inquiry.

VIII. *In different Sects.*

Wrong and unnatural combinations of ideas will be found to establish the irreconcileable opposition between different sects of Philosophy and Religion; for we cannot imagine every one of their followers to impose wilfully on himself, and knowingly refuse truth offered by plain reason. Interest, though it does a great deal in the case, yet cannot be thought to work whole societies of men to so universal a perverseness, as that every one of them, to a man, should knowingly maintain falsehood: some at least must be allowed to do what all pretend to, i e. to pursue truth sincerely; and therefore there must be something that blinds their understandings, and makes them not see the falsehood, of what they embrace for real truth. That which thus captivates their reason, and leads men of sincerity blindfold from common sense, will, when examined, be found to be what we are speaking of; some independent ideas, of no alliance to one another, are by education, custom, and the constant din of their party, so coupled in their minds, that they always appear there together; and they can no more separate them in their thoughts, than if they were but one idea, and they operate as if they were so. This gives sense to jargon, demonstration to absurdities, and consistency to nonsense, and is the foundation of the greatest, we had almost said of all the errors in the world; or if it does not reach so far, it is at least the most dangerous one, since so far as it obtains, it hinders men from seeing and examining. When two things in themselves disjoined, appear to the sight constantly united; if the eye sees these things rivetted, which are loose, where will you begin to rectify the mistakes that follow in two ideas, that they have been accustomed so to

Digitized by Google

join in their minds, as to substitute one for the other, and, perhaps, often without perceiving it themselves? This, whilst they are under the deceit of it, makes them incapable of conviction, and they applaud themselves as zealous champions for truth, when indeed they are contending for error; and the confusion of two different ideas, which a customary connexion of them in their minds hath to them made in effect but one, fills their heads with false views, and their reasonings with false consequences.

CHAPTER X.

I. OF REAL AND FANTASTICAL IDEAS.

OUR ideas, in reference to things whence they are taken, or which they may be supposed to represent, come under a twofold distinction; and, are,

1st. *Real* or *Fantastical;*

2dly. *Adequate* or *Inadequate.*

Real ideas are such as have a foundation in Nature, such as have a conformity with the real being and existence of things, or with their archetypes

Fantastical, are such as have no foundation in Nature, nor any conformity with that reality of being, to which they are tacitly referred as to their archetypes.

II. *Ideas Adequate and Inadequate.*

Real ideas are either *adequate* or *inadequate.*

First, *Adequate*, which perfectly represent those archetypes, which the mind supposes them taken from, which it intends them to stand for, and to which it refers them.

Secondly, *Inadequate;* which are such as do but partially or incompletely represent those archetypes to which they are referred.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XI.

OF TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

1. THOSE propositions are *true*, which represent things as they are: or, *truth* is the conformity of those words, or signs by which things are expressed, to the things themselves.

2. Those propositions are *false*, which represent things as they are not: or, *falsehood* is the nonconformity of those words or signs by which things are expressed, to the things themselves.

CHAPTER XII.

OF RELATION.

THERE is a set of ideas, which the mind gets from the comparing of one thing with another.

When the mind so considers one thing, that it does as it were bring it to and set it by another, and carry its view from one to the other, this is *relation* or *respect*: and the denominations given to things intimating that respect, we call *relatives*, and the things so brought together, *related*. Thus when we call James *husband*, or *whiter*, we intimate some other person, or thing, in both cases with which we compare him. Any of our ideas may be the foundation of relation. The ideas of relation may be the same in those men who have far different ideas of the things that are related. Thus those who have different ideas of *man*, may agree in that of *father*. There is no

Digitized by Google

idea of any kind which is not capable of an almost infinite number of considerations, in reference to other things; and therefore this makes no small part of men's *words* and *thoughts*. Thus one single man may at once sustain the relations of *father*, *brother*, *son*, *husband*, *friend*, *subject*, *general*, *European*, *Englishman*, *islander*, *master*, *servant*, *bigger*, *less*, &c. to an almost infinite number: he being capable of as many relations as there may be occasions of comparing him to other persons or things in any manner of agreement, disagreement, or respect whatsoever.

II. *Of Cause and Effect, and other relations.*

The ideas of *cause* and *effect*, we get from our observation of the vicissitude of things, while we perceive some qualities or substances begin to exist, and that they receive their existence from the due application and operation of other things: that which *produces* is the *cause*; that which is *produced*, the *effect*. Thus *fluidity* in wax is the effect of a certain degree of heat, which we observe to be constantly produced by the application of such heat.

Or as Professor Brown defines:

Immediate invariable *antecedence* is *power*,—the immediate invariable *antecedent*, in any sequence, is a *cause*,—the immediate invariable *consequent* is the correlative *effect*.

The denominations of things taken from *time*, are for the most part only relations. Thus when it is said that Queen Elizabeth lived 69, and reigned 45 years, no more is meant than that the duration of her existence was equal to 69, and of her government 45 annual revolutions of the sun. *Young* and *old*, and other words of time, that are thought to stand for positive ideas, are indeed relative; and intimate a relation to a certain length of duration,

Digitized by Google

whereof we have the idea in our minds. Thus we call a man *young* or *old*, who has lived little or much of that time that men usually attain to. This is evident from our application of these names to other things: for a man is called young at 20, but a horse *old*, &c. The sun and stars we call not *old* at all, because we know not what period God has set to that sort of beings.

There are other ideas that are truly *relative*, which we signify by names that are thought *positive* and *absolute*; such as *great* and *little*, *strong* and *weak*. The things thus denominated, are referred to some standards, with which we compare them. Thus we call an apple *great*, that is bigger than the ordinary sort of those we have been used to; and a man *weak*, who has not so much strength or power to move as men usually have.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE MODES OF THINKING.

WHEN the mind turns its view inwards upon itself, *thinking*, is the first idea that occurs; wherein it observes a great variety of modifications; and thereof frames to itself distinct ideas. Thus, the perception annexed to any impression on the body made by an external object, is called *sensation*. When an idea recurs without the presence of the object, it is called *remembrance*: when sought after by the mind, and brought again in view, it is *Recollection*; when held there long under attentive consideration, it is *contemplation*. When ideas float in the mind without regard or reflection, it is called in French *reverie*; our language has no other name for it: when the ideas are taken notice of, and as it were registered in

Digitized by Google

the memory, it is *attention:* when the mind fixes its view on any one idea, and considers it on all sides, it is *intention* and study. Sleep, without dreaming, is rest from all these: and *Dreaming* is the perception of ideas in the mind, not suggested by any external objects, or known occasions; nor under choice or conduct of the understanding.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE MODES OF PLEASURE AND PAIN.

PLEASURE and *pain*, are simple ideas, which we receive both from sensation and reflection. There are thoughts of the mind, as well as sensations, accompanied with pleasure or pain. Their causes are termed *good* or *evil*. *Pleasure* and *pain*, and their causes, good and evil, are the hinges upon which our passions turn; by reflecting on the various modifications or tempers of mind, and the internal sensations which pleasure and pain, good and evil, produce in us, we may thence form to ourselves the idea of our passions. Thus, by reflecting upon the thought we have of the delight which any thing is apt to produce in us, we have an idea we call *love:* and, on the contrary, the thought of the pain which any thing present or absent produces in us, is what we call *hatred*. *Desire* is that uneasiness which man finds in himself upon the absence of any thing, the present enjoyment of which carries the idea of delight with it. *Joy* is a delight of the mind arising from the present or assured approaching possession of a good. *Sorrow* is an uneasiness of the mind, upon the thought of a good lost, or the sense of a present evil. *Hope* is a pleasure of the mind, upon the thought

Digitized by Google

of a probable future enjoyment of a thing which is apt to delight. *Fear* is an uneasiness of the mind, upon the thought of a future evil likely to befall us. *Anger* is a discomposure of the mind, upon the receipt of injury, with a present purpose of revenge. *Despair* is the thought of unattainableness of any good. *Envy* is an uneasiness of the mind, caused by the consideration of a good we desire, obtained by one who we think should not have had it before us.

In reference to the passions, the removal or lessening of a pain is considered and operates as a pleasure; and the loss or diminishing of a pleasure, as a pain: and farther, the passions in most persons operate on the body, and cause various changes in it; but these being not always sensible, do not make a necessary part of the idea of each passion.

CHAPTER XV.

OF WORDS, OR LANGUAGE IN GENERAL.

I. *Man fitted to form articulate sounds.*

GOD having designed man for a sociable creature, made him not only with an inclination, and under a necessity to have fellowship with those of his own kind, but furnished him also with language, which was to be the great instrument and common tie of society. Man, therefore, had by nature his organs so fashioned, as to be fit to frame articulate sounds, which we call words.

Digitized by Google

But this was not enough to produce language; for parrots and several other birds, will be taught to make articulate sounds distinct enough, which yet, by no means, are capable of language.

II. *Words Signs of Ideas.*

Besides articulate sounds, therefore, it was farther necessary that he should be able to use these sounds as signs of internal conceptions; and to make them stand as marks for the ideas within his own mind, whereby they might be made known to others, and the thoughts of men's minds be conveyed from one to another.

III. *General Signs.*

But neither was this sufficient to make words so useful as they ought to be. It is not enough for the perfection of language, that sounds can be made signs of ideas, unless those signs can be so made use of, as to comprehend several particular things; for the multiplication of words would have perplexed their use, had every particular thing need of a distinct name to be signified by. To remedy this inconvenience, language had yet a farther improvement in the use of general terms, whereby one word was made to mark a multitude of particular existences: which advantageous use of sounds was obtained only by the difference of the ideas they were made signs of; those names becoming general, which are made to stand for general ideas, and those remaining particular, where the ideas they are used for are particular.

Besides these names which stand for ideas, there are other words which men make use of, not to signify any idea, but the want or absence of some ideas simple or complex, or all ideas together: such as *nihil* in Latin

Digitized by Google

and in English, *ignorance* and *barrenness*. All which negative or privative words, cannot be said properly to belong to, or signify no ideas: for then they would be perfectly insignificant sounds; but they relate to positive ideas, and signify their absence.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF THE SIGNIFICATION OF WORDS.

I. *Words are sensible signs necessary for communication.*

MAN, though he has great variety of thoughts, and such from which others, as well as himself, might receive profit and delight; yet they are all within his own breast, invisible and hidden from others, nor can of themselves be made to appear. The comfort and advantage of society not being to be had without communication of thoughts, it was necessary that man should find out some external sensible signs, whereof those invisible ideas which his thoughts are made up of, might be made known to others. For this purpose nothing was so fit, either for plenty or quickness, as those articulate sounds, which with so much ease and variety he found himself able to make. Thus we may conceive how words which were by nature so well adapted to that purpose, come to be made use of by men, as the signs of their ideas; not by any natural connexion that there is between particular articulate sounds, and certain ideas, for then there would be but one language among all men; but by a voluntary imposition, whereby such a word is made arbitrarily the mark of such

Digitized by Google

an idea. The use then of words is to be sensible marks of ideas; and the ideas they stand for are their proper and immediate signification.

II. *Words are the sensible signs of his Ideas who uses them.*

The use men have of these marks being either to record their own thoughts for the assistance of their own memory, or, as it were, to bring out their ideas, and lay them before the view of others; words in their primary or immediate signification, stand for nothing but the ideas in the mind of him that uses them, how imperfectly soever or carelessly those ideas are collected from the things which they are supposed to represent. When a man speaks to another, it is that he may be understood; and the end of speech is, that those sounds, as marks, may make known his ideas to the hearer. That then which words are the marks of, are the ideas of the speaker; nor can any one apply them as marks immediately to any thing else, but the ideas that he himself hath. For this would be to make them signs of his own conceptions, and yet apply them to other ideas; which would be to make them signs, and not signs of his ideas at the same time; and so in effect, to have no signification at all. Words being voluntary signs, they cannot be voluntary signs imposed by him on things he knows not. That would be to make them signs of nothing, sounds without signification. A man cannot make his words the signs either of qualities in things, or of conceptions in the mind of another, whereof he has none in his own. Till he has some ideas of his own, he cannot suppose them to correspond with the conceptions of another man; nor can he use any signs for them; for thus they would be signs of he knows not what, which is in truth to be the signs of nothing. But

Digitized by Google

when he represents to himself other men's ideas by some of his own, if he consent to give them the same names that other men do, it is still to his own ideas; to ideas that he has, and not to ideas that he has not.

III.

This is so necessary in the use of language, that in this respect the knowing and the ignorant, the learned and unlearned, use the words they speak (with any meaning) all alike. They in every man's mouth, stand for the ideas he has, and which he would express by them. A child having taken notice of nothing in the metal he hears called gold, but the bright shining yellow colour, applies the word gold only to his own idea of that colour, and nothing else; and therefore calls the same colour in a peacock's tail gold. Another that hath better observed, adds to the shining yellow great weight; and then the sound gold, when he uses it, stands for a complex idea of a shining yellow and very weighty substance. Another adds to those qualities fusibility; and then the word gold signifies to him a body, bright, yellow, fusible, and very heavy.

Another adds malleability. Each of these make use of the word gold, when they have occasion to express the idea which they have applied it to: but it is evident, that each can apply it only to his own idea; nor can he make it stand as a sign of such a complex idea as he has not.

IV. *Words often secretly referred, First to the ideas in other men's minds.*

Though words, as they are used by men, can properly and immediately signify nothing but the ideas that are in the mind of the speaker; yet they in their thoughts give them secret reference to two other things.

First, They suppose their words to be marks of the ideas in the minds also of other men, with whom they commu-

Digitized by Google

nicate: for else they should talk in vain, and could not be understood, if the sounds they applied to one idea were such as by the hearer were applied to another; which is to speak two languages. But in this, men stand not usually to examine whether the idea they and those they discourse with have in their minds be the same: but think it enough that they use the word, as they imagine, in the common acceptation of that language; in which they suppose that the idea they make it a sign of is precisely the same, to which the understanding men of that country apply that name.

V. *Secondly, to the reality of things.*

Secondly, Because men would not be thought to talk barely of their own imaginations, but of things as really they are; therefore they often suppose the words to stand also for the reality of things. But this relating more particularly to substances, and their names, as perhaps the former does to simple ideas and modes, we shall speak of these two different ways of applying words more at large, when we come to treat of the names of fixed modes and substances in particular: though give me leave here to say, that it is a perverting the use of words, and brings unavoidable obscurity and confusion into their signification, whenever we make them stand for any thing but those ideas we have in our own minds.

VI. *Words by use readily excite ideas.*

Concerning words also it is farther to be considered: First, That they being immediately the signs of men's ideas, and by that means the instruments whereby men communicate their conceptions, and express to one another those thoughts and imaginations they have within their own breasts: there comes by constant use to be such a connexion, between certain sounds and the ideas

Digitized by Google

they stand for, that the names heard almost as readily excite certain ideas, as if the objects themselves, which are apt to produce them, did actually affect the senses. Which is manifestly so in all obvious sensible qualities; and in all substances that frequently and familiarly occur to us.

VII. *Words often used without signification.*

Secondly, That though the proper and immediate signification of words are ideas in the mind of the speaker, yet because by familiar use from our cradles we come to learn certain articulate sounds very perfectly, and have them readily on our tongues, and always at hand in our memories, but yet are not always careful to examine, or settle their signification perfectly; it often happens that men, even when they would apply themselves to an attentive consideration, do set their thoughts more on words than things. Nay, because words are many of them learned before the ideas are known for which they stand; therefore some, not only children, but men speak several words, no otherwise than parrots do, only because they have learned them, and have been accustomed to those sounds.

But so far as words are of use and signification, so far is there a constant connexion between the sound and idea, and a designation that the one stands for the other; without which application of them, they are nothing but so much insignificant noise.

VIII. *Their signification perfectly arbitrary.*

Words by long and familiar use, as has been said, come to excite in men certain ideas so constantly and readily, that they are apt to suppose a natural connexion between them. But that they signify only men's peculiar ideas, and that by a perfectly arbitrary imposition, is evident, in that they often fail to excite in others (even that use the same language) the same ideas we take them to be signs of: and

Digitized by Google

every man has so inviolable a liberty to make words stand for what ideas he pleases, that no one hath the power to make others have the same ideas in their minds that he has, when they use the same words that he does. And therefore the great Augustus himself, in the possession of that power which ruled the world, acknowledged he could not make a new Latin word: which was as much as to say, that he could not arbitrarily appoint what idea any sound should be a sign of, in the mouths and common language of his subjects.

It is true, common use by a tacit consent appropriates certain sounds to certain ideas in all languages, which so far limits the signification of that sound, that unless a man applies it to the same idea, he does not speak properly; and let me add, that unless a man's words excite the same ideas in the hearer, which he makes them stand for in speaking, he does not speak intelligibly.

But whatever be the consequence of any man's using of words differently, either from their general meaning, or the particular sense of the person to whom he addresses them, this is certain, their signification in his use of them, is limited to his ideas, and they can be signs of nothing else.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF PARTICLES.

I. *Particles connect parts, or whole sentences together.*

BESIDE words which are names of ideas in the mind, there are a great many others that are made use of to signify the connexion that the mind gives to ideas, or propositions, one with another.

Digitized by Google

The mind in communicating its thoughts to others, does not only need signs of the ideas it has then before it, but others also, to show or intimate some particular action of its own, at that time, relating to those ideas.

This it does several ways; as is, and is not, are the general marks of the mind, affirming or denying. But besides affirmation or negation, without which there is in words no truth or falsehood, the mind does, in declaring its sentiments to others, connect not only the parts of propositions, but whole sentences one to another, with their several relations and dependencies, to make a coherent discourse.

II. *In them consists the clearness and beauty of a good style.*

The words whereby it signifies what connexion it gives to the several affirmations and negations, that it unites in one continued reasoning or narration, are generally called *Particles*, and it is in the right use of these that more particularly consists the clearness and beauty of a good style.

To think well, it is not enough that a man has ideas clear and distinct in his thoughts, nor that he observes the agreement or disagreement of some of them: but he must think in train, and observe the dependance of his thoughts and reasonings upon one another. And to express well such methodical and rational thoughts, he must have words to show what connexion, restriction, distinction, opposition, emphasis, &c. he gives to each respective part of his discourse. To mistake in any of these, is to puzzle, instead of informing his hearer; and therefore it is that those words which are not truly by themselves the names of any ideas, are of such constant and indispensable use in language, and do much contribute to men's well expressing themselves.

Digitized by Google

III.

Neither is it enough, for the explaining of these words, to render them, as is usual in Dictionaries, by words of another tongue which come nearest to their signification, for what is meant by them is commonly as hard to be understood in one as another language. They are all marks of some action, or intimation of the mind; and therefore to understand them rightly, the several views, postures, stands, turns, limitations and exceptions, and several other thoughts of the mind, for which we have either none, or very deficient names, are diligently to be studied. Of these there is a great variety, much exceeding the number of particles that most languages have to express them by; and therefore it is not to be wondered that most of these particles have divers, and sometimes almost opposite significations.

IV. *Instance in But.*

But is a particle, none more familiar in our language; and he that says it is a discretive conjunction, and that it answers *sed* in Latin, or *mais* in French, thinks he has sufficiently explained it. But it seems to intimate several relations the mind gives to the several propositions or parts of them, which it joins by this monosyllable.

First, "But to say no more:" here it intimates a stop of the mind in the course it was going, before it came quite to the end of it.

Secondly, "I saw but two plants:" here it shows, that the mind limits the sense to what is expressed, with a negation of all other.

Thirdly, "You pray; but it is not that God would bring you to the true religion,"

Digitized by Google

Fourthly, "But that he would confirm you in your own."

The first of these *buts*, intimates a supposition in the mind of something otherwise than it should be; the latter shows that the mind makes a direct opposition between that, and what goes before it.

Fifthly, "All animals have sense; but a dog is an animal:" here it signifies little more, but that the latter proposition is joined to the former, as the minor of a syllogism.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENDS OF LANGUAGE.

I. *To convey ideas.*

THE ends of language in our discourse with others are chiefly these three: first, to make known one man's thoughts or ideas to another: secondly, to do it with as much ease and quickness as possible; and, thirdly, thereby to convey the knowledge of things: language is either abused or deficient when it fails of any of these three.

First, Words fail in the first of these ends, and lay not open one man's ideas to another's view: 1. When men have names in their mouths without any determinate ideas in their minds, whereof they are the signs;

Or, 2. When they apply the common received names of any language to ideas, to which the common use of that language does not apply them: or, 3. When they apply them very unsteadily, making them stand now for one, and by and by for another idea.

Digitized by Google

II. *To do it with quickness.*

Secondly, Men fail of conveying their thoughts with all the quickness and ease that may be, when they have complex ideas without having any distinct names for them. This is sometimes the fault of the language itself, which has not in it a sound yet applied to such a signification; and sometimes the fault of the man who has not yet learned the name for that idea he would show another.

III. *Therewith to convey the knowledge of things.*

Thirdly, There is no knowledge of things conveyed by men's words, when their ideas agree not to the reality of things. Though it be a defect that has its original in our ideas, which are not so conformable to the nature of things as attention, study, and application might make them; yet it fails not to extend itself to our words too, when we use them as signs of real beings, which never had any reality or existence.

IV. *How men's words fail in all these.*

First, He that hath words of any language, without distinct ideas in his mind to which he applies them, does, so far as he uses them in discourse, only make a noise without any sense or signification; and how learned soever he may seem by the use of hard words or learned terms, is not much more advanced thereby in knowledge than he would be in learning, who had nothing in his study but the bare titles of books, without possessing the contents of them. For all such words, however put into discourse, according to the right construction of grammatical rules, or the harmony of well turned periods, do yet amount to nothing but bare sounds, and nothing else.

Digitized by Google

Secondly, He that has complex ideas, without particular names for them, would be in no better case than a bookseller, who had in his warehouse volumes that lay there unbound, and without titles; which he could therefore make known to others only by showing the loose sheets, and communicate them only by tale. This man is hindered in his discourse for want of words to communicate his complex ideas, which he is therefore forced to make known by an enumeration of the simple ones that compose them; and so is fain often to use twenty words, to express what another man signifies in one.

Thirdly, He that puts not constantly the same sign for the same idea, but uses the same words sometimes in one, and sometimes in another signification, ought to pass in the schools and conversation for as fair a man, as he does in the market and exchange, who sells several things under the same name.

Fourthly, He that applies the words of any language to ideas different from those to which the common use of that country applies them, however his own understanding may be filled with truth and light, will not by such words be able to convey much of it to others, without defining his terms. For however the sounds are such as are familiarly known, and easily enter the ears of those who are accustomed to them; yet standing for other ideas than those they usually are annexed to, and are wont to excite in the minds of the hearers, they cannot make known the thoughts of him who thus uses them.

Finally, He that imagines to himself substances such as never have been, and fills his head with ideas which have not any correspondence with the real nature of things, to which yet he gives settled and defined names, may fill his discourse, and perhaps another man's head, with the fantastical imaginations of his own brain, but will be very far from advancing thereby one jot in real and true knowledge.

Digitized by Google

CONSEQUENTIÆ.

Introduction.

HAVING introduced those practical principles of the mind, and language, which may be considered useful for those who wish to acquire a knowledge of the same, I shall proceed to draw such inferences from them, as shall tend to substantiate the mode of acquiring a good style of writing and of thinking by transcription ; first, however, stating the system, which I would advocate.

Each inference will be headed with the *chapter* from which it is drawn ; so that one may be considered as a part of the other.

SYSTEM.

In the first place,

Let every scholar attentively read his Lesson, requiring his particular attention, to the *punctuation, orthography, choice of words, structure of sentence*, &c.

In the second,

Require a transcription of the sentiments contained in the lesson, in the scholar's own words.

And in the third,

Exercise the memory of the scholar, by requiring him to restore the chapter to its original form.

That the principles of this system have been known and practised by the most learned, there is no question, for we not only have instances in *Voltaire, Demosthenes,*

Digitized by Google

and *Franklin*, but in others. In many numbers of the Spectator we see this principle supported, as being the most reasonable and natural. On this principle, though in another branch of education, is *Sheridan's* "*Lectures on Elocution*" predicated. (A book which I did not have the pleasure of reading, till after this was finished.—A remark, which, in justice I owe to myself, as there is in some cases a very clear coincidence of sentiments.)

Dr. Beattie it seems was well aware of the utility of such exercise. He says: "To transcribe *literally* from books is of little use, or rather none: for it employs much time, without improving any of our faculties. But to write an abridgement of a good book may sometimes be a very profitable exercise. In general, when we would preserve the doctrines, sentiments, or facts, that occur in reading, it will be prudent to lay the book aside, and put them in writing in our own words. This practice will give accuracy to our knowledge, accustom us to recollection, improve us in the use of language, and enable us so thoroughly to comprehend the thoughts of other men, as to make them, in some measure, our own."

CHAPTER II.

THOUGH much depends upon the natural endowments of the mind, its growth and refinement,

> "Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
> "On *culture* and the *sowing* of the soil."

I have, to obviate the difficulties usually arising with man, in the comprehension of the mind and its operations, introduced as analogous, the Earth, and the various phenomena discoverable therein, in the bringing forth of plants.

It is a point that requires no discussion to substantiate,

Digitized by Google

that if we do not sow we shall not have to reap,—and moreover, of that kind, whatsoever it is that we sow, we must gather for our harvest. Hence the importance then, of studying the quality of the soil, its nature, and what fitted for; and of making choice not *only* of the most profitable seed to sow, but the best of its kind. If land be sterile and unproductive, and healthy seed will not germinate therein, the only resource is to chemical analysis: so with the intellectual powers—if *they* are uninventive and dull in their operations and do not bring forth ideas with *ease* and *utility*, the soil is not in proper culture, the seed defective, or improperly deposited, and consequently the product is small, and inferior in quality.

CHAPTER III.

If it be true, that our knowledge is derived by *sensation, and reflection*, it is equally so, that in order to obtain knowledge, it is requisite in the first place, that there should be something to produce sensation in the mind.—In the second, that there must be sensation before reflection—for upon the effects of sensible objects, in a great measure, is the operation of the mind denominated reflection—and it is easy to infer, that, as is the particular sensation produced by external sensible objects, whatever may be their nature, so must be the reflection of that sensation—the one corresponding with the other. Thus:—If I am a spectator to the execution of a criminal, the spectacle causes a painful sensation; and when I turn from the scene, my reflection on the same is more or less painful, or, as according to the sensation first produced. So with regard to any thing else, whether of an opposite or different nature.

Digitized by Google

I will not say that there is a discoverable congruity between every particular sensation and reflection, though there must be a distant if not near similitude or connexion; but state it as a general principle, in which there are, as in all cases, some exceptions to be made. It seems quite evident, however, that as the sensations are, whether more or less regular or irregular, confused or unconfused, the other operations of the mind subsequent, on the same, must in a great degree correspond; and the study of composition, where harmony of language, and beauty of sentiment are visible in every line, will affect the mind in many respects the same as "external corporeal objects, that so constantly importune our senses, and captivate our appetites, and which fail not to fill our heads with lively and lasting ideas of that kind."

The same in substance, though in different terms, is expressed by Dr. Johnson. He says:—"Our thoughts for the most part, have a connexion; so that the thought which is just now in the mind, depends partly upon that which went before, and partly serves to introduce that which follows. Hence we remember best those things, of which the parts are methodically disposed and mutually connected. A regular discourse makes a more lasting impression upon the hearer than a parcel of detached sentences, and gives to his rational powers a more salutary exercise; and this may shew us the propriety of conducting our studies, and all our affairs, according to a regular plan or method. When this is not done, our thoughts and our business, especially if in any degree complex, soon run into confusion."

He that will attentively consider the operations of the mind when turned to the beauty and order of nature, or, when under the influence of well harmonized music, or the sublime and beautiful of sentiment—and then on the contrary, observe it when under the influence of chaos

Digitized by Google

and deformity, jargon and discord, low and ill conveyed sentiments, and follow the operations of it after the causes are no longer present but in the mind, and have ceased their immediate power upon it—can more readily *conceive*, than I can delineate, the perfect coincidence between this system of instruction, and the first natural principles of the mind in acquiring and framing together the materials of knowledge. And that, if the youth have no other way to acquire a proper mode of regulating and of communicating their thoughts, than by their colloquial intercourse—their progress must be slow. The catching of an idea here and there, of varied natures and without connexion,—or if with—as often unduly made as otherwise,—though in one sense materials of knowledge—yet are so confusedly heaped together and of such diversity,—answering in a small degree to every thing—consequently to nothing—that they stand the owner in but very little use,—for when the understanding has occasion to call them to view—they present themselves in that confused and irregular order in which they were conceived—the digestive faculties of the mind having failed in their office, for want of proper exercise.

Not, that I would convey the idea that one is not so liable as another to receive a diversity of impressions, but that one having seen and become acquainted with the various modes and kinds of thought, can digest and properly arrange the ideas that thus present themselves.

But to return to our analogy—we infer, that by making choice of the best composition, and setting it before the youth for their study, we thereby not only sow the mind with ideas, but suggest to it the proper method for their arrangement, both in the mind and in the conveyance of them to others: for, it is a self evident proposition, that, in whatsoever order we sow our seed, so will it germinate and put forth.—But it would be an absurd doc-

Digitized by Google

trine to sow our soil promiscuously, and then think of that beauteous order and method which alone is produced by judgment and inventive fancy. Though, this is, in some degree the fact in relation to the present mode of instruction, for we ask what set of rules either in Grammar or Rhetoric, can cause that sensation or reflection in the mind, conducive to the acquirement of the materials of knowledge? But one may ask—Have not these rules their use? Most certainly they have, but we ask in turn—why would you furnish the young mind with a set of laws to govern that which it has not? Is it not requisite in the first place for a person to learn what *thinking* and *speaking is*, before he thinks of rules and regulations to govern his thoughts and speech? for as well might one who had never heard the melody of musical instruments, or felt the power of a sweet voice, think of becoming an admirer and master of music by conning its laws and rules, as to think of forming elegant composition by only acquiring the rules whereby it is governed and examined.

CHAPTER V.

The faculty of the mind that arbitrarily repeats, compares and unites ideas with so great a variety, may be improved like all the others, viz. *by exercise*. Nothing seems more calculated to exercise such faculty in the mind, than the reading and digesting of the thoughts of distinguished men. We thereby not only have the result of our own mental capacities—but that of a life devoted to literature; we not only see the proper usage of language, and acquire those ideas that fit us as members of society—but gain imperceptibly, as it were, the art of framing and conveying our own with similar ease and elegance; and we not only improve our judg-

Digitized by Google

ment, in seeing the judgment of another exercised, but acquire the proper mode of using it. In short, it is in this way that the Arts and Sciences progress—what one age leaves, another carries on.

CHAPTER IX.

THE less observation or experience a man has, the more liable he is to err, and form limited notions of things; and he who attentively observes the operations of an ignorant man's mind, will find, that his most pernicious errors spring from a wrong association of ideas.

This is more or less the case with every man, and to prescribe a remedy to entirely remove the evil would be as practicable as to make perfect, imperfection. But would not the youth have more expanded and liberal views of nature, and of man—and be less liable to contract errors by wrong association—if they were made to study the wisdom of manhood and experience, or the knowledge of a matured intellect, rather than to labour in their own contracted spheres, without the aid of those who have lived before them? To reject the use of what others have done with superior art, seems much like a traveller labouring in the mire below, refusing the plain and even walk of a free bridge above. And it is not easy to determine why a youth might not, with as much propriety, think of becoming a distinguished artist without model or guide, as to think of becoming an elegant writer by learning rules, and then straining his mental faculties for ideas, the things whereof they are signs he never knew.

Professor Stewart, who is so justly celebrated for his profound researches and correct reasoning in philosophy,

Digitized by Google

when speaking of the influence of the associating principle on language, says :

" To this influence of association on language, it is necessary for every writer to attend carefully, who wishes to express himself with elegance. For the attainment of correctness and purity in the use of words, the rules of grammarians and of critics may be of a sufficient guide ; but it is not in the works of this class of authors, that the higher beauties of style are to be studied. As the air and manner of a gentleman can be acquired only by living habitually in the best society, so grace in composition must be attained by an habitual acquaintance with classical writers. It is indeed necessary for our information, that we should peruse, occasionally, many books which have no merit in point of expression ; but I believe it to be useful to all literary men, to counteract this miscellaneous reading, by maintaining a constant and familiar acquaintance with a few of the most faultless models which the language affords. For want of some standard of this sort, we frequently see an author's taste in writing alter much for the worse in the course of his life ; and his later productions fall below his early essays. D'Alembert tells us, that Voltaire always had lying on his table, the Petit Carême of Massillon, and the tragedies of Racine ; the former to fix his taste in prose composition, and the latter in poetry."

If men inured to literature find models in composition of great utility, shall we fail to extend them to our youth ? Shall those who guide, have guides, while those who should be led, have none ? The path of the Graces is ever open both to youth and men, but the youth being more docile and easier led, are the Graces' favourite pupils. Ease in any thing is more readily learned by the young, than by those advanced in age, for they who have arrived at manhood, have habits to encounter, which require as

Digitized by Google

much diligence to put down, as exertion on the other hand to build up.

CHAPTER XVI.

MANY advantages are gained in this system, in regard to the acquirement of a knowledge of words. The scholar is not only led to search out the definitions of various words, but also to see their situation, relation, orthography, punctuation and proper use.

It hardly need be mentioned that we see already too many trying to aggrandize a low and grovelling style, or more properly perhaps, light and unmeaning, by searching out and bringing in hard sounded words without judgment or reason; as though uncommon and unfamiliar noises constituted good sense and a learned style. Who, we ask, is not capable of bringing a tone from a harp? yet it does not follow thence, that any and every person can bring music? And, I verily believe, that the present mode of abstracting words from the Dictionary for the study of the youth, is about as conducive to profit, as the sounding of notes at random, would be to the learning of a well harmonized tune. "It often happens," says Locke, "that men even when they would apply themselves to an attentive consideration, do set their thoughts more on words than things, nay, because words, many of them, are learned before the ideas are known, for which they stand; therefore, some, not only children, but men, speak several words, no otherwise than parrots do, only because they have learned them, and have been accustomed to those sounds."

This affectation in writing, if I may so term it, will always be found in those who neglect to become familiar with a good style when young, taking but a cursory view

Digitized by Google

of distinguished writings, and trying to imitate them without exercise or study.

CHAPTER XVIII.

If we place before the student the thoughts or ideas of another, expressed with ease and propriety, and require of him a transposition of the same, he cannot avoid seeing how certain words are made the signs of particular or general ideas; and the abuse of language, of men having names in their mouths, without any determinate ideas in their minds, whereof they are signs, or the failure of conveying their ideas with quickness and ease, for the want of distinct names for their complex ones, could seldom take place.

CONCLUSION.

IN addition to what has already been adduced, I shall furthermore briefly consider, 1st. The expediency of themes. 2d. The natural tendency of rules. 3d. Influence of habit. 4th. Imitation. 5th. Taste, how improved. 6th. Conversation. 7th. Reading. And 8th. Grammar and Rhetoric.

I. *Expediency of Themes.*

One would suppose, who was divested of all prejudice either for or against, that the present age was very tenacious to the old sentiment of innate ideas; and had set the youth "*in toto*" to search out those latent principles that nature had deposited in their souls.

Digitized by Google

Locke has, in his Treatise on Education, very forcibly touched on this subject, to which we neither can add, nor take from. "And here the poor lad, who wants knowledge of those things he speaks of, which is to be had only from time and observation, must set his invention on the rack, to say something, when he knows nothing, which is a sort of Ægyptian tyranny, to bid them make bricks, who have not yet any of the materials. And therefore it is usual in such cases for the poor children to go to those of higher forms with this petition, "Pray give me a little sense;" which, whether it be more reasonable or more ridiculous is not easy to determine. Before a man can be in any capacity to speak on any subject, it is necessary to be acquainted with it; or else it is as foolish to set him to discourse of it, as to set a blind man to talk of colours or a deaf man of musick. And would you not think him a little cracked, who would require another to make an argument on a moot point, who understands nothing of our laws? And what, I pray, do school boys understand, concerning those matters which are used to be proposed to them in their themes, as subjects to discourse on, to whet and exercise their fancies."

II. *Natural tendency of Rules.*

Rules, unless they are formed for the acquirement of knowledge, in a manner which we understand, or for the proper disposal of that, which we knowingly possess, tend more to perplex, than aid or instruct.

III. *Influence of Habit.*

Habit, is that aptitude or disposition, either in *mind* or *body*, to perform an act with more than natural ease; acquired by the frequent repetition of the same act.

"The power of habit," says Dr. Beattie, "in forming rational beings to virtue or vice, to elegant or rustic man-

Digitized by Google

ners to attention or inattention, to idleness, to temperance or sensuality, to passionateness or forbearance, to manual dexterity or the want of it, is universally acknowledged. Something no doubt depends on the peculiar constitutions of different minds: and something too perhaps on the structure and temperament of different bodies; but in fashioning the character, and giving impulse and discretion to genius, the influence of habit is certainly very great. And if doing a thing frequently, did not breed an inclination to do it, the improvement of our nature would be impossible, and we could hardly be said to be moral beings."

I question much whether my sanity would not be doubted, were I to contend that the habit of reciting rhetorical and grammatical rules produced that vast variety of intellectual beauty extant in the world? But questions the learned youth, "Cannot *I* write a letter? Have *I* not been through the grammar three times, parsed in blank verse, and answered all the questions in Blair's Rhetoric?" Yes, my friend, it must be confessed that you have a very good government, although nothing to govern; and had you taken as much pains to accumulate the requisite materials of knowledge, as you have in acquiring rules to govern that which you have not, you might have been in a fair way to usefulness. But how the habit of reciting these rules with ease, is to get you into the habit of composing and conveying your thoughts with ease and elegance, is not so easy to determine.

This, however, we will leave to the wisdom of the instructor, presuming that his acquaintance with the powers and operations of the mind is sufficient, to lead him forward in placing before the youthful mind those things to study, that may be useful for it to be in the habit of attending to: for,

"*Usus promptos facit.*"

Digitized by Google

IV. *Imitation.*

"We are all a set of chameleons," says a philosopher, "that still take a tincture from things near us; nor is it to be wondered at in children, who better understand what they *see* than what they hear."

Some may be ready to repeat—"*Imitatores! servum pecus.*" *I* can by no means justify the "*servile copyist*" alluded to by Horace, who introduces himself among the learned as the Daw among the Peacocks; but imitation, so far as it is discoverable in this plan of instruction, cannot be but approved. For, we ask, in what other way do our youth learn their various lessons, our young men their trades as *mechanics* or *artists*, than by imitation? how did the Grecian orator, Demosthenes, perfect his style of writing but by imitation? He even transcribed the history of Thucydides eight or ten times, to acquire his happy mode of communicating his thoughts. But, does it follow hence that the result of imitation, so far as this system allows, is nothing more than a faculty of doing certain things in a way precisely as some of our predecessors have done? No—no more, than that, an inoculated scion will only bring forth the same fruit that the tree produces into which it is engrafted.

When there are natural connexions between words and ideas, and nature produces one with the other; or when the mind comes into being stocked with innate principles, which, like golden ore in the earth, to be possessed requires our digging,—then imitation may be dispensed with, and a child brought up in solitude, recluse from the sphere of human action, would have as flattering prospects of success, as he who explores and rummages the world. But as nature is—we need not depreciate that, which every man practises, and on which depends in a great

Digitized by Google

measure, the moral and intellectual improvement of the human character. For, as Professor Stewart somewhere writes—"In the case of individuals, who have no other guide to direct them in their inquiries than their own natural sagacity, much time and ingenuity must inevitably be thrown away, in every exertion of the inventive powers."

V. *Taste, how improved.*

In this method of instruction the taste of the scholar will be improved. For, writes the learned Dr. Beattie, "Whatever tends to enlarge, to correct, or methodize our knowledge, either of men or of things, is to be considered, as the means of improving judgment, consequently taste. Taste is also improved by reading the best books of criticism." He mentions, among others, Addison's papers on "Paradise Lost," as very proper for the study of those, who would cultivate and refine their taste.

VI. *Conversation.*

If the conversation of the company wherein the scholar is a cohabitant, be defective, and his intercourse in such company be *more*, than with the thoughts of a good writer, his progress towards elegance of diction will be but slow.

So, with regard to proper *sentiments*, or *morality*, the master may give lessons daily to his scholars of the pleasure and advantages of a moral life; but, if their parents hold immoral discourse before them at home in a greater degree, than the master *moral at school*, it profiteth them nothing. This, however, is a general rule, and stands in relation to *some*, untrue. We should always aim as much at correctness in conversation as in composition—for then,

Digitized by Google

one tends to promote and substantiate the other. But when we strive to become perfect in the one, and at the same time neglect the other, we do but root up weeds to let others grow.

VII. *Reading.*

It is much as Locke says, that "those who have read every thing, are thought to understand every thing too; but it is not always so." Some read indiscriminately every book that comes in their way, to be accounted *readers*; others cursorily run over whole libraries to cull out novelty and amusing matter—while there is another class who pick upon books only, to find sentiments that may coincide with their own; and there are other classes differing from these, but none so much in need of reformation. It should always be remembered, that reading does nothing more than furnish the mind with the materials of knowledge, and that it is *thinking* alone, which turns what we read to profit. Undigested materials of knowledge in the mind, are much like undigested food in the stomach, they rather injure than benefit the possessor.

"We are of the ruminating kind," says a learned writer, "and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are, indeed, in some writers visible instances of deep thought, close and acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these would give would be of great use, if their reader would observe and imitate them; all the rest at best are but particulars fit to be turned into knowledge; but that can be done only by meditation, and examining the reach, force, and coherence of what is said; and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connexion of ideas, so far it is ours; without that, it is but so much loose matter

Digitized by Google

floating in our brain. The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased, by being able to repeat what others have said, or produce the arguments we have found in them."

When we consider our dependence on the knowledge derived by reading for intellectual improvement, and that no reading can be profitable, unless accompanied with due deliberation, we cannot be regardless of the importance of not only teaching the young how to read *words* and *sentences*, but to study and understand them. And nothing seems more calculated to engage the attention of the young mind, and get it into the habit of considering when reading, than the exercise of this system.

VIII. *Grammar and Rhetoric.*

If it be asked, when Grammar and Rhetoric should be taught, we answer: When the scholar is old enough to *know* and require the facility and use of them, and not before.

I would have parents and instructors always bear in mind, when they are about to give new lessons to their children, the sentiment of Dr Johnson, who says, "To oblige children to commit to memory what they do not understand, *perverts their faculties, and gives them a dislike to learning.*"

To prevent any misconception with regard to my views in relation to the study of Grammar and Rhetoric, I will add, to use the words of a distinguished individual on the same subject to the author, "that this method of instruction should be recommended,—not in opposition to others,—not exclusive of others,—but as an excellent aid in connexion with them."

Digitized by Google

LESSONS.

Digitized by Google

In the first place,

Let every scholar attentively read his Lesson, requiring his particular attention, to the *punctuation*, *orthography*, *choice of words*, *structure of sentence*, &c.

In the second,

Require a transcription of the sentiments contained in the lesson, in the scholar's own words.

And in the third,

Exercise the memory of the scholar, by requiring him to restore the chapter to its original form.

Digitized by Google

LESSONS.

LESSON I.

On the Belief of God.

WE prove the being of a God, first, from the creation of the world.

The world must have been produced either by design, or by chance. No other mode of origin can be supposed. Let us see then with which of these characters it is impressed.

The characteristic of the works of design, is a relation of parts, in order to produce an end—The characteristic of the works of chance is just the reverse.—When we see stones, answering each other, laid in the form of a regular building, we immediately say, they were put together by design: but when we see them thrown about in a disorderly heap, we say as confidently, they have been thrown so by chance.

Now, in the world, and all its appendages, there is plainly this appearance of design. One part relates to another; and the whole together produces an end. The sun, for instance, is connected with the earth, by warming it into a proper heat, for the production of its fruits; and furnishing it with rain and dew. The earth again is connected with all the vegetables which it produces, by providing them with proper soils and juices for their nourishment. These again are connected with animals, by supplying them with food. And the whole together

Digitized by Google

produces the great end of sustaining the lives of innumerable creatures.

Nor is design shewn only in the grand fabric of the world, and all its relative appendages; it is equally shewn in every part. It is seen in every animal, adapted in all peculiarities to its proper mode of life. It is seen in every vegetable furnished with parts exactly suited to its situation. In the least, as well as in the greatest, of nature's productions, it is every where apparent. The little creeper upon the wall, extending its tenacious fibres, draws nourishment from the crannies of the stones; and flourishes where no other plant could live.

If then the world, and every part of it, are thus marked with the characters of design, there can be no difficulty in acknowledging the author of such design—of such amazing contrivance and variety, to be a being of infinite wisdom and power. We call a man ingenious, who makes even a common globe, with all the parts of the earth delineated upon it. What shall we say then of the Author of the great original itself, in all its grandeur, and furnished with all its various inhabitants?

The arguments drawn from the preservation of the world, is indeed rather the last argument advanced a step farther.

If chance could be supposed to produce a regular form, yet it is certainly beyond the highest degree of credulity, to suppose it could continue this regularity for any time. But we find it has been continued: we find, that near 6000 years have made no change in the order and harmony of the world. The sun's action upon the earth hath ever been regular. The production of trees, plants, and herbs, hath ever been uniform. Every seed produces now the same fruit it ever did. Every species of animal life is still the same. Could chance continue this regular

Digitized by Google

arrangement ? Could any thing continue it, but the hand of an omnipotent God !

Lastly, We see this great truth, the being of a God witnessed by the general consent of mankind. This general consent must arise either from tradition, or it must be the result of men's own reasoning. Upon either supposition, it is an argument equally strong. If the first supposition be allowed, it will be difficult to assign any source of this tradition, but God himself. If the second, it can scarce be supposed that all mankind, in different parts of the world, should agree in the belief of a thing, which never existed. For though doubts have arisen concerning this general belief, yet it is now pretty well ascertained, from the accounts of travellers, that no nation hath been yet discovered, among whom some traces of religious worship have not been found.

Be it so, says the objector ; yet still we find single persons, even in civilized countries, and some of them men of enlarged capacities, who have not only had their doubts on this subject, but have proclaimed aloud their disbelief of a divine being.

We answer, that it is more than probable, no man's infidelity on this head was ever thoroughly settled. Bad men rather endeavor to convince themselves, than are really convinced.—But even on a supposition, that a few such persons could be found, what is their testimony against so great a majority as the rest of mankind ? The light of the sun is universally acknowledged, though it happens that, now and then, a man may be blind.

But since, it seems, there are difficulties in supposing a divine creator and preserver of the world, what system of things does the atheist suppose attended with fewer ? He sees the world produced before him. He sees it hath been created ; and is preserved. Some account of this

Digitized by Google

matter must be given. If ours displease him; let us have his.

The experiment hath been tried. We have had many atheistical creeds: none of which hath stood the test of being handed down with any degree of credit into future times.

The atheist's great argument indeed against a Deity, is levelled at the apparent injustice of his government. It was an objection of ancient date; and might have had its weight in heathen times; but it is one of the blessings which attend Christianity, that it satisfies all our doubts on this head; and gives us a rational and easy solution of this poignant objection. What if we observe an inaccurate distribution of the things of this world? What if virtue be depressed and vice triumphant? It is nothing, says the voice of religion, to him, who believes this life to be an inconsiderable part of his being; a point only in the expanse of eternity; who believes he is sent into this world, merely to prepare himself for a better. Happiness unquestionably attends virtue here, and misery vice: but it is not the happiness of a splendid station, but of a peaceful mind; nor is it the misery of low circumstances, but of a guilty conscience.

LESSON II.

Religion the best and only support in cases of Real Stress.

THERE are no principles but those of religion, to be depended on in cases of real stress; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear us up under the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

Digitized by Google

Consider then what virtue the very first principle of religion has, and how wonderfully it is conducive to this end: That there is a God, a powerful, a wise, and good Being, who first made the world, and continues to govern it;—by whose goodness all things are designed—and by whose providence all things are conducted to bring about the greatest and best ends. The sorrowful and pensive wretch that was giving way to his misfortunes, and mournfully sinking under them, the moment this doctrine comes in to his aid, hushes all his complaints—and thus speaks comfort to his soul,—"it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. Without his direction, I know that no evil can befall me,—without his permission, that no power can hurt me; it is impossible a Being so wise should mistake my happiness—or that a Being so good should contradict it. If he has denied me riches or other advantages—perhaps he foresees the gratifying my wishes would undo me, and by my own abuse of them be perverted to my ruin. If he has denied me the request of children; or in his providence has thought fit to take them from me——how can I say whether he has not dealt kindly with me, and only taken that away which he foresaw would embitter and shorten my days? It does so to thousands, where the disobedience of a thankless child has brought down the parents' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Has he visited me with sickness, poverty, or other disappointments?—can I say, but these are blessings in disguise?—so many different expressions of his care and concern to disentangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another—another, a better world beyond this!" This thought opens a new face of hope and consolation to the unfortunate;—and, as the persuasion of a Providence, reconciles him to the evils he has suffered,—this prospect of a future life gives him strength to despise them, and esteem the light afflictions of this

Digitized by Google

life, as they are, not worthy to be compared to what is reserved for him hereafter.

LESSON III.

Astronomy.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings, and the rich colors in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind (I hope I was not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet to fit out a play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable scenes

Digitized by Google

whereby the passions of a philosopher are greatly agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise.

How many fox-hunters and rural 'squires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," says some illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections, to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things in earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur.

Digitized by Google

LESSON IV.

A Portrait of Mankind.

VANITY bids all her sons to be generous and brave,—and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.—

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough!—God! thou knowest they carry us too high—we want not *to be*—but *to seem*.—

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man: see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing:—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble:—alas! he has them not.—

Behold a second, under a shew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:—he is just entering the house of God:—would he was more pure—or less pious!—but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances!—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloaked up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, What is that?

—That the saint has no religion at all.

Digitized by Google

—But here comes *generosity ;* giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See, —he *builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets ;* but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord ! how they will magnify his name !—'tis in capitals already : the first—the highest, in the gilded-roll of every hospital and asylum—

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us ! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct ?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it ? Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honesty almost out of knavery ;—Chastity, never once in harm's way ;—and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.—

Hark ! that, the sound of that trumpet,—let not my soldier run,—'tis some good Christian giving alms. O *Pity*, thou gentlest of human passions ! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

LESSON V.

Polite Conversation Defective.

IT is, perhaps, one of the most alarming symptoms of the degeneracy of morals in the present day, that the distinctions of right and wrong are almost swept away in polite conversation. The most serious offences are often

Digitized by Google

named with cool indifference; the most shameful profligacy with affected tenderness and indulgent toleration. The substitution of the word *gallantry* for that crime which stabs domestic happiness and conjugal virtue, is one of the most dangerous of all the modern abuses of language. Atrocious deeds should never be called by gentle names. This must certainly contribute, more than any thing to diminish the horror of vice in the rising generation. That our passions should be too often engaged on the side of error, we may look for the cause, though not for the vindication, in the unresisted propensities of our constitution: but that our *reason* should ever be employed in its favour, that our *conversation* should ever be taught to palliate it, that our *judgment* should ever look on it with indifference, has no shadow of excuse: because this can pretend to no foundation in nature, no apology in temptation, no palliative in passion.

LESSON VI.

On Intemperance in Eating.

HE is the temperate man whose health directs his appetite—who is best pleased with what best agrees with him—who eats, not to gratify his taste, but to preserve his life—who is the same at every table as at his own—who, when he feasts, is not cloyed; and sees all the delicacies before him that luxury can accumulate; yet preserves a due abstinence amidst them.

The rules of temperance not only oblige us to abstain from what *now does*, or what we are sure *soon will*, hurt us; we offend against them, when we avoid not whatever has a *probability* of being hurtful to us.—They are, far-

Digitized by Google

ther, transgressed by too great nicety, about our food—by much solicitude and eagerness to procure what we most relish—by *frequently* eating to satiety.

In thus describing intemperance, let me not be understood to censure, as a failure therein, all regard to the food that best pleases us, when it is equally wholesome with other kinds—when its price is neither unsuitable to our circumstances, nor very great—when it may be conveniently procured—when we are not anxious about it—when we do not frequently seek after it—when we are always moderate in its use.

The dissuasives from intemperate eating that appear of greatest weight, are these :

It is the grossest abuse of the gifts of Providence.

It is the vilest debasement of ourselves.

Our bodies owe to it the most painful diseases, and, generally, a speedy decay.

It frequently interrupts the use of our nobler faculties, and is sure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them.

The straits to which it often reduces us, occasion our falling into crimes, which would, otherwise, have been our utter abhorrence.

Life, as we have been wisely taught to consider it, *is more than meat*. Man could not be sent into the world but for quite different purposes than merely to indulge his palate. He has an understanding given him, which he may greatly improve ! many are the perfections which he is qualified to attain ; much good to his fellow-creatures he has abilities to do ; and all this may be truly said of all mankind ; all of us may improve our reason, may proceed in virtue, may be useful to our fellow-creatures. There are none, therefore, to whom it is not a foul reproach, that their belly is their God—that they are more solicitous to favour, and thereby to strengthen, the importunity of

Digitized by Google

their appetite, than to weaken and master it, by frequent resistance and restraint.

Let me, also, consider intemperance in what we eat, as frequently interrupting the use of our nobler faculties; and sure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them. How long is it before we are really ourselves, after our stomach has received its *full load!* Under it, our senses are dulled, our memory clouded, heaviness and stupidity possess us: some *hours* may pass before our vivacity returns, before reason can again act with its full vigour. The man is not seen to advantage, his real abilities are not to be discovered, till the effects of his gluttony are removed, till his constitution has thrown off the weight that oppressed it.

The hours preceding a plentiful meal, or those which succeed its entire digestion, are, we all find, such, in which we are fittest to transact our affairs, in which all the acts of the understanding are best exerted.

How small a part of his time is therefore the luxurious man himself? What between the length of his repasts—the space during which he is, as it were, stupified by his excess in them—the many hours of *sleep* that he wants to refresh, and of *exercise* to strengthen him; within how small a compass is that portion of his life brought, in which his rational powers are fitly displayed!

In the vigour of youth, in the full strength of manhood, an uncontroled gratification of appetite allows only short intervals of clear apprehension, of close attention, and the free use of our judgment: but if, either through an uncommonly firm constitution, or by spending all those hours in exercise, which are not passed at our tables or in our beds, we are enabled, notwithstanding such gratification, to reach a more advanced age; what a melancholy spectacle do we then frequently afford! our memory, our wit, our sense, almost wholly destroyed,—there remains, scarce allowing a conjecture to be formed thence, what they have

Digitized by Google

been—the ruins of the man hardly furnishing a trace of his former ornaments.

Most of those diseases which luxury brings upon our bodies are, indeed, a gradual impairing of our intellectual faculties: the mind shares the disorder of its companion, acts as that permits, discovers a greater or less capacity, according to the other's more or less perfect state. And as the body, when dead, is totally unfit to be acted upon by the soul; so the nearer it is brought to death by our gluttony, the more we increase its unfitness to display, by how noble a principle it is actuated, what the extent of those abilities is, which the bounty of our infinitely good and powerful Creator has afforded.

LESSON VII.

The Balance of Happiness Equal.

AN extensive contemplation on human affairs, will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal, and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor

Digitized by Google

are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of the natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true. In a state therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity!

LESSON VIII.

On Music.

THERE are few who have not felt the charms of music, and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful sensations, that is far more eloquent than words: it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations; but how it was learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the meaning of some of its most affecting strains, we know not.

We feel plainly that music touches and gently agitates the agreeable and sublime passions; that it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates in joy; that it dissolves and inflames; that it melts us in tenderness, and rouses to rage: but its strokes are so fine and delicate, that, like a tragedy, even the passions that are wounded please; its sorrows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful; as people feel the particular passions with different degrees of force, their taste of harmony must proportionably vary. Music then is a language directed to the passions; but the rudest passions put on a new nature and become

Digitized by Google

pleasing in harmony : let me add, also, that it awakens some passions which we perceive not in ordinary life. Particularly the most elevated sensation of music arises from a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty and rapture, which is sufficiently perceivable to fire the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languishing curiosity, to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension : but it sinks and escapes, like the dissolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of memory, nor yet totally fled. The noblest charm of music then, though real and affecting, seems too confused and fluid to be collected into a distinct idea. Harmony is always understood by the crowd, and almost always mistaken by musicians ; who are, with hardly any exception, servile followers of the taste of mode, and who, having expended much time and pains on the mechanic and practical part, lay a stress on the dexterities of hand, which yet have no real value, but as they serve to produce those collections of sound that move the passions.

LESSON IX.

The Fruits of Industry and Innocence.

LOOK at the character of those people who most frequently make complaint of the *load of life*—how rarely will you hear it from innocence and active industry ? How often from indolence, dissipation and vice ? Peace must begin at home. He who receives from his own heart, when he first awakes in the morning, the salutation of an approving smile, will, when he rises and goes forth,

Digitized by Google

see all nature smile around him ; while the wretch, whose interrupted slumber is broken by the gnawings of remorse or the pangs of guilt, will see the image of his own internal trouble and horror reflected from every object that meets his view. But how are we to secure this morning salute of a smile ?

This question was answered for me by a peasant in Switzerland, when I visited that country in 1772. I could not help being struck, on my first entrance into it, with the picture of national happiness which every where presented itself. Wherever I turned, I heard the hum of cheerful industry ;—wherever I looked, I saw the glow of health, and smile of content. If I entered a town, I heard, on every hand, the rattling of the hammer and clinking of the trowel, bearing witness to the progress of wealth and population : If I sauntered into the country, I heard the rosy daughters of industry, singing aloud to their spinning wheels ; or saw them engaged in that sweetest occupation of primeval innocence, pruning and dressing their luxuriant vines, and teaching the young tendrils how to shoot ; if I climbed a mountain, I saw it animated, from its base to its summit, with sprightly flocks, that seemed to be conscious of the general happiness of the country, and to partake in it ; skipping from rock to rock, with astonishing agility, and browzing briskly and cheerfully, on the scanty productions of the soil ; while their shepherd master, with his Alp-horn to his lips, and peace and gladness at his heart, poured from the echoing mountains into the valley that smiled below, the simply wild and touching notes of his favourite air, the *rans des vaches.*

Affected almost to tears of pleasure, by this finished scene of earthly happiness, as I stood looking at it, from the cottage door of a venerable old peasant, I asked him how it happened, that in a climate so little favoured by na-

Digitized by Google

ture, and the far greater part of whose soil was surrendered to mountains and hopeless sterility, I witnessed all this peace, all this content, all this glowing, smiling happiness? "The answer is very short and easy," said this rural philosopher, pleased with the interest which he saw in my face; "all that you see is the effect of industry, protected and not encumbered by government; for industry is the mother of virtue and health, and these are the parents of happiness; as idleness is the mother of vice and disease, the immediate parent of misery. Behold the whole secret of the health, innocence, and peace of Switzerland!"

LESSON X.

Agrippina returning to Rome with the Ashes of her dead Lord, Germanicus.

AGRIPPINA pursued her voyage without intermission. Neither the rigour of the winter, nor the rough navigation in that season of the year, could alter her resolution. She arrived at the island of Corcyra, opposite the coast of Calabria. At that place she remained a few days, to appease the agitations of a mind pierced to the quick, and not yet taught in the school of affliction, to submit with patience. The news of her arrival spreading far and wide, the intimate friends of the family and most of the officers who had served under Germanicus, with a number of strangers from the municipal towns, some to pay their court, others carried along with the current, pressed forward in crowds to the city of Brundusium, the nearest and most convenient port. As soon as the fleet came in sight of the harbour, the sea-coast, the walls of the city, the tops of

Digitized by Google

houses, and every place that gave even a distant view, were crowded with spectators. Compassion throbbed in every breast. In the hurry of their first emotions, men knew not what part to act; should they receive her with acclamations? Or would silence best suit the occasion? Nothing was settled. The fleet entered the harbour, not with the alacrity usual to mariners, but with a slow and solemn sound of the oar, impressing deeper melancholy on every heart.

Agrippina came forth, leading two of her children, with the urn of Germanicus in her hand, and her eyes stedfastly fixed on that precious object. A general groan was heard. Men and women, relations and strangers, all joined in one promiscuous scene of sorrow, varied only by the contrast between the attendants of Agrippina and those who now received the first impression.—The former appeared with a languid air, while the latter yielding to the sensation of the moment, broke out with all the vehemence of recent grief.

LESSON XI.

The Pleasures of Snow.

I NEVER see a heavy fall of snow, like that which I have been, now, observing, through my window, for several hours, without feeling an instinctive flow and gaiety of spirits. This is, probably, the effect of an early association of ideas, which the mind still makes without my perceiving it. For in my young days a snow was the constant signal for an hundred different, delightful amusements; amusements, which are now nearly out of use, perhaps from the much greater infrequency of the invi-

Digitized by Google

ting cause. Fifty years ago, in such a snow as this, which is already nine inches deep, all the young folks were leaping and bounding with anticipated delight, and could not be kept within doors even until the snow had ceased to fall. The little children of four or five years old would clear a place in the yard and prop a plank or an old door to catch snow birds, pulling the trigger, alternately, by a string which was conducted through the window into the house: then they would roll balls in the yard—wonder at their rapid and unaccountable accumulation—and contend who should make the largest. The country boys and girls would wage the joyous war of snow-ball—or unite in a party of sleighing—or run races, by sliding on planks over the frozen surface of the snow, down the long slope of a hill side. Dreadful at such a season, was the carnage among the tenants of the air, the field and the forest—traps, snares, springs in a thousand forms contributed to their destruction, and the huntsman followed on the track of the flying game, with a certainty and a perseverance which no speed, nor cunning, nor strength could elude.

But it was during the fall itself of a cold and driving snow, while the whole creation without was shivering and shrinking from the blast and drift, and filling the air with the many-toned expression of their sufferings, that the highest interest was excited in all who were capable of feeling and reflecting. It was then while the flocks and herds were driven to their folds and stalls, and the wind was heard to whistle on the outside of those walls which it could not pierce, that we became sensible of the superior intelligence of man, and learned to appreciate a thousand conveniences and comforts which that intelligence had spread around him.

Then, too, it was with the family drawn together at at night in a friendly circle, around the blazing and cheerful hearth, with a brown mug of that simple, rural beve-

Digitized by Google

rage, the juice of the apple, placed before them—that I first learned to estimate the social character of man, and tasted the pure charms of virtuous and instructive conversation.—Such was the time for innocence to come forth, without blush or tremour, and show her thoughts; for strong, uncultured sense to exhibit his muscles; and for rural learning to open its legendary lore. Conversations like those, I do not hear in the present time. I hear, indeed, more flippancy and smartness, perhaps more wit and decoration; but I hear much less of solid and useful sense; and above all much less of unaffected nature. For it was nature; it was this arch enchantress that infused the inimitable resistless charm. Then, no cavilling hypercritick stood by, to catch the speaker before he tripped; of course no one thought himself obliged to "speak by the card," lest equivocation should undo him." Then, no witling stood, with uplifted gig to hit the first hair-breadth opening that presented itself, and, thus, to arrest the useful progress of the conversation. No snarling satirist, or turner of invectives, crouched, like a tiger, to seize his wandering and unsuspecting prey. No malignant *demon* of slander haunted the circle to gather materials for tomorrow's tale. No: all was freedom, and ease and confidence and friendship; and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke," without fear and without restraint.

LESSON XII.

Comparative view of the rising and declining generations of America.

LET the man who stands upon the isthmus between these two generations of Americans, between that which

Digitized by Google

is passing off and that which is coming forward, make this comparison calmly and frankly—and pronounce upon the characters of the two. The question is not which is the most showy—but which is the most solid :—which of them excels in the virtues of sincerity—integrity—disinterested generosity—and public spirit. The question is not which of them can make the best pun or turn the most melodious period ; but which of them will talk the most sense, and give you the soundest opinion. The question is not which of them can best string together a set of pretty words—which of them can declaim with the finest cadence, and promptest volubility—nor which of them can most dexterously launch into the heart of an adversary, an Indian arrow with a poisoned head ;—but, it is, which of them displays the most of that frankness and benevolence that draws near to your bosom and your affections—and raises your own virtues by the touch of sympathy ; which of them is the most successful in unsealing the sources of confidence and harmless pleasure in your breast—which of them puts you most at your ease by the plainness and nature of his manners—which of them mingles the most happily innocent amusement with sound and practical sense—the useful, with the agreeable.

Look from the tinkling symbals of the present day to such a character as Dr. Franklin ! Never have I known such a fireside companion as he was !—Great as he was, both as a statesman and a philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him—at the house of a private gentleman in the back part of Pennsylvania ; and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time by the unintermitting constancy and depth of snows. But confinement could never be felt where Dr. Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread

Digitized by Google

around him a perpetual spring. When I speak however of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analogous to that which Boswell has given us, when he so frequently mentions the colloquial powers of Dr. Johnson. The conversation of the latter continually reminds one of "the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It was, indeed, a perpetual contest for victory—or an arbitrary and despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents. It was strong—acute—prompt—splendid and vociferous:—as loud, stormy and sublime, as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castles that frowned upon the dark rolling sea beneath. But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be; and longs for the more orderly current of nature.—Of Franklin no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in any thing which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you, at once, at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the vast orbit of his genius, forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers had wrought up the

Digitized by Google

raw materials which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that had added an hundred fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

Such is the man whom I would hold up to our youth as a model of colloquial excellence. And to all young men, whose taste has not been depraved by the vicious examples of the age, the appeal may be successfully made. Such will always prefer the strong and sterling worth of that intellect, whose constant propensity and aim it was, to turn the mind "from sound to sense; from fancy to the heart."

LESSON XIII.

Modern Affectation.

IN these days of modern refinement and illumination, we have become a set of artificial and made-up characters; compounded of affectations and imitations—borrowing an ogle from one—and a step from another—an attitude from a third—a gesture from a fourth—a mimicking pronunciation from a fifth—a favourite phrase from a sixth—a tone and modulation of voice from a seventh, &c. &c. and are thus the poor creatures of borrowed shreds and patches. The artless simplicity and innocence is gone! Every thing now is preconcert and design. Our killing attitudes have all the guilt of premeditation. Our looks of delight, and even of distress, are studied.—Our airs of state exhibit the strutting ostentation of a German baron, stiff with gold, and haughtiness, instead of the enchanting ease and grace of genuine dignity. Our vivacity is all precipitation and unthinking flutter; instead of that

Digitized by Google

native gaiety of heart which charms so much when sporting in its natural gait and escorted by the mind. Our wit is continually under the spur, and seeks and even forces the occasion, instead of waiting for and rising naturally out of it. We are perpetually striving to feel what we do not, and to seem to be what we are not. With this view we practice ten thousand anticks and grimaces of look and gesture, by which we mutually disgust while we are trying to cheat each other. Why has Musidora, whether she is holding a circle of beaux in chat or warbling to her piano, so much of that tortuous and excessively graceful action of the head, arms and body ? One censorious by-stander will whisper, that it is all necessary to keep her awake, or at least from relapsing into her constitutional torpor and lethargy ; another will say, that it is to give the enkindling idea of irrepressible animation and overflowing ecstacy. In truth, Musidora is unpardonable for putting this force upon herself : I can, indeed, forgive her excessive desire to please ; for notwithstanding that there is something of a selfish scheme of conquest in the case, there is at least, an implied compliment to the gentlemen, which is obliging : but she does herself great injustice in supposing it necessary to her views to strain her spirits to an unusual or unnatural pitch.—Were she to obey only the impulse of nature, her sensibility would display itself in a much more touching manner by the trembling tones of her voice, the alternate rose and lilly on her cheek, the smile and tear in her eye, and those gentle movements of the figure which her heart would prompt, and which no one would mistake. Without effort, Musidora has life and feeling enough to warm even the winter of age. Under all the disadvantages of an affected manner, she is still a sweet girl ; and were she under the guidance of nature only, she would be irresistible.

Digitized by Google

Look now at the smiling animation of Sir Fopling Flutter : Look at the sparkling lustre of his fine dark eyes, and then their languishing roll and " dying, dying fall !" How distressing it is to the retiring modesty of his disposition, to be forced to take so conspicuous a stand, where the eyes of all the *belles* and all the assembly are, of necessity, cast upon him every twenty minutes ! How gracefully negligent his attitudes and the management of his gold headed *ratan !* See again, with what quick and electric vivacity he looks towards the music, and what a sudden gleam of silly rapture overspreads his fine face !—To be sure there was nothing in that particular passage to excite such a feeling : in truth, it was rather flat than otherwise ; and even if it had been ever so fine, Sir Fopling has no more ear than a satyr. But we are supposed not to know all this ; and his hope is that we shall give him credit for his Æolian nerves, and all the taste as well as the grace and beauty of Apollo.

How do those ridiculous and odious affectations defeat their own purpose, and offend and disgust, instead of pleasing us ! Men and women of sense despise them. They know that a natural manner is, in society, what *naiveté** is in literary composition—That it gives the finest scope for superior parts ; exhibits them to the very best advantage, and commands the respect while it conciliates the love of the beholder.

Let us return to the walks of pure and simple nature. That benignant divinity which will give us a fair and stable basis on which we may safely erect the grandest moral and literary structures. Under her tutelage no virtuous and intelligent character ever yet failed to please—and that, not for a day nor a year, like the transient empire of affectation and trick :—*But for Life.*

* Simplicity of expression.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XIV.*

The Indian Kings.

WHEN the four Indian Kings were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of any thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured me were written by king Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul:

'On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion that it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The

* Should any of these Lessons prove too lengthy, parts may be selected at the discretion of the Instructor. Neither is it necessary to take them in the order in which they are printed, should the inexperience of the scholar prove a barrier to his doing the more difficult ones any thing like justice.

Digitized by Google

kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first a huge misshapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought it into all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scoped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars, that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they gave it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotions in. And indeed there are several reasons which make us think that the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred: but upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour. There was indeed a man in black, who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but, as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and courtesying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

Digitized by Google

'The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men called whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

'Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a tory, that was as great a monster as the whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

'These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms, by a couple of porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous; for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with several ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from.

Digitized by Google

Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; and with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was their own growth.

'We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but, instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

'As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.'

Then the author proceeds to show the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot, however, conclude this paper without taking notice, that amidst these wild remarks there now and then ap-

Digitized by Google

pears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners, of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

LESSON XV.

Satirical Notice of a class called Loungers.

THE following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of Cambridge, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arose in that famous residence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

Mr. Spectator, 'Cambridge, April 25, 1711.

'BELIEVING you to be an universal encourager of liberal arts and sciences, and glad of any information from the learned world, I thought an account of a sect of philosophers, very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any writers, either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The philosophers of this sect are, in the language of our university, called Loungers. I am of opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the ancients have been defective: viz. in mentioning no philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripatetics, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these gentlemen consider, that though the ancient Peripatetics walked much, yet they wrote much also; witness, to the sorrow of this sect,

Digitized by Google

Aristotle and others; whereas it is notorious that most of our professors never lay out a farthing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for deriving them from Diogenes, because several of the leading men of the sect have a great deal of cynical humour in them, and delight much in sun-shine. But then, again, Diogenes was content to have his constant habitation in a narrow tub, whilst our philosophers are so far from being of his opinion, that it is death to them to be confined within the limits of a good handsome convenient chamber but for half an hour. Others there are, who, from the clearness of their heads, deduce the pedigree of Loungers from that great man (I think it was either Plato or Socrates) who, after all his study and learning, professed, that all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon confuted.

'I have with great pains and industry made my observations, from time to time upon these sages; and, having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise wherein I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austerities, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a friend who designs shortly to publish a new edition of Diogenes Laertius, to add this treatise of mine by way of supplement; I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me (first begging Mr. Spectator's leave that the world may see it) briefly touch upon some of my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In the first place I shall give you two or three of their maxims; the fundamental one, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. "That time being an implacable enemy to, and destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented." Another favourite saying of theirs is, "That business was only designed for

Digitized by Google

knaves, and study for blockheads." A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives; and is this, "That the devil is at home." Now for their manner of living; and here I have a large field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve particulars for my intended discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows in the town. Some are arrived to so great knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time an old woman's cat is in the straw; and a thousand other matters as important. One ancient philosopher contemplates two or three hours every day over a sun-dial; and is true to the dial,

——"As the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

Our young students are content to carry their speculations as yet no farther than bowling-greens, billiard-tables, and such like places. This may serve for a sketch of my design; in which I hope I shall have your encouragement.

'I am, sir, yours.'

I must be so just as to observe, I have formerly seen of this sect at our other university; though not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historian, my correspondent, reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order, than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any farther than to gain weak eyes, and sometimes headaches; but these philosophers are seized all over with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with an heaviness in removing to another.

Digitized by Google

The Loungers are satisfied with being merely part of the number of mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their time to pass, than to spend it, without regard to the past, or prospect of the future. All they know of life is only the present instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this order happens to be a man of fortune, the expense of his time is transferred to his coach and horses, and his life is to be measured by their motion, not his own enjoyments or sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a relish of dress. This methinks might diversify the person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two amusements make one of these philosophers make a tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then to London, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the Loungers leave an academic life, and, instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall inquire into such about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being Loungers by the force of natural parts, without ever having seen an university; and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any accident at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and chocolate-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XVI.

Luxury and Avarice.

MOST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into Luxury, and the latter into Avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by Avarice, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as translated by Mr. Dryden.

'Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs and yawn'st, but all in vain.
The rugged tyrant no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.
What must I do? he cries; What? says his lord;
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabean incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back,
And with poste-haste thy running markets make,
Be sure to turn the penny; lie and swear,
'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear.
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even;
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?
'Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,
That soft, voluptuous prince, called Luxury;
And he may ask this civil question: Friend,
What dost thou make a shipboard? To what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?
Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,
On a brown George, with lousy swobbers fed;
Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?

Digitized by Google

Say, would'st thou bear all this to raise thy store,
From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more ?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give,
For, not to live at ease is not to live.
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st ; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak : wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure choose
To be thy lord ? Take one, and one refuse.'

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury ; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption ; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice : and accordingly describes Cataline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendour, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession ; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throw-

Digitized by Google

ing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other, the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy-counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear; the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and the husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very

Digitized by Google

good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors abovementioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

LESSON XVII.

Improprieties.

WHEN the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, desiring her to leave the matter to his care, bids her go to her maids, and mind her spinning; by which the poet intimates, that men and wo-

Digitized by Google

men ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and upon occasion can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambrics and muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as what lady shows the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her in her wrath call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him, in a large company of men and ladies, by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any farther concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of

Digitized by Google

the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes, that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party rage. Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the virago of one party, than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but, in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, no body knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which I hope will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking

Digitized by Google

against a great lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed I never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partisans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred, and whether a whig or tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. Titus Oates* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing with my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor. It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which, upon first opening, discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her; that if he was in Mr. Truelove's place (for that was the name of her

* Dr. Sacheverell is understood to be the person really alluded to.

Digitized by Google

husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. 'I am afraid,' said she, 'Mr. Honeycomb, you are a tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor or not?' Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty), and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, 'Well,' says she, 'I will be hanged if you and your silent friend are not against the doctor in your hearts: I suspected as much by his saying nothing.' Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and, upon the opening of it, again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

LESSON XVIII.

Friendship, the Great Benefit of it.

ONE would think that the larger the company is, in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together on any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In

Digitized by Google

proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and, indeed, there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean the little apochryphal treatise, entitled 'The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.' How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour! And laid down that precept, which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends. 'Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.'* With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends! And

* Ecclus. vi. 5, 6.

Digitized by Google

with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend! 'If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach.' Again, 'Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face.' What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? 'Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.' In the next words he particularizes one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous authors abovementioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. 'A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright: for as he is, so shall his neighbour (that is his friend) be also.' I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen writer: 'Forsake not an old friend, for the new is

Digitized by Google

not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.'* With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of friendship! 'Whoso casteth a stone at the birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour. If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart.'† We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: 'Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewray his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again: follow after him no more, for he is too far off: he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be a reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth secrets is without hope.'‡

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and as Cicero calls it, '*Morum comitas*,' 'a pleasantness of

* Ecclus. ix. 10. † Ibid. ix. 20, 21, 22. ‡ Ibid. xxvii. 10—21.

Digitized by Google

temper.' If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill-humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species, in the following epigram:

> 'In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
> Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
> Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
> There is no living with thee nor without thee.'

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who, by these changes and vicissitudes of humour, is sometimes amiable, and sometimes odious; and as most men are at sometimes in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

LESSON XIX.

Commerce, the Extent and Advantages of it.

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly

Digitized by Google

of countrymen and foreigners, consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *emporium* for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times: or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew; who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with

Digitized by Google

pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes, and the infusion of a China plant is sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippic islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren and uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pignuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate, of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advances towards a plum than to a sloe,

Digitized by Google

and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice-islands, our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges its wool for rubies. The Mahometans are

Digitized by Google

clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

LESSON XX.

Employment of Time.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent, either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

Digitized by Google

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer, would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wish away whole years: and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces

Digitized by Google

of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow :

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. The particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party ; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man ; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced ; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation ; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him : it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him ; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

Digitized by Google

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot always be in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employment for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

Digitized by Google

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, sooths and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the painter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XXI.

Head Dresses.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men.* The women were of such an enormous stature, that 'we appeared as grasshoppers before them :'† At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species.‡ I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn ; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new ; or whether some of the tallest of the sex being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret ; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they

* Alluding to the commode, a kind of head-dress worn by the ladies at the beginning of the 18th century, which by means of wire bore up the hair and fore part of the cap, consisting of folds of fine lace, to a great height.

† Numbers, xiii. 33.

‡ The fashion suddenly changed into the opposite extreme.

Digitized by Google

had extended their persons, and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it:

> 'With curls on curls they build her head before,
> And mount it with a formidable tow'r:
> A giantess she seems; but look behind,
> And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.' DRYDEN.

But I do not remember, in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin* says, 'That these old-fashioned *fontanges* rose an ell above the head: that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.

* A French historical writer of the sixteenth century.

Digitized by Google

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte* by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the person that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, 'the women, that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre† in his history of Bretagne, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for making of laws against the exorbitance of power: in the same manner an excessive head-dress may

* A celebrated Carmelite, native of Bretagne, who travelled through several parts of Europe, preaching against the fashionable vices of the age. At length, reproving the enormities of the Romish clergy, he was burnt for heresy at Rome in 1484.

† An eminent French lawyer of the sixteenth century.

Digitized by Google

be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gew-gaws, ribands, and bone-lace.

LESSON XXII.

Virtue and Decency.

IT would be a noble improvement, or rather a recovery of what we call good-breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least transgression against that rule of life called decorum, or a regard to decency. This would command the respect of mankind, because it carries in it deference to their good opinion, as humility lodged in a worthy mind is always attended with a certain homage, which no haughty soul, with all the arts

Digitized by Google

imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. Tully says, virtue and decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our imagination. As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health of it, so certainly is decency concomitant to virtue. As beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in that we observe all the parts with a certain elegance are proportioned to each other; so does decency of behaviour which appears in our lives obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions. This flows from the reverence we bear towards every good man, and to the world in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only show you arrogant but abandoned. In all these considerations we are to distinguish how one virtue differs from another. As it is the part of justice never to do violence, it is of modesty never to commit offence. In this last particular lies the whole force of what is called decency; to this purpose that excellent moralist abovementioned talks of decency; but this quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary capacity, than expressed with all his eloquence. This decency of behaviour is generally transgressed among all orders of men; nay, the very women, though themselves created it, as it were for ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental part of life. It would methinks be a short rule for behaviour, if every young lady in her dress, words, and actions, were only to recommend herself as a sister, daughter, or wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those characters. The care of themselves, with regard to the families in which women are born, is the best motive for their being courted to come into the alliance of other houses. Nothing can promote this end more than a strict preservation of decency.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XXIII.

Education.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculptor is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of ne-

Digitized by Google

groes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at Saint Christopher's, one of our British Leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negro above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with

Digitized by Google

her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them: where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge

Digitized by Google

flourish ; though it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking ; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure ; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along professed myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends ; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds ; at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours ; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to the persons who write them ; but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XXIV.

Ambition of use, if rightly directed.

THERE are but few men, who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodize them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches; it is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us, than either of the other two.

Digitized by Google

The quality of fortune, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope; majesty to kings; serenity or mildness of temper to princes; excellence of perfection to ambassadors; grace to archbishops; honour to peers; worship or venerable behaviour to magistrates; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, such attributes of honour are generally correspondent with the virtues of the person to whom they are applied; but in the descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-bed shows the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on; and is asked by a grave attendant how his holiness does? Another hears himself addressed to under the title of highness or excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will be then adjusted, and precedency set right.

Digitized by Google

Methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.

Men in scripture are called strangers and sojourners upon earth, and life a pilgrimage. Several heathen, as well as Christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this, says the philosopher, is not our business. All that we are concerned in is, to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in Him, who has cast our several parts, and is the great disposer of the drama.*

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great inforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other

* Enchiridion, or Manual of the Stoic Philosophy, chap. 23.

Digitized by Google

world will be new cast, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several posts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful passages in the little apochryphal book, entitled, The Wisdom of Solomon, to set forth the vanity of Honour, and the like temporal blessings which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprise which it will produce among those who are his superiours in this. 'Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had some time in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!'*

If the reader would see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place.† In the mean time, since it is necessary, in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept up in the world, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in virtue, as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superi-

* Wisd. ch. v. 1—5. † Ib. ch. v. 8—14.

Digitized by Google

ority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life, would consider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a just deference and submission to their superiours, make them happy in those blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them.

LESSON XXV.

Virtue, of a Beautiful Nature.

I DO not remember to have read any discourse written expressly upon the beauty and loveliness of virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this speculation as an essay upon that subject, in which I shall consider virtue no farther than as it is in itself of an amiable nature, after having premised, that I understand by the word virtue such a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of Religion, and by men of the world under the name of Honour.

Hypocrisy itself does great honour, or rather justice to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

We learn from Hierocles, it was a common saying among the heathens, that the wise man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to show how amiable virtue is. 'We love a virtuous man,'

Digitized by Google

says he, 'who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit.' Nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story. Nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity, as in the instance of Pyrrhus, whom Tully mentions on this occasion in opposition to Hannibal. Such is the natural beauty and loveliness of virtue.

Stoicism, which was the pedantry of virtue, ascribes all good qualifications, of what kind soever, to the virtuous man. Accordingly Cato, in the character Tully has left of him, carried matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a philosophical rant than the real opinion of a wise man; yet this was what Cato very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the excellence of virtue if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all possible perfections; and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently beautiful in itself, but that it made the very body amiable, and banished every kind of deformity from the person in whom it resided.

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense of goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different character: and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the fair sex, than those who by their very admiration of it are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than

Digitized by Google

others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues: but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, and in short, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For this reason even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can suffer their aversion for a party to blot out all the merit of the person who is engaged in it? A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are not men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppose one another in some particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to those qualities which are of so amiable a nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the points in dispute. Men of virtue, though of different interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the same civil concerns. We should

Digitized by Google

bear the same love towards a man of honour who is a living antagonist, which Tully tells us, in the forementioned passage, every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice, though in a friend.

I speak this with an eye to those cruel treatments which men of all sides are apt to give the characters of those who do not agree with them. How many persons of undoubted probity and exemplary virtue, on either side, are blackened and defamed? How many men of honour exposed to public obloquy and reproach? Those therefore who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as persons who make use of religion to promote their cause, not of their cause to promote religion.

LESSON XXVI.

Dissection of a Beau's Head.

I WAS yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of a human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that, by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

Digitized by Google

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of the beau was not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribands, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

Digitized by Google

There was a large cavity on each side the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *galimatias*, and the English *nonsense*.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them one single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

Digitized by Google

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, saving only, that the musculi amatorii, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections: our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes, which ran through the brain, were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.

Digitized by Google

He applied himself, in the next place, to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day.

LESSON XXVII.

Dissection of a Coquette's Heart.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion; I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this undertaking, had I not been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

Digitized by Google

He desired us first of all, to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses, discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it, a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and, being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer, to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention, whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Digitized by Google

Having cleared away this pericardium, or case, and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers, like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice, likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement,

Digitized by Google

but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impressions of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise, not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon our applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when, at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart, was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it in a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XXVIII.

The Many Advantages of a Cheerful Temper.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transport of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the Sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself

Digitized by Google

on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence.

Digitized by Google

Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder, that men who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantages we may reap from

Digitized by Google

them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvable faculties which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will still be receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Digitized by Google

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction : all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it ; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please.

LESSON XXIX.

False Modesty.

I COULD not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who, being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered, that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that ' the person has had but an ill education, who has not been taught to deny any thing.' This false kind of modesty, has, perhaps, betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence ; and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Digitized by Google

Nothing is more admirable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason: false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct, limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example?

Nor does this false modesty expose us only to such actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous, because he would not venture his money in a game of dice; 'I confess,' said he, 'that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing.' On the contrary, a man of vicious modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himself go to every action or discourse, however unjustifiable in itself, so it be in vogue among the present party. This, though one of the most common,

Digitized by Google

is one of the most ridiculous dispositions in human nature, that men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company should be ashamed of governing himself by the principles of reason and virtue.

In the second place, we are to consider false modesty, as it restrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will suggest to him many instances and examples under this head. I shall only dwell upon one reflection, which I cannot make without a secret concern. We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any serious sentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shame-faced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily ; insomuch that, at many well-bred tables, the master of the house is so very modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table : a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen, who travel into Roman Catholic countries, are not a little surprised to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure, in those countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, should he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table, without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enters so much into their ordinary conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

Digitized by Google

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation, may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us; but the great occasion of it is certainly this. Those swarms of sectaries that overran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm; insomuch that, upon the restoration, men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons who had made religion a cloak to so many villanies. This led them into the other extreme; every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical, and falling into the hands of the 'ridiculers' who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modesty, which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of Christianity in ordinary life and conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them; but, in regard to others, hypocrisy is not so pernicious as barefaced irreligion. The due mean to be observed is, 'to be sincerely virtuous, and at the same time to let the world see we are so.' I do not know a more dreadful menace in the holy writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted modesty, to be ashamed before men in a particular of such unspeakable importance.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XXX.

The Beauties of Creation.

THE Earth is assigned us for a dwelling; the skies are stretched over us like a magnificent canopy, dyed in the purest azure, and beautified sometimes with pictures of floating silver, and at other times with coverings of reflected crimson; the grass is spread under us as a spacious carpet, wove with silken threads of green, and damasked with flowers of every hue; the sun, like a golden lamp, is hung out in the ethereal vault, and pours his effulgence all the day to enlighten our paths; when night approaches, the moon takes up the friendly office, and the stars are kindled into twinkling myriads, to cheer the darkness with their milder lustre, nor disturb our repose by too intense a glare; the clouds act the part of a shifting screen, and defend us, by their seasonable interposition, from the scorching beams of summer; may we not also regard them as the great watering pots of the globe, which, wafted on the wings of the wind, disperse their moisture evenly through the universal garden, and fructify by their showers whatever our hand plants; the fields are our exhaustless granary, and the ocean is our vast reservoir; the animals open their strength to dispatch our business, resign their clothing to replenish our wardrobe, and surrender their very lives to provide for our tables; in short, every element is a storehouse of conveniences, every season brings us the choicest productions, and all nature is our caterer; and what is a most endearing recommendation of these favours, they are all as lovely as they are useful; all is clad in beauty's fairest robe, and regulated by proportion's nicest rule. The whole scene exhibits a fund of pleasure to the imagination, at the same time that it more than supplies our wants.

Digitized by Google

The beauties of creation are far beyond the refinements of art, the pageantry of theatres, the glitterings of assemblies, or the ornaments of palaces. If we properly inspect the stately volume of the creation, every leaf is a wide plain, every line a flowing brook, and every period as a lofty mountain. In the works of creation, we scarcely know which to admire most, their endless variety or their beautiful simplicity, and, above all, their perfect execution. All human performances, the more they are scanned the more imperfect they appear; but the works of nature have stood the test of the most minute investigation for near 6000 years, and appear more and more beautiful.

LESSON XXXI.

What is proper to be observed in Conversation.

THE conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of prudence and good breeding. We should talk very little of ourselves; it would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to praise ourselves; our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced into conversation; what does it concern the company how many horses you keep, or whether your servant is more knave or fool. Never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but with a design to *inform* or *divert* the company. A man who aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse, and he is not commonly out of humour if interrupted. A prudent person will avoid speaking of any science he is famous for, or indeed of any of the abstract sciences; the former looks like praising ourselves,

Digitized by Google

or taking advantage of the inferior knowledge of the company; the latter is not proper, because, in a mixed assembly especially, very few persons can join in the conversation, and the rest are not therefore improved or entertained. Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in *speaking their minds*, for under this pretence any thing slanderous or rude may be spoken, and many persons injured. We may also add, that it is a fault to speak proverbs, especially in order to decide every thing in conversation.

As to the art of pleasing, besides what has been said, it may be truly observed that a modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with. To be able to tell a story, or to relate an anecdote in a short and striking manner, is also very agreeable in conversation. As to wit (when properly used,) it is certainly very pleasing, but good-sense and good-humour, though not such shining accomplishments, are more useful in conversation.

LESSON XXXII.

The Progress of the Passions.

THE passions usurp the separate command of the successive periods of life. To the happiness of our *first* years nothing more seems necessary than freedom from restraint, but soon afterwards the love of *toys and diversions* engages our minds, and then the sunshine quickens us to play and the shade invites us to sleep. When we approach towards *manhood*, the simplicity of natural amusements passes away in some degree, and art and contrivance must improve our pleasure, besides what we receive

Digitized by Google

from the natural drawings of affection to the other sex. After this the attention is transferred from pleasure to business and interest, in which perhaps pleasure is included, though diffused in a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Now *prudence* begins to exert its influence, and wealth, power, or fame, are the principal objects. At length fame is observed to be uncertain, and power to be dangerous; the man whose vigour and alacrity begin to forsake him, by degrees contracts his designs and becomes parsimonious. If religion does not engage the heart at the declining period, *avarice* is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second in care or ambition. When any passion has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, it counteracts its own purpose; thus too much *rage* hinders the warrior from circumspection, too much eagerness of *profit* hurts the credit of the trader, and too much *ardour* takes away from the lover that easiness of address that pleases so much.

LESSON XXXIII.

The Importance of Politeness.

AS it is necessary to possess learning and virtue to gain the esteem of mankind, so it is equally necessary to be polite, in order to render us agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents are above the generality of the world, but all are in some measure judges of civility, affability, and an agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of them. *Good sense* in many cases must determine good breeding, for what would be civil at one time and to one person, would be rude at

Digitized by Google

another time and to another person ; but there are, however, some general rules of good breeding, as, for example, to answer *only* yes or no to any person, without adding sir, madam, &c. is very rude, and it is equally so not to give proper attention and a civil answer when spoken to. To take the uppermost place in a room, or to seize immediately on what you please at table, is also extremely rude. The *first* thing in company is *a quick and unobserved attention*, whereby we take notice of all in the room, and their looks, motions, and words, so as to judge what is the most proper behaviour. The *next* thing is to pay a respectful attention to every one, according to their rank or respectability. A well-bred person will take care to answer with complaisance, to place himself at the lower end of the table, unless bid to go up higher, to drink to the lady of the house first, and then to the master ; he will not eat awkwardly, nor sit while others stand, but do every thing in an easy good-tempered manner. Good breeding is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, an impertinent forwardness, and an awkward bashfulness. We are apt to show too little attention to every body, and too much contempt to many, without considering that there are no persons so insignificant but may some time or other, or in something or other, have it in their power to be of use to us, but they certainly will not if we have once shewn them contempt ; injuries are often forgiven, but contempt very seldom. We should never mortify and depress people by shewing our *superiority* over them in any thing. A *constant* attention *to please* is a most necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing. We should never expose the weaknesses and infirmities of others, either to divert the company, or to shew our own superiority ; we may get the *laugh* on our side, but we shall make enemies by it. Many *little* things conspire to form the art of pleasing ; a look, a gesture, an attitude, a tone

Digitized by Google

of voice, all contribute, for if we please the *eyes* and *ears*, they will introduce us to the heart, and nine times in ten the heart governs the understanding. Good manners are to *particular* societies what good morals are to societies *in general*, their cement and their security; and as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, so there are certain rules of civility universally *implied* and received to enforce good manners and punish bad ones; mutual complaisance, attention, and the sacrifice of little conveniences are as naturally an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects. For my own part I really think that next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing.

We should learn to distinguish between true and false politeness;—false politeness is an *artificial* imitation of that which is true: it has self-interest always in view, and will almost say and do any thing to please others, for its own benefit; for this purpose it will assent to errours though the most pernicious, to follies though the most ridiculous, and to vices though the most flagrant; in short, truth, reason, virtue, and propriety are all trampled under foot, to answer the purposes of self-interest, and the pride of being taken notice of. On the contrary, true politeness is disinterested, unaffected, and benevolent; it engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, not only because it is his duty, but it is his delight to make him comfortable, and thus to set an example for the good of society. Many authors affirm that only a good man can be an orator, and perhaps none but such a character can be truly polite, because only real religion can produce good motives, and preserve from using duplicity, deceit, and flattery, which are the principle ingredients of false politeness; besides this, though it is true that a vicious person may acquire artificial politeness, yet none but a sincere christian (who

Digitized by Google

has no guilt on his conscience) can habitually exhibit that natural and engaging affability, openness, and cheerfulness, which to every discerning person must easily distinguish true from false politeness.

LESSON XXXIV.

How to remove or lessen Prejudices.

NOTHING perhaps requires more judgment than to know how to manage prejudices, especially if they are of *long* standing, or very strong. Such is the pride of human nature, that so far from contempt or ridicule being a proper way of treating them, that it will be prudent in general to make no *direct* attack, but to act as follows in order to remove or soften prejudices. First, endeavour to convince the prejudiced person that you are a friend to *truth* and *his* friend, and that you *only* wish him to think differently in *justice* to the person or thing that he dislikes. Secondly, candidly *allow* for his prejudices, as far as circumstances will admit you to tell him so, but at the same time remark that it is to be lamented he should be under a mistake. Thirdly, shew how *far* you agree, *distinctly* point out where the difference is, and very *coolly* and *affectionately* give your reasons for thinking differently. Fourthly, if he seems in any degree convinced by your arguments, do not shew the *least triumph*, or push more arguments upon him, but leave him in a kind and respectful manner to consider more fully the subject. Lastly, if he should not appear the least convinced, yet leave him in the *same* complaisant manner, and if he will hear you, at a proper time *resume* the matter in much the same way, but guard well your *passions*, for if once you *quarrel*, prejudices will strengthen on both sides.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XXXV.

The Four Seasons.

AMONGST the great blessings and wonders of the creation may be classed the regularities and beauties of the seasons of the year. In the time of seed-sowing it is the season of *confidence*, the grain which the husbandman trusts to the bosom of the earth shall haply yield its seven fold rewards. *Spring* presents us with a scene of lively *expectation*, that which was before sown begins now to discover signs of successful vegetation; the labourer observes the change, and anticipates the harvest; he watches the progress of nature, and smiles at her influence, while the man of contemplation walks forth amidst the fragrance of flowers and promises of plenty. The *summer* continues most of the beautiful productions of nature, and the length of the days is favourable for mental improvement, long journies, and the labour of the husbandman, especially during *hay* time; then comes the *harvest*, when the large wish is satisfied, and the granaries of nature are generally loaded with the means of life. The powers of language are unequal to the description of this happy season: it is the carnival of nature, sun and shades, coolness and quietude, cheerfulness and melody, love and gratitude unite to render all the scenes of summer and autumn delightful, more particularly when the *taste* is gratified with all the variety of delicious fruits which are produced in autumn. The winter season also, though not the most beautiful, is highly proper, not only to make up variety, but also to prepare and preserve the earth, and the seeds sown in it, so as to help to bring forward all the beauties and blessings of the other seasons. How wise, how benignant then is the division of the

Digitized by Google

seasons? and how gracious the divine promise given after the flood, that seed time and harvest, cold and heat, winter and summer, day and night should continue to the very end of time?

LESSON XXXVI.

Affectation of Sensibility.

THE affectation of sensibility though it is very common is very odious; it renders a man detestable, and a woman ridiculous; instead of relieving the afflicted, (which is the necessary effect of genuine sympathy; a character of this sort flies from misery, to shew that it is too delicate to support the sight of distress; it pretends to superior refinement and philanthropy, but it is remarkable that this delicacy often disappears in solitude, and the pretender to *uncommon* sensibility who would almost faint at the jolting of a carriage, the sight of a toad, or the appearance of a spider, is frequently found in the absence of witnesses to be very unfeeling.

But it must be acknowledged that tenderness (joined with resolution and virtue) forms a finished character, and an unaffected delicacy of sentiment adds greatly to the happiness of mankind by opening the heart, and diffusing an universal benevolence. It not only teaches us to feel for others as well as themselves, but it frequently excludes the malignant passions, which are the sources of some of the greatest miseries in life. Those who have a tender heart have that which may prove a great blessing to themselves and others; but to avoid extremes, it must be under the regulations of religion and reason, that it may not be rendered contemptible by affectation, or greatly hurtful to the health and happiness of its possessor.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XXXVII.

On Reading Works of Taste.

YOUNG persons should be early introduced to an acquaintance with polite literature, in order to exercise their imagination and form their taste. If they have time, property, and capacities, they should by all means learn Greek and Latin, and so study the ancient writers; but if not, the English language abounds with writings addressed to the imagination and feelings, and calculated for the improvement of taste; the sublime conceptions of Milton and Young, the learning and piety of Addison and Watts, the descriptive powers of Thomson, and the harmony of Pope, might with some degree of confidence be respectively brought into comparison with any example of similar excellence amongst the ancients. Selections from these and others, may at first be of use in directing their attention to such passages as are most likely to make a strong impression on the mind, and some of which should be committed to memory. The value of a taste for this kind of reading is much greater than is commonly perceived: in solitude the elegant entertainment which it affords, is a great security against the intrusion of idleness and spleen: in society it provides innumerable topics of conversation, which affords ample scope for the display of judgment and taste, without much diminution of social enjoyment: thus by furnishing the mind with elevated conceptions and refined sentiments, it renders it superior to gross and vulgar pleasures; and in fine, whilst science enriches the understanding, the study of polite literature cultivates the taste, and makes the accomplished man.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XXXVIII.

The Ephemera an Emblem of Human Life.

TO MADAM BRILLIANT.

YOU may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day, in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopt a little in one of our walks, and staid some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues; my too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *muscheto*; in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of their life, as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I, you live certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any other subject of contention, but the perfections or imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in

Digitized by Google

hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company, and heavenly harmony.

"It was," says he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours: and I think there was some foundation for that opinion; since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary, that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours; a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long? I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grand-children of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the common course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labour, in amassing the honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies, for the benefit of our race in general! for in politics (what can laws do without morals?) our present race of ephemera will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched: and in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me, I have lived long enough to nature and to

Digitized by Google

glory. But what will fame be to an ephemeræ, who no longer exists? and what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"———

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable Brilliant.

LESSON XXXIX.

The Handsome and Deformed Leg.

THERE are two sorts of people in the world, who, with equal degrees of health and wealth, and the other comforts of life, become, the one, happy, and the other miserable. This arises very much from the different views in which they consider things, persons, and events; and the effect of those different views upon their own minds.

In whatever situation men can be placed, they may find conveniences and inconveniences; in whatever company, they may find persons and conversation more or less pleasing: at whatever table, they may meet with meats and drinks of better and worse taste, dishes better and worse dressed; in whatever climate, they will find good and bad weather; under whatever government, they may find good and bad laws, and good and bad administration of those laws: in whatever poem, or work of genius, they may see faults and beauties; in almost every face, and every person, they may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities.

Digitized by Google

Under these circumstances, the two sorts of people above mentioned fix their attention, those who are disposed to be happy, on the conveniences of things, the pleasant parts of conversation, the well-dressed dishes, the goodness of the wines, the fine weather, &c. and enjoy all with cheerfulness. Those, who are to be unhappy, think and speak only of the contraries. Hence they are continually discontented themselves, and, by their remarks sour the pleasures of society, offend personally many people, and make themselves every where disagreeable. If this turn of mind was founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied. But as the disposition to criticise, and to be disgusted, is perhaps taken up originally by imitation, and is unawares grown into a habit, which, though at present strong, may nevertheless be cured, when those who have it are convinced of its bad effects on their felicity; I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit, which, though in the exercise it is chiefly an act of imagination, yet it has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes. For, as many are offended by, and nobody loves, this sort of people, no one shows them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word, to favour their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate, their misconduct, and render them completely odious. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them;

Digitized by Google

which is always disagreeable, and sometimes very inconvenient, especially when one finds oneself entangled in their quarrels.

An old philosophical friend of mine was grown, from experience, very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer, to show him the heat of the weather, and a barometer, to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad; but there being no instrument invented to discover, at first sight, this unpleasing disposition in a person, he, for that purpose, made use of his legs; one of which was remarkably handsome, the other, by some accident, crooked and deformed. If a stranger, at the first interview, regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine my philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Every body has not this two-legged instrument; but every one, with a little attention, may observe signs of that carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people, that, if they wish to be respected and beloved by others, and happy in themselves, they should *leave off looking at the ugly leg.*

LESSON XL.

Some Account of Rip Van Winkle.

RIP VAN WINKLE, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who

Digitized by Google

take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, which ever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's so often going astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that

Digitized by Google

grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

Digitized by Google

From even this strong hold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought, nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathised as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, while I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

LESSON XLI.

Rural Life in England.

THOSE who see the Englishman only in town, are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this huge metropolis. He has, therefore, too commonly, a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his

Digitized by Google

mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, is calculating how he shall economise time so as to pay the other visits allotted to the morning. An immense metropolis, like London, is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings, they can but deal briefly in commonplaces. They present but the cold superficies of character—its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

But it is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of town; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He contrives to draw around him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraints. His country seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint, either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality, provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is termed landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which, in other countries, she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The

Digitized by Google

solemn pomp of groves, and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple, or statue of nymph, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are a few of the features of park scenery, which, indeed, is too well known to need description. But what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The steril spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the delicate distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water—all these are managed with a nice tact, a pervading, yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass plot before the door, the little flower bed

Digitized by Google

bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice; the pot of flowers in the window; the holly providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and throw in a look of green summer to cheer the fireside:—all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

LESSON XLII.

Rural Occupation.

IN rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when casually mingling with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to doff the badges and wave the privileges of rank, and enter into the honest heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferiour orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter

Digitized by Google

have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society, also, may be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature, that abound in the British poets—that have continued down from "the flower and the leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm house and moss-grown cottage is a picture: and as the roads are continually winding, and the view shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XLIII.

English Scenery.

THE great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sound and steady principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Every thing seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive portal; its gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass in scrupulous preservation; its stately monuments of warriours and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar. The parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants. The stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedge-rows, according to an immemorial right of way. The neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green, sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported. The antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene.—All these common features of English landscape, evince a calm and settled security, an hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues, and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields,

Digitized by Google

to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces, and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

It is this sweet home feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, which is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments; and I cannot close these desultory remarks better, than by quoting the words of a modern English poet, who has depicted it with remarkable felicity:

Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
The city dome, the villa crown'd with shade,
But chief from modest mansions numberless,
In town or hamlet, shelt'ring middle life,
Down to the cottag'd vale and straw-roof'd shed,
This western isle hath long been famed for scenes
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling place:
Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
(Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard,)
Can centre in a little quiet nest
All that desire would fly for through the earth;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoy'd; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving heaven.
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis only looking at the sky.

LESSON XLIV.

The Broken-Hearted Woman.

HOW many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted

Digitized by Google

their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the least external assailment. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its core. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the

Digitized by Google

earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven ; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love.

LESSON XLV.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

The Humble Widow.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken pannelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose : such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

> Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky !—

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man, but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amidst the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else ; and if not a more religious, I think I am certainly a better, man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a

Digitized by Google

true christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

LESSON XLVI.

The Funeral.

I AM fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church yard, where, by the

Digitized by Google

number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected wo, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and sometimes pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued out of the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest scarcely moved ten steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor

Digitized by Google

mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposite the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, that breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoured to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

Digitized by Google

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe —pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but as a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are the sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returned from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

LESSON XLVII.

The Relation.

THE parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves

Digitized by Google

creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—" Oh sir !" said the good woman, " he was such a likely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents ! It did one's heart good, to see him of a Sunday, drest out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm, than on her good man's ; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received the tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door that faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out and seemed to be looking eagerly and

Digitized by Google

wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George!" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet where his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He, however, was too weak to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant, and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed

Digitized by Google

his pillow, and administered to his helplessness. Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity: and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortnne; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

LESSON XLVIII.

The Conclusion.

MY first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that

Digitized by Google

the case admitted : and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church ; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son ; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty : a black riband or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments ; the stately hatchments ; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride ; and turned to this poor widow bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved at it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XLIX.

Rural Funerals.

AMONG the beautiful and simple-hearted customs of rural life which still linger in some parts of England, are those of strewing flowers before the funerals, and planting them at the graves of departed friends. These, it is said, are the remains of some of the rights of the primitive church; but they are of still higher antiquity, being mentioned in the classic writers, and were no doubt, the spontaneous tributes of unlettered affection, originating long before art had tasked itself to modulate sorrow into song, or story it on the monument. They are now only to be met with in the most distant and retired places of the kingdom, where fashion and innovation have not been able to throng in, and trample out all the curious and interesting traces of the olden time.

In Glamorganshire, we are told, the bed whereon the corpse lies, is covered with flowers, a custom alluded to in one of the wild and plaintive ditties of Ophelia:

> White his shroud as the mountain snow
> Larded all with sweet flowers:
> Which be-wept to the grave did go,
> With true-love showers.

There is also a most delicate and beautiful rite observed in some of the remote villages of the south, at the funeral of a female who has died young and unmarried. A chaplet of white flowers is borne before the corpse by a young girl nearest in age, size, and resemblance, and is afterwards hung up in the church over the accustomed seat of the deceased. These chaplets are sometimes made of white paper, in imitation of flowers, and inside of them is generally a pair of white gloves.

Digitized by Google

They are intended as emblems of the purity of the deceased, and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven.

In some parts of the country, also, the dead are carried to the grave with the singing of psalms and hymns: a kind of triumph, "to show," says Bourne, "that they have finished their course with joy, and are become conquerors." This, I am informed, is observed in some of the northern counties, particularly in Northumberland, and it has a pleasing, though melancholy effect, to hear, of a still evening, in some lonely country scene, the mournful melody of a funeral dirge swelling from a distance, and to see the train slowly moving along the landscape. There is also a solemn respect paid by the traveller to the passing funeral in these sequestered places, for such spectacles, occurring among the quiet abodes of nature, sink deep into the soul. As the mourning train approaches, he pauses, uncovered, to let it go by; he then follows silently in the rear; sometimes quite to the grave, at other times for a few hundred yards, and having paid this tribute of respect to the deceased, turns and resumes his journey.

The rich vein of melancholy which runs through the English character, and gives it some of its most touching and ennobling graces, is finely evidenced in these pathetic customs, and in the solicitude shown by the common people for an honoured and a peaceful grave. The humblest peasant, whatever may be his lowly lot while living, is anxious that some little respect may be paid to his remains. Sir Thomas Overbury, describing the "faire and happy milkmaid," observes, "thus lives she, and all her care is, that she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding sheet." The poets, too, who always breathe the feeling of a nation, continually advert to this fond solicitude about

Digitized by Google

the grave. In "The Maid's Tragedy," by Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a beautiful instance of the kind, describing the capricious melancholy of a broken-hearted girl:

> When she sees a bank
> Stuck full of flowers, she, with a sigh, will tell
> Her servants, what a pretty place it were
> To bury lovers in; and make her maids
> Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.

The custom of decorating graves was once universally prevalent: osiers were carefully bent over them to keep the turf uninjured, and evergreens and flowers were planted about them. This has now become extremely rare, but it may occasionally be met with in the church yards of the little retired villages among the Welsh mountains; and I recollect an instance of it in the small town of Ruthen, that lies at the head of the beautiful vale of Clewyd.

There was a melancholy fancy in the arrangement of these rustic offerings that had something in it exquisitely poetical. The nature and colour of the flowers, and of the ribands with which they were tied, were emblematical of the qualities or story of the deceased, or the feelings of the mourner.

LESSON L.

Offerings of Nature to the Dead.

THERE is certainly something more affecting in these prompt and spontaneous offerings of nature, than in the most costly monuments of art; the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave

Digitized by Google

as affection is binding the osier around the sod; but pathos expires under the slow labour of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble.

It is greatly to be regretted, that a custom so truly elegant and touching should have disappeared from general use, and exist only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical customs always shuns the walks of cultivated society. In proportion as people grow polite they cease to be poetical. They talk of poetry, but they have learnt to check its free impulses, to distrust its sallying emotions, and to supply its most affecting and picturesque usages, by studied form and pompous ceremonial. Few pageants can be more stately and frigid than an English funeral in town. It is made up of show and gloomy parade: mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes, and hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief. "There is a grave digged," says Jeremy Taylor, "and a solemn mourning, and a great talk in the neighbourhood, and when the daies are finished, they shall be, and they shall be remembered no more." The associate in the gay and crowded city is soon forgotten; the hurrying succession of new intimates and new pleasures effaces him from our minds, and the very scenes and circles in which he moved are incessantly fluctuating. But funerals in the country are always more impressive. The stroke of death makes a wider space in the village circle, and is an awful event in the tranquil uniformity of rural life. The death bell tolls its knell in every year; it steals with its pervading melancholy over every hill and vale, and saddens all the landscape.

The fixed and unchanging features of the country also, perpetuate the memory of the friend with whom we once enjoyed them, who was the companion of our most retired walks, and gave animation to every lonely scene.

Digitized by Google

His idea is associated with every charm of nature; we hear his voice in the echo which he once delighted to awaken: his spirit haunts every grove which he once frequented; we think of him in the wild upland solitude, or amidst the pensive beauty of the valley. In the freshness of joyous morning, we remember his beaming smiles and bounding gayety; and when sober evening returns with its gathering shadows and subduing quiet, we call to mind many a twilight hour of gentle talk and sweet-souled melancholy.

> Each lonely place shall him restore,
> For him the tear be duly shed,
> Belov'd till life can charm no more,
> And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

Another cause that perpetuates the memory of the deceased in the country, is, that the grave is more immediately in sight of the survivors. They pass it on their way to prayer; it meets their eyes when their hearts are softened by the exercises of devotion; they linger about it on the sabbath, when the mind is disengaged from worldly cares, and most disposed to turn aside from present pleasures and present loves, and to sit down among the solemn mementos of the past. In North Wales the peasantry kneel and pray over the graves of their deceased friends for several Sundays after the interment; and where the tender rite of strewing and planting flowers is still practised, it is always renewed on Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivals, when the season brings the companions of former festivity more vividly to mind. It is also invariably performed by the nearest relatives and friends; no menials nor hirelings are employed, and if a neighbour yields assistance, it would be deemed an insult to offer compensation.

I have dwelt upon this beautiful rural custom, because, as it is one of the last, so is it one of the holiest offices of

Digitized by Google

love. The grave is the ordeal of truly human affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. For the love of the animal must be continually refreshed by the presence of its object, but the love of the human soul can live on long remembrance!

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gayety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh

Digitized by Google

the grave!—the grave!—It buries every errour—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctuous throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy;—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still

Digitized by Google

beneath thy feet ;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ;—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

LESSON LI.

On the Necessity of Writing a Good Hand.

A BILL for ninety pounds sterling, was brought me, the other day, said to be drawn upon me by you. I scrupled paying it at first, not upon the account of the sum, but because you had sent me no letter of advice, which is always done in those transactions ; and still more, because I did not perceive that you had signed it. The person who presented it, desired me to look again, and that I should discover your name at the bottom ; accordingly I looked again, and with the help of a magnifying glass, did perceive, that what I had at first taken only for somebody's mark was, in truth, your name, written in the worst and smallest hand I ever saw in my life. However, I paid it at a venture ; though I would almost rather lose the money, than that such a signature should be yours.

Digitized by Google

All gentlemen, and all men of business, write their names always in the same way, that their signature may be so well known as not to be easily counterfeited; and they generally sign in rather a larger character than their common hand; whereas your name was in a less, and a worse than your common writing. This suggested to me the various accidents which may very probably happen to you, while you write so ill. For instance, if you were to write in such a character to the secretary's office, your letter would immediately be sent to the decypherer, as containing matters of the utmost secrecy, not fit to be trusted to the common character. If you were to write so to an antiquarian, he (knowing you to be a man of learning) would certainly try it by the Runic, Celtic, or Sclavonian alphabet; never suspecting it to be a modern character. I have often told you, that every man, who has the use of his eyes and of his hand, can write whatever hand he pleases; and it is plain that you can, since you write both the Greek and German characters, which you never learned of a writing master, extremely well, though your common hand, which you learned of a master, is an exceeding and illiberal one, equally unfit for business or common use. I do not desire that you should write a laboured or stiff character; a man of business must write quick and well, and that depends singly upon use. I would therefore advise you to get some very good writing master at Paris, and apply to it for a month only, which will be sufficient; for, upon my word, the writing of a genteel plain hand of business is of much more importance than you think. You will say, it may be, that when you write so very ill, it is because you are in a hurry, to which I answer, Why are you ever in a hurry? a man of sense may be in haste, but can never be in a hurry, because he knows, that whatever he does in a hurry he must necessarily do very ill. He may

Digitized by Google

be in haste to despatch an affair, but he will take care not to let that haste hinder his doing it well. Little minds are in a hurry, when the object proves (as it commonly does) too big for them: they run, they hare, they puzzle, confound, and perplex themselves; they want to do every thing at once, and never do it at all. But a man of sense takes the time necessary for doing the thing he is about, well; and his haste to despatch business, only appears by the continuity of his application to it; he pursues it with a cool steadiness, and finishes it before he begins any other. I own your time is much taken up, and you have a great many different things to do; but remember, that you had much better do half of them well, and leave the other half undone, than to do them all indifferently. Moreover, the few seconds that are saved in the course of the day, by writing ill instead of well, do not amount to an object of time, by any means equivalent to the disgrace or ridicule of writing an ugly scrawl. Consider, that if your very bad writing could furnish me with matter of ridicule, what will it not do to others, who do not view you in that partial light that I do.

LESSON LII.

Surprising Instance of Gratitude in a Lion.

ANDROCLES was the slave of a noble Roman who was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit

Digitized by Google

down upon, rested there for some time. At length to his great surprise a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the lion instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length within this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsul of Afric, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly.

Digitized by Google

Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome. The people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another : '*Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est hamo medicus leonis.* This is the lion who was the man's host, this is the man who was the lion's physician.'

LESSON LIII.

Personal Beauty produced by Moral Sentiment.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few : an art by which their

Digitized by Google

predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured; 'The art of being pretty.'

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness, or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon sentiment and manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: And if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must, surely, approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall however principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they

Digitized by Google

are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned, and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident, dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency; so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole: he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation that connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost beauty is ineffectual.

Digitized by Google

But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, affectation; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimances, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health; it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains, when the passion is suspended; thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are

Digitized by Google

almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor; 'It is,' to use an eastern metaphor, 'like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence:' if it excites desire, it at once controls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the most sordid infidelity and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When fictitious beauty has laid by her smiles, when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire

Digitized by Google

which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please, and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of virtue; and that those who wish to be *lovely*, must learn early to be *good*.

LESSON LIV.

A Good Conscience the Best Security against Calumny and Reproach.

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in Don Quixote, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself: How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is

Digitized by Google

a madman bestows them on me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us, are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says Bias, is to be always exercised in such things as are praiseworthy. Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. Anytus and Melitus, says he, may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather choose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. You, says he, who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been

Digitized by Google

used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them. Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.

In these and many other instances, I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation, that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus; if any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee. When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing: Ay, says he; then I must learn to sing better. But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him: It is no matter, said he, I will live so that none shall believe them. Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him: I am sure he would not do it, says he, if he had not some reason for it. This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, 'a good conscience.'

I designed, in this essay, to show, that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it; but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons, that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it,

Digitized by Google

which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author, having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'The third and last instance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does most eminently show and exert itself, is at the time of death. Which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagancies stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt: What is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or of a comfortable appearance before his dreadful judge when he is there? Not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under heaven can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

'No, at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy: nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

'And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give

Digitized by Google

him some lively earnests, and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort, which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood until it comes to be felt.

'And now who would not quit all the pleasures and trash and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turns its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

LESSON LV.

On Choosing our Company.

THE next thing to the choice of your friends, is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much as you sink with people below you; for you are, whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake when I say company above you, and think I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration: but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company; one which is called *beau monde*, and consists in those people who

Digitized by Google

have the lead in courts, and in the gay part of life, the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those, who, absolutely insignificant and contemptible in themselves, think they are honoured by being in your company, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have, in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the company, is but too common; but it is very silly and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character more, than that wrong turn.

You may possibly ask me whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company? and how? I say, yes, he has, by deserving it; provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good-breeding will make their way every where. Knowledge will introduce him, and good-breeding will endear him to the best companies; for, as I have often told you, politeness and good-breeding, are absolutely necessary to adorn any, or all other good qualities or talents. Without them, no knowledge, no perfection whatsoever, is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher a cynic; the soldier a brute; and every man disagreeable.

Digitized by Google

LESSON LVI.

Rules for Conversation.

THE faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word *conversation*, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? or whether your servant is more knave or fool?

Digitized by Google

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or by observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it; the beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself will make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable in men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks a handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered that he was a great poet by his discourse: Besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has nothing to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Digitized by Google

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or a witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you command, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good humour, sense, and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our house of commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation and history of the first, or of the reasons for or against the latter. It will have the same effect if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest incidents in his life or conversation; which, though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense, (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload whether a handsome opportunity offers itself or not.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides

Digitized by Google

which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another, before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call speaking their minds. A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humours and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learned but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices, and your own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

LESSON LVII.

On Dignity of Manners.

THERE is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry

Digitized by Google

fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependant, and led captain. It gives your inferiors, just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon ; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily ; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well ; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing ; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever *is bad*, (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light ; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking ; but is absolutely inconsistent with it ; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man, are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation ; as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, whe asks ridiculously too much for his goods ; but we do not haggle with one who asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Digitized by Google

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply, either a low turn of mind, or a low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought, (and not unjustly) incapable of great matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions, gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

LESSON LVIII.

The Natural History of Ants.

IN a former paper I supposed a mole-hill, inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my readers with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

Digitized by Google

'In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaister, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

'Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy and the order observed among them, are more perfect than the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

I made it my business to procure them all sort of conveniences. I took out of the box every thing that would be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moonshiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy; one would think that they never

Digitized by Google

sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Those who have seen ant-hillocks have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day time; which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still was practised by these insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn if they had brought it out in the day-time. 'Tis highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is more admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

'There is a straight hole in every ant's nest, about half an inch deep; and then it goes down sloping into

Digitized by Google

a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

'The corn, that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in the nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

'They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pinchers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of small particles of dry earth heaped up round the hole.—They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

Digitized by Google

LESSON LIX.

The Natural History of Ants.

[Continued.]

'IF any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: Besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles, that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

'As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastick, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together could not come out of an ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

'When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

'Those insects never go about this work, but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon. The sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive

Digitized by Google

no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the Milan almanac had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

'I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret: There was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

'I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

'Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room, where they kept: and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopt all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I don't take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy: for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see at a great distance; and whether smelling enable them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: They went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn; They were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful,

Digitized by Google

was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

'The window upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a heavy load on his shoulders every day for the space of four leagues. 'Tis true, those insects don't take so much pains upon a flat ground: But then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her backside upwards? None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they made in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not go to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home again: When this happens, they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

'I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains: When she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell

Digitized by Google

down with her load, after a laborious march: Such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws: She was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times. Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: She stopt; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens, sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws when they are climbing up: they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough: They do not require so great a patience as that of ants: but few people are capable of it.

LESSON LX.

The Natural History of Ants.

[Continued.]

IT has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chace of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind.

Digitized by Google

If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them: The preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'Thus my ants were forced to make a shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it to them.

'In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success: the thing will appear incredible to those, who never considered, that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: For an hour after all my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of

Digitized by Google

communicating their knowledge to one another, for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: We read it in holy Scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I don't believe that any experiment has been made that shews the contrary.

'I have said before, that there were three ants' nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger: It was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

'Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement was generally free from rain; yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for these insects: Ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and don't come out till the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: There was a small piece of flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest in the day-time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above

Digitized by Google

fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order: They removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, insomuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants of the other two nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain: They laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaister one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is that those insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles without any encumbrance, and they lay out their corn and dry their earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants' nests that were troubled with rain: As for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

'M. de la Loubere says in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees: No ants' nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what that author says about those insects: You may see his relation.

LESSON LXI.

The Natural History of Ants.

[Concluded.]

'HERE follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same ground, where I had three ants nests. I

Digitized by Google

undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of a terrass, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants, much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box, like that of an ant's nest, and laid, as it were, the foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrass, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrass, I destroyed their whole nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it. They went away in less than two hours; which made me believe that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

'Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrass, I was much surprised to see the ants' nest which I had destroyed, very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine; whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I had designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable, by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of

Digitized by Google

assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

'An ant never goes into any others nest but her own; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, to put into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole: Many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of, avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes choose rather to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They don't exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry them in.

'They keep up a sort of trade amongst themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary: They lend corn; they make exchanges: they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For

Digitized by Google

instance, how they lend and recover their loans ; whether it be in the same quantity or with usury ; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I don't think it impossible to examine all those things ; and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves : Perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

'They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as is reported of bees : Their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun ; but they keep it under ground when they are afraid of thieves. It is said that some birds eat them : but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms ; but they turn them out and kill them. I observed, that they punished those ants, which probably had been wanting in their duty : Nay, sometimes they kill them ; which they did in the following manner : Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking, they live very quietly ; whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order ; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

'Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth ? Every thing is common among them : which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives ; their honey is their own ; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants : They have nothing of their own : A grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in the common stock : It is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community : There is no

Digitized by Google

distinction between a private and a common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

'Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.'

LESSON LXII.

Matter.

MATTER, then, is the production of an almighty intelligence, and as such is entitled to our reverence; although, from a just abhorrence of many ancient and not a few modern errors, it has too often been regarded in a low and contemptible light. Though not essentially eternal, as was contended for by all the schools of Greece and Asia, nor essentially intelligent, as was contended for by several of them, it evinces in every part and in every operation the impress of a divine origin, and is the only pathway vouchsafed to our external senses by which we can walk—

Through nature up to nature's God;

that God whom we behold equally in the painted pebble and the painted flower—in the volcano and in the corn-field—in the wild winter-storm and in the soft summer moonlight. Although, when contemplated in its aggregate mass, and especially in its organized form, it is perpetually changing, it is every where perfect in its

Digitized by Google

kind, and even at present bears indubitable proofs of being capacified for incorruptibility. In its elementary principles it is maintained by the best schools of both ancient and modern times to be solid and unchangeable; and, even in many of its compound forms, it discovers an obvious approach to the same character. The firm and mighty mass that constitutes the pyramids of Egypt has resisted the assaults of time and of tempests for, perhaps, upwards of four thousand years, and by many critical antiquaries is supposed to have triumphed over the deluge itself. While there is little doubt that the hard and closely crystallized granitic mountains of every country in which they occur, "the everlasting hills," to copy a correct and beautiful figure from the pages of Hebrew poetry, are coeval with the creation, and form at this moment, as they formed at first, the lowest depths as well as the topmost peaks of the globe. That they are in every instance considerably attenuated and wasted away admits, indeed, of no doubt; but to have borne the brunt of so long and incessant a warfare, without actually being worn down to the level of the circumjacent plains, affords no feeble proof of an almost imperishable nature, and a proof open to the contemplation of the most common capacities.

LESSON LXIII.

Humility to be learned from the Study of Physics.

THERE is, however, another lesson, if I mistake not, which we may readily learn from these lectures, however imperfectly delivered, and which is altogether of a moral character: I mean that of humility, in regard to our own

Digitized by Google

opinions and attainments ; and of complacency, in regard to those of others. After a revolution of six thousand years, during the whole of which period of time the restless ingenuity of man has been incessantly hunting in pursuit of knowledge, what is there in physical philosophy that is thoroughly and perfectly known even at the present moment ? and of the little that is thus known, what is there which has been acquired without the clash of controversy, and the warfare of opposing speculations ? Truth, indeed,—for ever praised be the great Source of Truth, for so eternal and immutable a decree—has at all times issued, and at all times will issue, from the conflict ; but while we behold philosophers of the highest reputation, philosophers equally balanced in the endowment of native genius, proved by the great teacher Time to have been alternately mistaken upon points to which they had honestly directed the whole acumen of their intellect, how absurd, how contemptible is the fond confidence of common life ! Yet what indeed, when fairly estimated by the survey that has now been briefly taken of the sensible universe,—what is the aggregate opinion or the aggregate importance of the whole human race ! We call ourselves lords of the visible creation : nor ought we at any time, with affected abjection, to degrade or despise the high gift of a rational and immortal existence.—Yet, what is the visible creation ? by whom peopled ? and where are its entrances and outgoings ? Turn wherever we will we are equally confounded and overpowered : the little and the great are alike beyond our comprehension. If we take the microscope it unfolds to us, as I observed in our last lecture, living beings, probably endowed with as complex and perfect a structure as the whale or the elephant, so minute that a million of millions of them do not occupy a bulk larger than a common grain of sand. If we exchange the microscope for

Digitized by Google

the telescope, we behold man himself reduced to a comparative scale of almost infinitely smaller dimension, fixed to a minute planet that is scarcely perceptible throughout the vast extent of the solar system; while this system itself forms but an insensible point in the multitudinous marshallings of groups of worlds upon groups of worlds, above, below, and on every side of us, that spread through all the immensity of space, and in sublime, though silent harmony declare the glory of God, and shew forth his handy-work.

LESSON LXIV.

The Operations of Nature subservient to each other.

IN fine, every thing is formed for every thing; and subsists by the kind intercourse of giving and receiving benefits. The electric fire that so alarms us by its thunder, and by the awful effects of its flash, purifies the stagnant atmosphere above us; and fuses, when it rushes beneath us, a thousand mineral veins into metals of incalculable utility. New islands are perpetually rising from the unfathomable gulfs of the ocean, and enlarging the boundaries of organized life; sometimes thrown up, all of a sudden, by the dread agency of volcanoes, and sometimes reared imperceptibly by the busy efforts of corals and madrapores. Liverworts and mosses first cover the bare and rugged surface, when not a vegetable of any other kind is capable of subsisting there. They flourish, bear fruit, and decay, and the mould they produce, forms an appropriate bed for higher orders of plant-seeds, which are floating on the wings of the breeze, or swimming on the billows of the deep. Birds next

Digitized by Google

alight on the new-formed rock, and sow, with interest, the seeds of the berries, or the eggs of the worms and insects on which they have fed, and which pass through them without injury ; and an occasional swell of the sea floats into the rising island a mixed mass of sand, shells, drifted sea-weed, skins of the casuarina, and shells of the cocoa-nut. Thus the vegetable mould becomes enriched with animal materials ; and the whole surface is progressively covered with herbage, shaded by forests of cocoa and other trees, and rendered a proper habitation for man and the domestic animals that attend upon him.

The tide that makes a desolating inroad on one side of a coast, throws up vast masses of sand on the opposite : the ligeum, or sea-matweed, that will grow on no other soil, thrives here and fixes it, and prevents it from being washed back or blown away ; to which the lime-grass, couch-grass, sand-reed, and various species of willow, lend their aid. Thus fresh lands are formed, fresh banks upraised, and the boisterous sea repelled by its own agency.

Frosts and suns, water and air, equally promote fructification in their respective ways ; and the termes, or white ant, the mole, the hampster, and the earth-worm, break up the ground or delve into it, that it may enjoy their salubrious influences. In like manner, they are equally the ministers of putrefaction and decomposition ; and liverworts and fungusses, the ant and the beetle, the dew-worm, the ship-worm, and the wood-pecker, contribute to the general effect, and soon reduce the trunks of the stoutest oaks, if lying waste and unemployed, to their elementary principles, so as to form a productive mould for successive progenies of animal or vegetable existence. Such is the simple but beautiful circle of nature. Every thing lives, flourishes, and decays : every thing dies, but nothing is lost : for the great principle of

Digitized by Google

life only changes its form, and the destruction of one generation is the vivification of the next. Hence, the Hindu mythologists, with a force and elegance peculiarly striking, and which are no where to be paralleled in the theogonies of Greece and Rome, describe the Supreme Being, whom they denominate Brahm, as forming and regulating the universe through the agency of a triad of inferior gods, each of whom contributes equally to the general result, under the names of Brahma, Visnu, and Iswara; or the generating power, the preserving or consummating power, and the decomposing power. And hence the Christian philosopher, with a simplicity as much more sublime than the Hindu's, as it is more veracious, exclaims, on contemplating the regular confusion, the intricate harmony, of the scenes that rise before him—

> These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
> Are but the varied God. The rolling year
> Is full of Thee.

LESSON LXV.

Distinguishing and Sublime Characteristics of Nature.

IN the meantime, from the remarks which have already been hazarded, we cannot, I think, but be struck with the two following sublime characters, which pre-eminently, indeed, distinguish all the works of nature :—a grand comprehensiveness of scheme, a simple but beautiful circle of action, by which every system is made to contribute to the well-being of every system, every part to the harmony and happiness of the whole; and a nice, and delicate, and ever-rising gradation from shapeless matter to form, from form to feeling, from feeling to intellect,

Digitized by Google

from the clod to the crystal, from the crystal to the plant, from the plant to the animal, from brutal life to man. Here, placed on the summit of this stupendous pyramid, lord of all around him, the only being through the whole range of the visible creation endowed with a power of contemplating and appreciating the magnificent scenery by which he is encompassed, and of adoring its Almighty Architect—at once, the head, the heart, and the tongue of the whole—well, indeed, may he exult and rejoice! But let him rejoice with modesty. For, in the midst of this proud exaltation, it is possible that he forms but one of the lowest links in "the golden everlasting chain" of intelligence; that he stands on the mere threshold of the world of perception; and that there exists at least as wide a disproportion between the sublimest characters that ever were born of women, our Bacons, Newtons, and Lockes, our Aristotles, Des Cartes, and Eulers, and the humblest ranks of a loftier world, as there is between these highly gifted mortals and the most unknowing of the animal creation. Yet MIND, thanks to its beneficent bestower! is itself immortal, and knowledge is eternally progressive; and hence man, too, if he improve the talents entrusted to him, as it is his duty to do, may yet hope, unblamed, to ascend hereafter as high above the present sphere of these celestial intelligences, as they are at present placed above the sphere of man. But these are speculations in some degree too sublime for us: the moment we launch into them, that moment we become lost, and find it necessary to return with suitable modesty to our proper province, an examination of the world around us; where, with all the aids of which we can avail ourselves, we shall still find difficulties enough to try the wisdom of the wisest, and the patience of the most persevering.

Digitized by Google

LESSON LXVI.

Human Happiness the Result of Virtue.

WE are now, then, prepared to enter upon our last question: Is a course of virtue the path to happiness, for if it be, it must necessarily be the will of God to walk in it? Or, having proved the terms to be co-ordinate, we may propose the question conversely, Is a course of virtue the will of God? For if it be, it must necessarily conduct to human happiness. Under either view of the question, the general proposition will be as follows: God has willed human happiness, and he has willed it to be obtained by a course of virtue. God, then, is the author, happiness the end, and virtue the means.

Let us take the question before us in its first view, Is human virtue the means of human happiness?

Had we time it might perhaps be expedient to enter into a definition of the terms; but we have not time, and I must refer therefore to the general understanding of mankind upon this subject: which I may do the more safely, because, though the terms virtue and happiness are strikingly comprehensive, there is no great difference of opinion either among the learned or the unlearned concerning their general outlines or more prominent characteristics.

The question, then, ought to be argued in relation to the happiness both of the individual and of the community; or, in other words, to the happiness of man in his private and his social capacity.

Is the practice of virtue most contributory to a man's individual happiness? The libertine says No; and he seeks for it in his mistress, whom he changes as often as he changes his dress. The glutton says No; unless

Digitized by Google

a good city-feast be virtue; for the soul of happiness with him consists in a haunch of venison and a brisk circulation of the bottle. The spendthrift says No: you may as well seek for happiness in a hay-stack; happiness, my dear Sir, you may depend upon it, consists in nothing else than a good stud, and a pack of hounds. The gamester, in like manner, says No; and he directs us to a pack of cards and a pair of dice. Even the miser joins in the general negative, and would fain persuade us that it resides in the meagre and miserable ghost that constitutes his own person, or the meagre and miserable pursuits to which his person is daily prostituted.

Now all these have, no doubt, their respective enjoyments; but do they constitute happiness in any fair sense of the term? are they permanent? I do not say through life, but for four-and-twenty hours together. Many of them, on the contrary, are of that violent kind that they wear themselves out in an hour or two; and what is the state of the system before it recovers sufficient energy for a renewal? To say that it is as empty as an air-pump would be to give a better character of it than it deserves. It is not empty; it is still full; full of bitterness or insupportable languor, sickness at heart or sickness at the stomach. Even the miser, who properly speaking, provides for a longer range of enjoyment than any of the rest of this precious group, is a victim while he is a worshipper, a sacrifice to anxiety while an idolater of Mammon.

We are at present, however, merely following them up through a single day; but life is a series of days: in its ordinary estimate of three-score years and ten. And he who is a candidate for happiness must prepare himself, not for a single day, but for the entire term: he must save his strength, and proceed cautiously, for there is no race in which he may so soon run himself out of breath. His motto may perhaps be, "A short life and a merry

Digitized by Google

one ;" and this, in truth, is the motto, and not the motto only, but the brief history of most of those whom we have thus far considered. For consumption, dropsy, gout, or chagrin and suicide, make not unfrequently a woeful havoc in their ranks before they have cleared two-thirds of the pleasurable career they had proposed to themselves. Let them, then, have their motto if they will ; but let them not boast that they have found out the specific for making life happy ; for all that they have found out is a specific for throwing both life and happiness away at the same time. They have had a few fitful bursts of enjoyment ; but the price has been enormous,—a costly birthright for a mess of pottage. He only can fairly boast of happiness, place it in whatever way you please, who, on casting up the account, can honestly say that it has accompanied him through the long run.

There is another and a very different set of people, both in the higher and lower ranks of life, who also occasionally strive to persuade themselves that they are happy, and who are sometimes actually thought so by those around them : and these are the listless and idle, who loll and saunter life away as though it were a dream ; and who, in truth, are more alive in their dreams than in their waking hours. Now happiness consists in activity : such is the constitution of our nature : it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool. It shows itself under this form from the first moment it shows itself at all. Behold the happiness of the infant or of the school-boy : he is full of frolic ; he cannot contain the current of self-delight : in the bold significancy of vulgar language, it runs out at his finger's ends. Upon the whole, the listless and idle have less pretensions to happiness than the characters we have just surveyed,—the libertine, the gamester, and the spendthrift : for should you distil the aggregate of insignificant incidents that compose the

Digitized by Google

whole tenour of the feeble life of the former, not a drop, perhaps, of the essence of happiness would ascend in the alembic. They may be at perfect quiet if you please, and look fat and in good liking, but this is not happiness; for if so, capons and Cappadocian slaves would have a better title to it than themselves.

LESSON LXVII.

Human Happiness the Result of Virtue.

[Concluded.]

LET us now apply these observations to the question before us. No man can be happy without exercising the virtue of a cheerful industry or activity. No man can lay in his claim to happiness, I mean the happiness that shall last through the fair run of life, without chastity, without temperance, without sobriety, without economy, without self-command, and consequently without fortitude; and, let me add, without a liberal and forgiving spirit. The whole of this follows as the necessary result of our argument. The exercise of these virtues may perhaps cost a man something at the time, but the full scope and aggregate of his happiness depend upon the exercise. It is a tax upon the sum-total, that must be regularly paid to secure the rest. And it ought never to be forgotten that we are so much the creatures of habit that the more we are accustomed to the exercise, like an old garment, the easier it will sit upon us.

But these are private virtues, and only a few of them. Man has also, if he would be happy, to practise a still longer list of public virtues; and he cannot be happy without practising them. Or, in other words, (for I am

Digitized by Google

now to consider him in a social capacity,) the happiness of the community to which he belongs, and of which his own forms a constituent part, could not continue without his practising them.

He may steal, indeed, from his neighbour, and hereby increase his means of gratifying some predominant passion; but then his neighbour may also steal from him in return, and to a greater extent; and his happiness therefore (ever regarding it in the aggregate) is connected with his exercising the virtues of justice and honesty. He may break his promise, or lie to his neighbour, upon a point in which his own interest appears to be concerned; but then his neighbour may also return him the compliment, and in a way in which his interest may be still more deeply concerned; and his interest, therefore, or, which is the same thing, his happiness, obliges him to practise the virtue of veracity.

In Woodfall's edition of the Letters of Junius, there is a passage upon the subject before us, contained in one of his private letters, which has peculiarly struck me, considering the quarter it has proceeded from, and the manner of its communication. Whoever was the writer of these celebrated Letters, it will be readily admitted, that he had a most extensive acquaintance with men of all ranks and characters, particularly with the vicious and profligate; and that he had a most extraordinary facility of penetrating into the human heart. In the private letter I refer to, he unbosoms himself to his printer, for whom he appears to have had a great esteem, and, amidst the regulations he gives him for his future conduct, makes the following forcible remark: "With a sound heart be assured you are better gifted, even for worldly happiness, than if you had been cursed with the abilities of a Mansfield. After long experience of the world, I affirm, before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy."

Digitized by Google

LESSON LXVIII.

Taste, Genius, and Imagination.

TASTE and genius cannot but be favourable to virtue. They cannot exist conjointly without sensibility. While it is of the very essence of vice to have its feelings blunted, its conscience seared, their pleasures are notoriously derived from elevated and virtuous sources. There may, perhaps, be a few exceptions to the remark, but I am speaking of the general principle. The lovely, the graceful, the elegant, the novel, the wonderful, the sublime—these are the food on which they banquet; the grandeur and magnificence of the heavens;—the terrible majesty of the tempestuous ocean—the romantic wildness of forests, and precipices, and mountains that lose themselves in the clouds—the sweet tranquillity of a summer evening—the rural gaiety of vineyards, hop-grounds, and corn-fields—the cheerful hum of busy cities—the stillness of village solitude—the magic face of human beauty—the tear of distressed innocence—the noble struggle of worth with poverty, of patriotism with usurpation, of piety with persecution;—these, and innumerable images like these—tender, touching, dignified—are the subjects for which they fondly hunt, the themes on which they daily expatiate. To say nothing of the higher banqueting, "the food of angels," that religion sets before them.

It is true, that the mind thus constituted has its pains as well as its pleasures, nor are its pains few or of trifling magnitude. Wherever misery is to be found it seeks for it with restless assiduity, broods over it, and shares it; and where it is not to be found it fancies it. How often, waking to the roar of the midnight tempest, while dull

Digitized by Google

and gluttonous indolence snores on in happy forgetfulness, does the imagination of those who are thus divinely gifted mount the dizzy chariot of the whirlwind, and picture evils that have no real existence ; now, figuring to herself some neat and thrifty cottage where virtue delights to reside, she sees it swept away in a moment by the torrent, and despoiled of the little harvest just gathered in ; now, following the lone traveller in some narrow and venturous path-way, over the edge of Alpine precipices, where a single slip is instant destruction, she tracks him alone by fitful flashes of lightning ; and at length, struck by the flash, she beholds him tumbling headlong from rock to rock, to the bottom of the dread abyss, the victim of a double death. Or possibly, she takes her stand on the jutting foreland of some bold, terrific coast, and eyes the foundering vessel straight below ; she mixes with the spent and despairing crew ; she dives into the cabin, and singles out, perhaps, from the rest, some lovely maid, who, in all the bloom of recovered beauty, is voyaging back to her native land from the healing airs of a foreign climate, in thought just bounding over the scenes of her youth, or panting in the warm embraces of a father's arms :—

> She marks th' erected ear, the bloodless cheek,
> The rigid eye that never more shall weep ;
> She hears the horrors of the last loud shriek,
> And sees the vessel plunge beneath the deep.

Such are the painful pictures on which the keen soul of sensibility feeds too frequently in imagination, when the sigh of real misery is hushed, and its generous hand is not needed.

Digitized by Google

LESSON LXIX.

Goldsmith's Garret.

MY companion, who although residing in this country as a merchant, has indulged that curiosity which the habits of his early education were calculated to excite and direct, took me from the Old Bailey to Green Arbour Court, one of the early residences of Goldsmith. This court but poorly deserves the name which it bears, for it is obscure and dirty, and has neither arbour nor verdure about it. Although Mr. M——— had been here before, we searched for some time, and went into a number of houses, before we could find that in which Goldsmith formerly lived. It was a very ordinary, indeed I may say a very poor house, and the poet resided in the very garret. His chamber was lighted by a single window in the roof, and its antiquity was sufficiently evinced by the diamond form of the glass, which was very small, and set in lead. The chamber itself was small, and so low, on account of the sloping of the roof, as to leave only a few feet where one can stand upright.

We should not expect such a place to be honoured with the visitations of the Muses, yet it is said, that this garret witnessed some of the finest effusions of a mind which has left much to delight and instruct the world.

His chamber is now inhabited by a poor woman, who seemed to be very little conscious of the honour of being Dr. Goldsmith's successor; for, when we asked her concerning him, she said she knew nothing of the matter, although she had heard that such a man once lived there. When we inquired whether she had any thing of his in her possession, she even seemed wounded at what she appeared to feel as a reflection on her honesty.

Digitized by Google

LESSON LXX.

Rules of Walking and Riding in London.

THE crowds that are almost constantly moving through the principal streets in London, are so great, that if a very exact etiquette were not observed, it would be impossible to move either with expedition or safety. The coaches, carts, and vehicles of all descriptions, are arranged in two rows, (whenever the street is crowded,) one on the right, and the other on the left, passing in opposite directions, like a revolving rope, or the return of an eddy. In Cheapside, for example, I have sometimes seen a double row of this kind, extending towards Cornhill, as far as the eye could distinguish, and occasionally carriages passing upon the cross streets, or foot passengers wishing to pass over, have been compelled to wait a considerable time. The principal streets of London are furnished with side-walks, both wide and well flagged, and upon these a similar etiquette is observed with great precision, and that even at night; for, in general, the great streets are so well lighted, both by the lamps and by the shops, that one may in many instances recognize his acquaintance. The rule is, keep to the right, and, of course, give those whom you are passing, your left hand. This, divides the passengers into two opposite, but not interfering currents; one half are moving one way, and the other half the opposite. In the great thorough-fares, such as Oxford road, Holborn, Cheapside, Cornhill, Ludgate Hill, and the Strand, it is quite indispensable to observe the rule; and if one, either through accident or ignorance, happens to get into the opposite current, he is elbowed and jostled, and his toes are trodden upon, till he is again in his proper place. You will not

Digitized by Google

understand that every street in London exhibits this order, or that it is necessary in every one. But, in such streets as are named above, and other similar ones, it is often amusing to survey from a shop door, these vast currents of busy moving mortals. To an American, dropped in London, in the busiest periods of the day, and busiest parts of the town, it would seem as if some great solemnity, or alarm, had called all the population into the streets, and congregated them from the neighbouring country. On the contrary, it is said, that, to a person familiarized to London, the first view of our cities suggests the idea that some peculiar occasion has drawn the population from the streets, to the churches, or to the country. It is easy to see, however, that our city population must have vastly the advantage in point of accommodation, because they have much more room to live in.

It is not the denseness of the population alone, and its exact order of moving, that strikes one in London. The motion is also very rapid. There can be no doubt that the people of cities generally move more rapidly than the people of the country, and in general the motion is more rapid as the city is larger.

LESSON LXXI.

Dr. Herschell's Telescope.

EARLY in the morning we repaired to Dr. Herschell's, and were admitted to see his famous optical instrument. His sister, Miss Herschell, was so good as to come out into the back court-yard, where the telescope is, and expressed her regret that her brother's absence should preclude us from the most advantageous view of his

Digitized by Google

apparatus. She then explained to us the most important parts of the arrangement, and, after making all proper apologies, withdrew, and left us with the servant, to examine more minutely.

The tube of this telescope is forty feet in length, and five feet in diameter. The servant told us that his majesty had walked through it, and a boy of thirteen might do it without stooping. It is managed by machinery and ropes, and as it is always in the open air, exposed to the weather, the tube is painted, to prevent it from rusting. The end in which the reflector is placed, is constantly closed, and the other also, when the instrument is not in use.

A swinging seat is connected with the elevated end of the tube, and moves with it when it rises and falls. On this Dr. Herschell sits, when he makes his observations. He looks in at the elevated end of the telescope, through a small interior tube, which receives the reflected light from the great mirror at the lower end, and thus transmits the rays to his eye. He therefore sits with his back towards the celestial body.

On the framed work at the lower end of the telescope, which is contiguous to the ground, there are two small lodges, one on either side of the great tube. In one of these a servant attends, and in the other Miss Herschell sits, ready to record her brother's observations. These he communicates to her, without leaving his seat, by means of a speaking trumpet, one orifice of which is at his mouth, and the other at her ear.

There is so much machinery and cordage to suspend this great telescope, and to give it motion, that the apparatus looks like the masts and rigging of a ship. The lower end of the instrument has only a circular and horizontal movement, and, with the greatest facility, it is

Digitized by Google

elevated to any angle, or directed to any point of the compass.

The basis of the whole machinery is a circle of forty or fifty feet in diameter; beneath this circle is a system of rollers, which rest and move upon another flat circular rim of wood. When the horizontal movement is wanted, not only the telescope, but all the machinery is turned around on the rollers, while the centre continues fixed. When the vertical movement is required, nothing more is necessary than to pull or loosen a set of ropes, which pass over pulleys, and thus sustain the elevated end of the telescope, and serve also to raise or depress it.

There is also a swinging gallery, which moves independently of the tube, but always accompanies its elevated orifice, being sustained by ropes; there is a flight of stairs to ascend to it, and here, as Miss Herschell informed us, parties of ladies sometimes assemble, not as objects of telescopical observation, but to take tea in the air; and then, as evening comes on, to gaze at the stars, through the largest telescope in the world. This instrument is indeed a wonder, and does equal honour to the talents of the great astronomer, and to the munificence of his royal patron.

In the same yard is a great telescope, which Dr. Herschell has recently caused to be constructed for the emperor of Russia; it is, apparently, about half as large as the one which I have been describing, and there are besides this, several others, of such magnitude that each of them would appear a wonder, were it seen by itself.

Dr. Herschell's residence is a very plain, and not large house, between Windsor and Slough It is immediately on the public road, and almost by itself; and the Doctor is under the immediate patronage, and indeed almost literally under the eye of his majesty, for the house is on the plain, near the foot of Windsor-Hill.

Digitized by Google

Miss Herschell's treatment of us was very courteous, and she obligingly requested us to renew our visit for the sake of seeing her brother.

LESSON LXXII.

Manufacture of Pins.

BRISTOL is celebrated for its manufactures of various kinds; and we have spent this day in visiting such of them as we found accessible. We went first to a manufactory of pins. You would be amused and instructed to see the various processes which are instituted, before this little instrument is completed.

In the first place, the brass wire of which pins are made, is extended by the force of a wheel, for the purpose of rendering it perfectly straight. It is next cut, by a huge pair of shears, into pieces of the length of five or six inches, and the points are immediately formed on both ends of the pieces; they are then cut into two, again and again, until they become of a proper length, and, as often as a blunt end is formed by cutting, a new point is made by holding a number of pieces at once against a wheel, which revolves, and performs the office of a grind-stone.

The point being formed, the pin goes next to receive its head. The heads are made by twisting fine wire spirally, around another, of the same diameter with the pin, till it assumes the form of the little elastic brass cylinder, which is used in making suspenders, and was formerly worn by sailors as a hat-band. This spiral cylinder is cut lengthwise, and the pieces are then in a proper form for heads. A little girl sits with a quantity of these in her lap, and, catching one at a time on the

Digitized by Google

end of each pin, she places the latter, with the head upon it, in a kind of springing vice, which, by repeated compressions, gives the head and pin that degree of mutual adhesion, which prevents them from separating. The pins go next to be whitened, which is done by covering the surface of the brass wire with a film of metallic tin, that is, common block-tin.

Last of all, they are stuck in rows upon the pin-paper. This is performed by little girls, who sit at a table with their laps full of pins. Each has, before her, a kind of hand-vice, in which she fixes the paper in such a manner, that, by a single movement, the ridge of paper through which the pins are to be thrust, is formed, and made to rise a little above the upper part of the vice. The little girl then takes up with a comb a number of pins, in such a manner, that they hang between the teeth perpendicularly; a convenient number of them are then placed between a thumb and finger, and laid in such a manner, that each pin rests in a little channel or groove, prepared for it, in the top of the vice; the right thumb is covered with a thick cot of leather, and by means of this the pins are thrust through the paper, and they are sure to perforate it regularly, because the grooves keep them from deviating. One more movement of the vice brings the heads of the pins quite home to the paper, and then, after being rolled, they are fit for sale.

It is surprising, that even in so simple a business as pin-making, there should be so many facilities to insure accuracy and expedition. This is one of the great secrets of manufactures, which is well understood in this country, and but little in ours. A man who perfectly comprehends all the principles of a particular business, whether mechanical or chemical, may nevertheless fail of success from ignorance of some apparently trivial circumstances, or from inattention to them.

Digitized by Google

LESSON LXXIII.

Shepherds and their Flocks.

WHILE passing over the plain, I saw great numbers of sheep going to a grand sheep fair, about to be held at Salisbury. On this plain are fed the South Down sheep, without horns, with black legs and faces, and producing three or four pounds of fine wool per head; there is also the Leicestershire breed, small, but making fine mutton, and the Wiltshire breed, large, and affording a great quantity of wool.

Salisbury-plain appears to be very well adapted to the raising of sheep, and accordingly, shepherds and flocks are frequent upon it. I conversed with the shepherds, and found them intelligent and civil; they are always attended by a dog, without whose assistance they could not manage their flocks, and it is astonishing how easily this little animal commands them; when the course of the flock is to be turned, the dog runs along the ranks, with great zeal, and much barking, nor does he stop till he has headed them, when they wheel as readily as an army at the word of command; in the same manner the shepherd's dog reclaims a straggler, whom he never leaves till he has brought him back to the flock. I know these are common facts, but I could not help standing with admiration, to see how intelligently the dogs planned and executed their measures upon the slightest intimation from the master, or even without. You will not think it surprising that, under these circumstances, the interesting story of *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*, should have recurred to my thoughts;—I could easily imagine that I saw, among the shepherds, the good man whose history Mrs. More has told with a degree of simplicity

Digitized by Google

which might delight a child, and yet, with such dignity, elegance, and interest, as would entertain and instruct the most enlightened understanding.

LESSON LXXIV.

Carisbrooke Castle.

THE first excursion which I made from Newport was on foot to Carisbrooke Castle, situated on a lofty hill, nearly a mile west of the town. I have always been strongly interested in the fate and sufferings of Charles I. partly from respect for his private character, which was certainly much better than that of the average of kings, and first magistrates, of whatever name, and partly from that strong sympathy which we always feel for the sufferings of people of elevated stations. I was therefore particularly gratified with the sight of Carisbrooke Castle, which, you know, opened its gates, with seeming hospitality, to receive the royal fugitive, and then treacherously closed them on the royal prisoner. I allude to King Charles' taking refuge here, after his flight from the palace of Hampton-Court. The governor of Carisbrooke Castle pretended to be his friend, and received him with apparent kindness; but the unhappy monarch had only fallen into a snare, for the governor detained him a prisoner, till he could deliver him into the hands of his enemies. I am not disposed, however, to defend the tyranny and want of good faith which brought on the ruin of Charles, any more than I am inclined to admire the malignant cunning and canting hypocrisy of the usurper.

Carisbrooke Castle is, independently of this historical association, a very interesting ruin, and is the fairest

Digitized by Google

specimen of the ancient castles of England which I have had an opportunity to examine. The whole fortification covers several acres of ground. It is surrounded by a broad and deep ditch, which was, probably, once filled with water: next come the walls, enclosing the whole of the defensible part; they are of stone; they are very high and were repaired completely, and I believe for the last time, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I crossed a bridge which is laid over the ditch, and entered the castle beneath a massy arch in the wall, formerly furnished with a portcullis.—The doors are of oak and very ancient; some say that they are coeval with the Saxons, or at least as old as the Norman age. Immediately after entering the gate, the remains of the apartments in which King Charles was confined were pointed out to me. Only the wall is now standing, but the fire places mark the situation of the apartments, and the window from which it is said he intended to make his escape, remains entire with its iron grates. But this part of the fortification is now a mere ruin. The walls are overgrown with ivy, and the stones which once witnessed the sighs of the devoted royal victim, now echo only to the croaking of numerous jackdaws that build in the crevices of the tottering wall, and to the sullen murmur of the winds, which hum through the grates, with a peculiarly melancholy sound.

Near this place, within the walls of the castle, they shewed me the room where the Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles, after his execution, expired a prisoner, and probably a victim to grief.

Proceeding into the interior of the castle, we saw the chapel, and the governor's house, for a governor is still maintained here, although there is neither a gun nor a soldier.

The citadel stands on an eminence in the middle of the works. I ascended to its top by more than seventy

Digitized by Google

stone steps, and had an extensive view of the island. This citadel is supposed to be a Saxon work, of perhaps a thousand or twelve hundred years standing. It is now a venerable ruin.

As we were descending, my guide pointed out a well three hundred feet deep, which was dug by the Normans. He let down a lamp by means of a line, and it illuminated the walls so far that I could see them distinctly, while it continued to burn perfectly well at the surface of the water two hundred and twenty feet down. When water is dropped into this astonishing pit, it occupies about five seconds in descending, and the length of the tube produces a very distinct and pleasing echo.

The water is uncommonly fine, and is raised by means of a *donkey*, turning a great wheel, as a dog does a spit, or a squirrel a wire-cage. It is no fiction ; the animal is actually enclosed in a wheel and travels around in it, without making any progress forward. " One of these animals died in the year 1771, after having performed this service forty-five years ; another which was kept for the same purpose twenty-six years, died in 1798, being thirty-two years old. His royal highness the Duke of Gloucester on a visit to this island, seeing the extreme docility of the animal, was so well pleased that he ordered him a penny loaf per day, during his life. A young one has since been taught to perform this business."

Leaving Carisbrooke Castle, I returned to Newport, and at 4 o'clock mounted a white horse as gigantic as the one which I rode at Salisbury was diminutive. I travelled slowly across the island, by the way of Gods-hill. The country is every where varied with hills and dales ; the valleys are beautiful, and the hills productive either of grass or corn. I passed by several little hamlets and numerous private seats, the most remarkable of which was Appuldurcombe, the ancient seat of the Worsley

Digitized by Google

family. The house is spacious, but the recent death of Sir Richard, its late possessor, has closed the doors of the villa, and prevented me from seeing its fine collection of paintings, and of Roman and Grecian antiquities.

LESSON LXXV.

Society in Edinburgh.

THE state of society in Edinburgh is such, that *it is* possible for a stranger, under favouring circumstances, to become an inmate of family scenes, and, in some measure, a partner in domestic confidence. It has been my fortune to be familiar in several families, and almost domesticated in one. I came here with the cast of feeling and deportment which had been naturally induced by being for some time conversant with the reserved and cautious manners of London; nor was I prepared to expect any other welcome than that of civility and general politeness. It happened that one of my earliest introductions was at a house where there were ladies. At my first visit, the mother only was at home, and although I should not have been disappointed had it been otherwise, I was much gratified by an unexpected cordiality of manners which produced assurance and ease. At a subsequent visit I was introduced to an interesting young lady, a daughter of the matron whom I had seen before. I had no idea of any thing more than a respectful and somewhat distant civility, and bowed accordingly, as she entered the room from the opposite side; but when she advanced with the same air of ease and frankness as her mother had exhibited, and offered me her hand in token of welcome, I felt at once gratified by the circum-

Digitized by Google

stance, and still somewhat ashamed of the reserve which I had manifested. Yet I had no reason to consider this deportment as being in the least peculiar, but only as a fair specimen of the cordial and gratifying manners so common among those families in Scotland, which have not been tinctured with foreign ideas and fashionable ceremony.

A few days after, I was invited to take tea and supper in the same family; I found a mixed circle of their friends, principally young people, and the evening was passed in dancing Scotch reels to the music of the piano, upon which the young ladies performed successively. The utmost affability, ease, and cordiality, characterized the manners of the company, and it was pleasing to see parental dignity going hand in hand, with that degree of familiarity which makes parents not the severe censors, but the companions of their children.

The party retired at a seasonable hour, and when they came to bid good night, which the Scotch always do in an affectionate manner, they joined hands in a circle, and sung in concert a little farewell song. It was impossible to be present at such a scene with feelings of entire indifference.

From that time I was so familiar in this family that the usual observances of ceremony were, in a great measure, dispensed with, and my visits were made without a very punctilious regard to fashionable rules. In short, I found their manners almost identified with those which prevail in New-England, and if I was sometimes disposed to smile at their Scotch words and Scotch pronunciation, it was still more frequently in their power to retaliate, by puzzling me with questions and phrases which have rarely been heard by a transatlantic ear. It was never done, however, unless I had provoked it, and then it was always accompanied by sportiveness and good nature. This

Digitized by Google

was a religious family; their seat at church was always at my service, and when I supped with them I was occasionally present at the family worship. Among religious families here, it is usual, before supper, to attend prayers; a hymn is previously sung besides reading a chapter, and all the family kneel upon the floor, while the master of the house prays.

I was present to-day at a dinner in this family with an American friend; we met a large party, and were much gratified with their cordial manners. "Perpetual peace and friendship between Great Britain and the United States," was given as a toast by the head of the family, and was promptly echoed by the company. The Scotch appear to be very averse to the idea of war with us, and all those with whom I converse, express their wishes that the existing differences may be amicably adjusted. Our host, alluding to my companion and myself, remarked that it was a very delightful thing to see people born and educated three thousand miles from each other, sitting down in friendship at the same table, and finding a common language, mutual feelings, and identical manners.

LESSON LXXVI.

Solon and Publicola compared.

THERE is something singular in this parallel; and what has not occurred to us in any other of the lives which we have written, that Publicola should exemplify the maxims of Solon, and that Solon should proclaim beforehand the happiness of Publicola. For the definition of happiness which Solon gave Crœsus, is more applicable to Publicola than to Tellus. It is true, he pronounces Tellus

Digitized by Google

happy, on account of his virtue, his valuable children, and his glorious death; yet he does not mention him in his poems as eminently distinguished by his virtue, his children, or his employments. For Publicola, in his lifetime, attained the highest reputation and authority among the Romans, by means of his virtues; and, after his death his family was reckoned among the most illustrious: the houses of the Publicolæ, the Messalæ, and Valerii, eminent for the space of six hundred years, still acknowledging him as the fountain of their honour. Tellus, like a brave man, keeping his post, and fighting till the last, fell by the enemy's hand; whereas Publicola, after having slain his enemies (a much happier circumstance than to be slain by them), after seeing his country victorious through his conduct as consul and as general, after triumphs and every other mark of honour, died that death which Solon had so passionately wished for, and declared so happy. Solon, again, in his answer to Mimnermus, concerning the period of human life, thus exclaims:

> Let friendship's faithful heart attend my bier,
> Heave the sad sigh, and drop the pitying tear!

And Publicola had this felicity. For he was lamented, not only by his friends and relations, but by the whole city; thousands attended his funeral with tears, with regret, with the deepest sorrow; and the Roman matrons mourned for him, as for the loss of a son, a brother, or a common parent.

Another wish of Solon's is thus expressed:

> The flow of riches, I desire,
> And fain would life's true goods acquire;
> But let me justly them attain,
> Lest vengeance follow in their train.

And Publicola not only acquired, but employed his riches honourably, for he was a generous benefactor to the poor:

Digitized by Google

so that if Solon was the wisest, Publicola was the happiest of humankind. What the former had wished for as the greatest and most desirable of blessings, the latter actually possessed, and continued to enjoy.

Thus Solon did honour to Publicola, and he to Solon in his turn. For he considered him as the most excellent pattern that could be proposed, in regulating a democracy; and, like him, laying aside the pride of power, he rendered it gentle and acceptable to all. He also made use of several of Solon's laws; for he empowered the people to elect their own magistrates, and left an appeal to them from the sentence of other courts, as the Athenian lawgiver had done. He did not, indeed, with Solon, create a new senate, but he almost doubled the number of that which he found in being.

His reason for appointing *quæstors* or *treasurers* was, that if the consul were a worthy man he might have leisure to attend to more important affairs; if unworthy, that he might not have greater opportunities of injustice, when both the government and the treasury were under his direction.

Publicola's aversion to tyrants was stronger than that of Solon. For, the latter made every attempt to establish arbitrary power punishable by law; but the former made it death without the formality of trial. Solon, indeed, justly and reasonably plumes himself upon having refused absolute power, when both the state of affairs and the inclinations of the people would have readily admitted it: and yet it was no less glorious for Publicola, that finding the consular authority too despotic, he rendered it milder and more popular, and did not stretch it so far as he might have done. That this was the best method of governing, Solon seems to have been sensible before him, when he says of a republic,

> The reins nor loosely held nor strictly tied,
> Safely the car of slippery power you guide.

Digitized by Google

But the annulling of debts was peculiar to Solon, and was indeed the most effectual way to support the liberty of the people. For laws intended to establish an equality would be of no avail, while the poor were deprived of the benefit of that equality by their debts. Where they seemed most to exercise their liberty, in offices, in debates, and in deciding causes, there they were most enslaved to the rich, and most entirely under their control. What is still more remarkable is, that, though the cancelling of debts generally produces seditions, Solon seasonably applied it, as a strong, though hazardous medicine, to remove the sedition then existing. The measure, likewise lost its infamous and obnoxious nature, when introduced by a man of Solon's probity and character.

If we consider the whole administration of each, Solon's was more illustrious at first. He was an original, and followed no example; besides, by himself, without a colleague, he effected many great things for the public advantage. But Publicola's fortune was more to be admired at last. For Solon lived to see his own establishment overturned; whereas that of Publicola preserved the state in good order to the time of the civil wars. And no wonder; since the former, as soon as he had enacted his laws, left them inscribed on tables of wood, without any one to support their authority, and departed from Athens; whilst the latter remaining at Rome, and continuing in the magistracy, thoroughly established and secured the commonwealth.

Solon was sensible of the ambitious designs of Pisistratus, and desirous to prevent their being put in execution; but he miscarried in the attempt, and saw a tyrant set up. On the other hand, Publicola demolished kingly power, when it had been established for some ages, and was at a formidable height. He was equalled by Solon in virtue

Digitized by Google

and patriotism, but he had power and good fortune to second his virtue, which the other wanted.

As to warlike exploits, there is a considerable difference; for Daïmachus *Platæensis* does not even attribute that enterprise against the Megarensians to Solon, as we have done; whereas Publicola, in many great battles, performed the duty both of a general and a private soldier.

Again; if we compare their conduct in civil affairs, we shall find that Solon, only acting a part, as it were, and under the form of a maniac, went out to speak concerning the recovery of Salamis. But Publicola, in the face of the most imminent danger, rose up against Tarquin, detected the plot, prevented the escape of the vile conspirators, had them punished, and not only excluded the tyrants from the city, but cut up their hopes by the roots. If he was thus vigorous in prosecuting affairs that required spirit, resolution, and open force, he was still more successful in negotiation, and the gentle arts of persuasion; for, by his address, he gained Porsena, whose power was so formidable, that he could not be quelled by dint of arms, and made him a friend to Rome.

But here, perhaps, some will object, that Solon recovered Salamis when the Athenians had given it up; whereas Publicola surrendered lands that the Romans were in possession. Our judgment of actions, however, should be formed according to the respective times and posture of affairs. An able politician, in order to manage all for the best, varies his conduct as the present occasion requires; often quits a part, to save the whole; and, by yielding in small matters, secures considerable advantages. Thus Publicola, by giving up what the Romans had lately usurped, saved all that was really their own; and, at a time when they found it difficult to defend their city, gained for them the possession of the besiegers'

Digitized by Google

camp. In effect, by referring his cause to the arbitration of the enemy, he gained his point, and, with that, all the advantages which he could have proposed to himself by a victory. For Porsena put an end to the war, and left the Romans all the provision he had made for carrying it on, induced by that impression of their virtue and honour which he had received from their general.

LESSON LXXVII.

Timoleon and Paulus Æmilius compared.

IF we consider these two great men as history has represented them, we shall find no striking difference between them in the comparison. Both carried on wars with very respectable enemies; the one with the Macedonians, the other with the Carthaginians; and both with extraordinary success. One of them conquered Macedon, and crushed the house of Antigonus, which had flourished in a succession of seven kings; the other expelled tyranny out of Sicily, and restored that island to its ancient liberty. It may be in favour of Æmilius, that he had to do with Perseus when in his full strength, and when he had beaten the Romans; and Timoleon with Dionysius, when reduced to very desperate circumstances: as, on the other hand, it may be observed to the advantage of Timoleon, that he subdued many tyrants, and defeated a great army of Carthaginians, with such forces as he happened to pick up, who were not veteran and experienced troops like those of Æmilius, but mercenaries and undisciplined men, who had been accustomed to fight only at their own pleasure. For equal exploits, with unequal means and preparations, reflect the greater glory on the general who performs them.

Digitized by Google

Both paid a strict regard to justice and integrity in their employments. Æmilius was prepared from the first to behave so, by the laws and manners of his country; but Timoleon's probity was owing entirely to himself. A proof of this is, that in the time of Æmilius good order universally prevailed among the Romans, through a spirit of obedience to their laws and usages, and a reverence of their fellow-citizens; whereas, not one of the Grecian generals who commanded in Sicily, kept himself uncorrupted, except Dion: and many entertained a jealousy that even he affected monarchy, and dreamed of setting up such a regal authority as that in Lacedæmon. Timæus informs us, that the Syracusans sent away Gylippus loaded with infamy, for his insatiable avarice and rapacity, while he had the command; and many writers give account of the misdemeanors and breach of articles which Pharax the Spartan, and Callippus the Athenian, were guilty of, in hopes of gaining the sovereignty of Sicily. But what were these men, and on what power did they build such hopes? Pharax was a follower of Dionysius, who was already expelled, and Callippus was an officer in the foreign troops in the service of Dion. But Timoleon was sent to be general of the Syracusans, at their earnest request; he had not an army to provide, but found one ready formed, which cheerfully obeyed his orders; and yet he employed this power for no other end, than the destruction of their oppressive masters.

Yet again, it was to be admired in Æmilius, that, though he subdued so opulent a kingdom, he did not add one *drachma* to his substance. He would not touch, nor even look upon the money himself, though he gave many liberal gifts to others. I do not, however, blame Timoleon for accepting of a handsome house and lands; for it is no disgrace to take something out of so much, but to take nothing at all is better; and that is the most

Digitized by Google

consummate virtue which shows that it is above pecuniary considerations, even when it has the best claim to make them.

As some bodies are able to bear heat, and others cold, but those are the strongest which are equally fit to endure either; so the vigour and firmness of those minds are the greatest which are neither elated by prosperity, nor broken by adversity. And in this respect Æmilius appears to have been superior; for, in the great and severe misfortune of the loss of his sons, he kept up the same dignity of carriage as in the midst of the happiest success. But Timoleon, when he had acted as a patriot should, with regard to his brother, did not let his reason support him against his grief; but becoming a prey to sorrow and remorse, for the space of twenty years he could not so much as look upon the place where the public business was transacted, much less take a part in it. A man should, indeed, be afraid and ashamed of what is really shameful; but to shrink under every reflection upon his character, though it speaks a delicacy of temper, has nothing in it of true greatness of mind.

LESSON LXXVIII.

Pelopidas and Marcellus compared.

THESE are the particulars which we thought worth reciting from history concerning Marcellus and Pelopidas; between whom there was a perfect resemblance in the gifts of nature, and in their lives and manners. For they were both men of heroic strength, capable of enduring the greatest fatigue, and in courage and magnanimity they were equal. The sole difference is, that Marcellus,

Digitized by Google

in most of the cities which he took by assault, committed great slaughter, whereas Epaminondas and Pelopidas never spilt the blood of any man they had conquered, nor enslaved any city they had taken. And it is affirmed, that if they had been present, the Thebans would not have deprived the Orchomenians of their liberty.

As to their achievements, among those of Marcellus there was none greater or more illustrious than his beating such an army of Gauls, both horse and foot, with a handful of horse only, of which you will scarce meet with another instance, and his slaying their prince with his own hand. Pelopidas hoped to have done something of the like nature, but miscarried, and lost his life in the attempt. However, the great and glorious battles of Leuctra and Tegyræ may be compared with these exploits of Marcellus. And, on the other hand, there is nothing of Marcellus's effected by stratagem and surprise, which can be set against the happy management of Pelopidas, at his return from exile, in taking off the Theban tyrants. Indeed, of all the enterprises of the secret hand of art, that was the masterpiece.

If it be said that Hannibal was a formidable enemy to the Romans, the Lacedæmonians were certainly the same to the Thebans. And yet it is agreed on all hands, that they were thoroughly beaten by Pelopidas, at Leuctra and Tegyræ; whereas, according to Polybius, Hannibal was never once defeated by Marcellus, but continued invincible till he had to do with Scipio. However, we rather believe with Livy, Cæsar, and Cornelius Nepos, among the Latin historians, and with king Juba among the Greek, that Marcellus did sometimes beat Hannibal, and even put his troops to flight, though he gained no advantage of him sufficient to turn the balance considerably on his side; so that one might even think, that the Carthaginian then acted with the art of a wrestler, who

Digitized by Google

sometimes suffers himself to be thrown. But what has been very justly admired in Marcellus is, that, after such great armies had been routed, so many generals slain, and the whole empire almost totally subverted, he found means to inspire his troops with courage enough to make head against the enemy. He was the only man that from a state of terror and dismay, in which they had long remained, raised the army to an eagerness for battle, and infused into them such a spirit, that, far from tamely giving up the victory, they disputed it with the greatest obstinacy. For those very men, who had been accustomed by a run of ill success to think themselves happy if they could escape Hannibal by flight, were taught by Marcellus to be ashamed of coming off with disadvantage, to blush at the very thought of giving way, and to be sensibly affected if they gained not the victory.

As Pelopidas never lost a battle in which he commanded in person, and Marcellus won more than any Roman of his time, he who performed so many exploits, and was so hard to conquer, may, perhaps, be put on a level with the other, who was never beaten. On the other hand, it may be observed, that Marcellus took Syracuse, whereas Pelopidas failed in his attempt upon Sparta. Yet, I think, even to approach Sparta, and to be the first that ever passed the Eurotas in a hostile manner, was a greater achievement than the conquest of Sicily; unless it may be said, that the honour of this exploit, as well as that of Leuctra, belongs rather to Epaminondas than to Pelopidas, whereas the glory Marcellus gained was entirely his own. For he alone took Syracuse: he defeated the Gauls without his colleague; he made head against Hannibal, not only without the assistance, but against the remonstrances, of the other generals; and, changing the face of war, he first taught the Romans to meet the enemy with a good countenance.

Digitized by Google

As for their deaths, I praise neither the one nor the other, but it is with concern and indignation that I think of the strange circumstances that attended them. At the same time I admire Hannibal, who fought such a number of battles as it would be a labour to reckon, without ever receiving a wound: and I greatly approve the behaviour of Chrysantes, in the *Cyropædia*, who having his sword lifted up and ready to strike, upon hearing the trumpets sound a retreat, calmly and modestly retired without giving the stroke. Pelopidas, however, was somewhat excusable, because he was not only warmed with the heat of battle, but incited by a generous desire of revenge. And, as Euripides says,

> The first of chiefs is he who laurels gain,
> And buys them not with life: the next is he
> Who dies, but dies in Virtue's arms.———

In such a man, dying is a free and voluntary act, not a passive submission to fate. But beside his resentment, the end Pelopidas proposed to himself in conquering, which was the death of a tyrant, with reason animated him to uncommon efforts: for it was not easy to find another cause so great and glorious wherein to exert himself. But Marcellus, without any urgent occasion, without that enthusiasm which often pushes men beyond the bounds of reason in time of danger, unadvisedly exposed himself, and died not like a general, but like a spy; risking his five consulates, his three triumphs, his trophies and spoils of kings against a company of Spaniards and Numidians, who had bartered with the Carthaginians for their lives and services. An accident so strange, that those very adventurers could not forbear grudging themselves such success, when they found that a man the most distinguished of all the Romans for valour, as well as power and fame, had fallen by their hands, amidst a scouting party of Fregellanians.

Digitized by Google

Let not this, however, be deemed an accusation against these great men, but rather a complaint to them of injury done themselves, by sacrificing all their other virtues to their intrepidity, and a free expostulation with them for being so prodigal of their blood as to shed it for their own sakes, when it ought to have fallen only for their country, their friends, and their allies.

Pelopidas was buried by his friends, in whose cause he was slain, and Marcellus by those enemies that slew him. The first was a happy and desirable thing, but the other was greater and more extraordinary; for gratitude in a friend for benefits received is not equal to an enemy's admiring the virtue by which he suffers. In the first case there is more regard to interest than to merit; in the latter, real worth is the sole object of the honour paid.

LESSON LXXIX.

Flaminius and Philopœmen compared.

IF we consider the extensive benefits which Greece received from Flaminius, we shall find that neither Philopœmen, nor other Grecians more illustrious than Philopœmen, will stand the comparison with him. For the Greeks always fought against Greeks; but Flaminius, who was not of Greece, fought for that country. And at a time when Philopœmen, unable to defend his fellow-citizens who were engaged in a dangerous war, passed over into Crete, Flaminius having vanquished Philip in the heart of Greece, set cities and whole nations free. If we examine into their battles, it will appear, that Philopœmen, while he commanded the Achæan forces,

Digitized by Google

killed more Greeks, than Flaminius, in asserting the Grecian cause, killed Macedonians.

As to their failings, ambition was the fault of Flaminius, and obstinacy that of Philopœmen. The former was passionate and the latter implacable. Flaminius left Philip in his royal dignity, and pardoned the Ætolians: whereas Philopœmen, in his resentment against his country, robbed her of several of her dependencies. Besides, Flaminius was always a firm friend to those whom he had once served; but Philopœmen was ever ready to destroy the merit of his former kindnesses, only to indulge his anger. For he had been a great benefactor to the Lacedæmonians; yet afterwards he demolished their walls, and ravaged their country; and in the end entirely changed and overturned their constitution. Nay he seems to have sacrificed his life to his passion and perverseness, by too hastily and unseasonably invading Messenia; instead of taking, like Flaminius, every precaution for his own security and that of his troops.

But Philopœmen's military knowledge and experience was perfected by his many wars and victories. And, whereas Flaminius decided his dispute with Philip in two engagements; Philopœmen, by conquering in an incredible number of battles, left fortune no room to question his skill.

Flaminius, moreover, availed himself of the power of a great and flourishing commonwealth, and raised himself by its strength; but Philopœmen distinguished himself at a time when his country was upon the decline. So that the success of the one is to be ascribed solely to himself, and that of the other to all the Romans. The one had good troops to command; and the other made those so which he commanded. And though the great actions of Philopœmen, being performed against Grecians, do not prove him a fortunate man, yet they prove him a brave

Digitized by Google

man. For, where all other things are equal, great success must be owing to superior excellence. He had to do with two of the most warlike nations among the Greeks; the Cretans, who were the most artful; and the Lacedæmonians, who were the most valiant: and yet he mastered the former by policy, and the latter by courage. Add to this, that Flaminius had his men ready armed and disciplined to his hand; whereas Philopœmen had the armour of his to alter, and to new-model their discipline. So that the things which contribute most to victory were the invention of the one, while the other only practised what was already in use. Accordingly Philopœmen's personal exploits were many and great; but we find nothing of that kind remarkable in Flaminius. On the contrary, a certain Ætolian, said, by way of raillery, "Whilst I ran, with my drawn sword, to charge the Macedonians, who stood firm and continued fighting, Titus was standing still, with his hands lifted up towards heaven, and praying."

It is true, all the acts of Flaminius were glorious, while he was general, and during his lieutenancy too: but Philopœmen showed himself no less serviceable and active among the Achæans, when in a private capacity, than when he had the command. For, when commander in chief, he drove Nabis out of the city of Messene, and restored the inhabitants to their liberty; but he was only in a private station when he shut the gates of Sparta against the general Diophanes, and against Flaminius, and by that means saved the Lacedæmonians. Indeed, nature had given him such talents for command, that he knew not only how to govern according to the laws, but how to govern the laws themselves, when the public good required it; not waiting for the formality of the people's appointing him, but rather employing them, when the occasion demanded it. For he was persuaded, that not

Digitized by Google

he whom the people elect, but he who thinks best for the people, is the true general.

There was undoubtedly something great and generous in the clemency and humanity of Flaminius towards the Grecians; but there was something still greater and more generous in the resolution which Philopœmen showed in maintaining the liberties of Greece against the Romans. For it is a much easier matter to be liberal to the weak, than to oppose and to support a dispute with the strong. Since, therefore, after all our inquiry into the characters of these two great men, the superiority is not obvious, perhaps we shall not greatly err, if we give the Grecian the palm of generalship and military skill, and the Roman that of justice and humanity.

LESSON LXXX.

Cimon and Lucullus compared.

WE cannot but think the exit of Lucullus happy, as he did not live to see that change in the constitution which fate was preparing for his country in the civil wars. Though the commonwealth was in a sickly state, yet he left it free. In this respect the case of Cimon was particularly similar. For he died while Greece was at the height of her prosperity, and before she was involved in those troubles which proved so fatal to her. It is true there is this difference, Cimon died in his camp, in the office of general; not like a man, who, fatigued with war, and avoiding its conflicts, sought the reward of his military labours and of the laurels he had won, in the delicacies of the table, and the joys of wine. In this view Plato was right in the censure of the followers of Orpheus, who had

Digitized by Google

placed the rewards of futurity provided for the good, in everlasting intoxication. No doubt, ease, tranquillity, literary researches, and the pleasures of contemplation, furnish the most suitable retreat for a man in years, who has bid adieu to military and political pursuits. But to propose pleasure as the end of great achievements, and, after long expeditions and commands, to lead up the dance of Venus, and riot in her smiles, was so far from being worthy of the famed academy, and a follower of the sage Xenocrates, that it rather became a disciple of Epicurus. This is the more surprising, because Cimon seems to have spent his youth in luxury and dissipation, and Lucullus in letters and sobriety. It is certainly another thing notwithstanding to change for the better, and happier is the nature in which vices gradually die, and virtue flourishes.

They were equally wealthy, but did not apply their riches to the same purposes. For we cannot compare the palace at Naples and the Belvideres amidst the water, which Lucullus erected with the barbarian spoils, to the south wall of the citadel which Cimon built with the treasure he brought from the wars. Nor can the sumptuous table of Lucullus, which favoured too much of eastern magnificence, be put in competition with the open and benevolent table of Cimon. The one, at a moderate charge, daily nourished great numbers of poor; the other, at a vast expense, pleased the appetites of a few of the rich and the voluptuous. Perhaps, indeed, some allowance must be made for the difference of the time. We know not, whether Cimon, if he had lived to be old, and retired from the concerns of war and of the state, might not have given into a more pompous and luxurious way of living: for he naturally loved wine and company, was a promoter of public feasts and games, and remarkable, as we have observed, for his inclination for the sex.

Digitized by Google

But glorious enterprises and great actions, being attended with pleasures of another kind, leave no leisure for inferior gratifications; nay, they banish them from the thoughts of persons of great abilities for the field and the cabinet. And if Lucullus had finished his days in high commands and amidst the conflicts of war, I am persuaded the most envious caviller could have found nothing to reproach him with. So much with respect to their way of living.

As to their military character, it is certain they were able commanders both at sea and land. But as the champions, who in one day gained the garland not only in wrestling but in the *Pancration*, are not simply called victors, but by the custom of the games, *the flowers of the victory;* so Cimon, having crowned Greece with two victories gained in one day, the one at land, the other a naval one, deserves some preference in the list of generals.

Lucullus was indebted to his country for his power, and Cimon promoted the power of his country. The one found Rome commanding the allies, and under her auspices extended her conquests; the other found Athens obeying instead of commanding, and yet gained her the chief authority among her allies, as well as conquered her enemies. The Persians he defeated, and drove them out of the sea, and he persuaded the Lacedæmonians voluntarily to surrender the command.

If it be the greatest work of a general to bring his men to obey him from a principle of affection, we shall find Lucullus greatly deficient in this respect. He was despised by his own troops, whereas Cimon commanded the veneration, not only of his own soldiers, but of all the allies. The former was deserted by his own, and the latter was courted by strangers. The one set out with a fine army, and returned alone, abandoned by that army;

Digitized by Google

the other went out with troops subject to the orders they should receive from another general, and at his return they were at the head of the whole league. Thus he gained three of the most difficult points imaginable, peace with the enemy, the lead among the allies, and a good understanding with Sparta.

They both attempted to conquer great kingdoms, and to subdue all Asia, but their purposes were unsuccessful. Cimon's course was stopped by fortune; he died with his commission in his hand, and in the height of his prosperity. Lucullus, on the other hand, cannot possibly be excused, as to the loss of his authority, since he must either have been ignorant of the grievances of his army, which ended in so incurable an aversion, or unwilling to redress them.

This he has in common with Cimon, that he was impeached by his countrymen. The Athenians, it is true, went farther; they banished Cimon by the ostracism, that they might not, as Plato expresses it, hear his voice for ten years. Indeed, the proceedings of the aristocratical party are seldom acceptable to the people; for while they are obliged to use some violence for the correction of what is amiss, their measures resemble the bandages of surgeons, which are uneasy at the same time that they reduce the dislocation. But in this respect perhaps we may exculpate both the one and the other.

Lucullus carried his arms much the farthest. He was the first who led a Roman army over Mount Taurus, and passed the Tigris. He took and burned the royal cities of Asia, Tigranocerta, Cabira, Sinope, Nisibis, in the sight of their respective kings. On the north he penetrated as far as the Phasis, on the east to Media, and on the south to the Red Sea, by the favour and assistance of the princes of Arabia. He overthrew the armies of the two great kings, and would certainly have taken them, had they not fled,

Digitized by Google

like savages, into distant solitudes and inaccessible woods. A certain proof of the advantage Lucullus had in this respect, is, that the Persians, as if they had suffered nothing from Cimon, soon made head against the Greeks, and cut in pieces a great army of theirs in Egypt; whereas Tigranes and Mithridates could effect nothing after the blow they had received from Lucullus. Mithridates, enfeebled by the conflicts he had undergone, did not once venture to face Pompey in the field: instead of that, he fled to the Bosphorus, and there put a period to his life. As for Tigranes, he delivered himself, naked and unarmed, to Pompey, took his diadem from his head, and laid it at his feet; in which he complimented Pompey, not with what was his own, but with what belonged to the laurels of Lucullus. The poor prince, by the joy with which he received the ensigns of royalty again, confessed that he had absolutely lost them. However, he must be deemed the greater general, as well as the greater champion, who delivers his adversary, weak and breathless, to the next combatant.

Besides, Cimon found the king of Persia extremely weakened, and the pride of his people humbled, by the losses and defeats they had experienced from Themistocles, Pausanias, and Leotychidas; and their hands could not make much resistance, when their hearts were gone. But Lucullus met Tigranes fresh and unfoiled, elated and exulting in the battles he had fought and the victories he had won. Nor is the number of the enemy's troops which Cimon defeated, in the least to be compared to that of those who gave battle to Lucullus.

In short, when we weigh all the advantages of each of these great men, it is hard to say to which side the balance inclines. Heaven appears to have favoured both; directing the one to what he should do, and warning the other what he should avoid. So that the gods bore wit-

Digitized by Google

ness of their virtue, and regarded them as persons in whom there was something divine.

LESSON LXXXI.

Sertorius and Eumenes compared.

THESE are the most remarkable particulars which history has given us concerning Eumenes and Sertorius. And now to come to the comparison. We observe first, that though they were both strangers, aliens, and exiles, they had, to the end of their days, the command of many warlike nations, and great and respectable armies. Sertorius, indeed, has this advantage, that his fellow-warriors ever freely gave up the command to him on account of his superior merit; whereas many disputed the post of honour with Eumenes, and it was his actions only that obtained it for him. The officers of Sertorius were ambitious to have him at their head; but those who acted under Eumenes never had recourse to him, till experience had showed them their own incapacity, and the necessity of employing another.

The one was a Roman, and commanded the Spaniards and Lusitanians, who for many years had been subject to Rome; the other was a Chersonesian, and commanded the Macedonians, who had conquered the whole world. It should be considered too, that Sertorius the more easily made his way, because he was a senator, and had led armies before; but Eumenes with the disreputation of having been only a secretary, raised himself to the first military employments. Nor had Eumenes only fewer advantages, but greater impediments also in the road to honour. Numbers opposed him openly, and as many formed private designs against his life; whereas no

Digitized by Google

man ever opposed Sertorius in public, and it was not till towards the last, that a few of his own party entered upon a private scheme to destroy him. The dangers of Sertorius were generally over when he had gained a victory; and the dangers of Eumenes grew out of his very victories, among those who envied his success.

Their military performances were equal and similar, but their dispositions were very different. Eumenes loved war, and had a native spirit of contention; Sertorius loved peace and tranquillity. The former might have lived in great security and honour, if he would not have stood in the way of the great; but he rather chose to tread for ever in the uneasy paths of power, though he had to fight every step he took: the latter would gladly have withdrawn from the tumult of public affairs; but was forced to continue the war, to defend himself against his restless persecutors. For Antigonus would have taken pleasure in employing Eumenes, if he would have given up the dispute for superiority, and been content with the station next to his; whereas Pompey would not grant Sertorius his request to live a private citizen. Hence, the one voluntarily engaged in war, for the sake of gaining the chief command; the other involuntarily took the command, because he could not live in peace. Eumenes, therefore, in his passion for the camp, preferred ambition to safety; Sertorius was an able warrior, but he employed his talents only for the safety of his person. The one was not apprized of his impending fate; the other expected his every moment. The one had the candid praise of confidence in his friends; the other incurred the censure of weakness; for he would have fled, but could not. The death of Sertorius did no dishonour to his life; he suffered that from his fellow-soldiers which the enemy could not have effected. Eumenes could not avoid his chains, yet after

Digitized by Google

the indignity of chains, he wanted to live; so that he could neither escape death, nor meet it as he ought to have done; but, by having recourse to mean applications and entreaties, put his mind in the power of the man who was only master of his body.

LESSON LXXXII.

Demosthenes and Cicero compared.

THESE are the most memorable circumstances in the lives of Demosthenes and Cicero that could be collected from the historians which have come to our knowledge. Though I shall not pretend to compare their talents for speaking; yet this, I think, I ought to observe, that Demosthenes, by the exertion of all his powers, both natural and acquired, upon that object only, came to exceed in energy and strength, the most celebrated pleaders of his time; in grandeur and magnificence of style, all that were eminent for the sublime of declamation; and in accuracy and art, the most able professors of rhetoric. Cicero's studies were more general; and, in his treasures of knowledge, he had a great variety. He has left us a number of philosophical tracts, which he composed upon the principles of the academy. And we see something of an ostentation of learning in the very orations which he wrote for the *forum*, and the bar.

Their different tempers are discernible in their way of writing. That of Demosthenes, without any embellishments of wit and humour, is always grave and serious. Nor does it smell of the lamp, as Pytheas tauntingly said, but of the water-drinker, of the man of thought, of one who was characterized by the austerities of life. But

Digitized by Google

Cicero, who loved to indulge his vein of pleasantry, so much affected the wit that he sometimes sunk into the buffoon ; and by affecting gaiety in the most serious things to serve his client, he has offended against the rules of propriety and decorum. Thus, in his oration for Cælius, he says, " Where is the absurdity, if a man, with an affluent fortune at command, shall indulge himself in pleasure ? It would be madness not to enjoy what is in his power ; particularly when some of the greatest philosophers place man's chief good in pleasure ?"

When Cato impeached Murena, Cicero, who was then consul undertook his defence ; and, in his pleading, took occasion to ridicule several paradoxes of the stoics, because Cato was of that sect. He succeeded so far as to raise a laugh in the assembly ; and even among the judges. Upon which Cato smiled, and said to those who sat by him, " What a pleasant consul we have !" Cicero, indeed, was naturally facetious ; and he not only loved his jest, but his countenance was gay and smiling. Whereas Demosthenes had a care and thoughtfulness in his aspect, which he seldom or never put off. Hence his enemies, as he confesses, called him a morose ill natured man.

It appears also from their writings, that Demosthenes, when he touches upon his own praise, does it with an inoffensive delicacy. Indeed he never gives into it at all, but when he has some great point in view ; and on all other occasions is extremely modest. But Cicero, in his orations, speaks in such high terms of himself that it is plain he had a most intemperate vanity. Thus he cries out :

> Let arms revere the robe, the warrior's laurel
> Yield to the palm of eloquence.

At length he came to commend not only his own actions and operations in the commonwealth, but his

Digitized by Google

orations too, as well those which he had only pronounced as those he had committed to writing, as if, with a juvenile vanity, he were vying with the rhetoricians Isocrates and Anaximenes, instead of being inspired with the great ambition of guiding the Roman people,

Fierce in the field, and dreadful to the foe.

It is necessary, indeed, for a statesman to have the advantage of eloquence ; but it is mean and illiberal to rest in such a qualification, or to hunt after praise in that quarter. In this respect Demosthenes behaved with more dignity, with a superior elevation of soul. He said, "His ability to explain himself was a mere acquisition ; and not so perfect but that it required great candour and indulgence in the audience." He thought it must be, as indeed it is, only a low and little mind, that can value itself upon such attainments.

They both, undoubtedly, had political abilities, as well as powers to persuade. They had them in such a degree that men, who had armies at their devotion, stood in need of their support. Thus Chares, Diopithes, and Leosthenes availed themselves of Demosthenes ; Pompey and young Cæsar, of Cicero ; as Cæsar himself acknowledges in his commentaries addressed to Agrippa and Mæcenas.

It is an observation no less just than common, that nothing makes so thorough a trial of a man's disposition, as power and authority : for they awake every passion, and discover every latent vice. Demosthenes never had an opportunity for a trial of this kind. He never obtained any eminent charge ; nor did he lead those armies against Philip, which his eloquence had raised. But Cicero went quæstor into Sicily, and proconsul into Cilicia and Cappadocia ; at a time, too, when avarice reigned without control ; when the governors of provinces, thinking it beneath

Digitized by Google

them to take a clandestine advantage, fell to open plunder; when to take another's property was thought no great crime, and he who took moderately passed for a man of character. Yet, at such a time as this, Cicero gave many proofs of his contempt of money; many of his humanity and goodness. At Rome, with the title only of consul, he had an absolute and dictatorial power against Catiline and his accomplices. On which occasion he verified the prediction of Plato, "That every state will be delivered from its calamities, when, by the favour of fortune, great power unites with wisdom and justice in one person."

It is mentioned, to the disgrace of Demosthenes, that his eloquence was mercenary; that he privately composed orations both for Phormio and Apollodorus, though adversaries in the same cause. To which we may add, that he was suspected of receiving money from the king of Persia, and condemned for taking bribes of Harpalus. Supposing some of these the calumnies of those who wrote against him (and they are not a few); yet it is impossible to affirm that he was proof against the presents which were sent him by princes, as marks of honour and respect. This was too much to be expected from a man who vested his money at interest upon ships. Cicero, on the other hand, had magnificent presents sent him by the Sicilians, when he was ædile; by the king of Cappadocia, when proconsul; and his friends pressed him to receive their benefactions when in exile; yet, as we have already observed, he refused them all.

The banishment of Demosthenes reflected infamy upon him; for he was convicted of taking bribes: that of Cicero, great honour; because he suffered for destroying traitors, who had vowed the ruin of their country. The former, therefore, departed without exciting pity or regret: for the latter, the senate changed their habit, continued in mourning, and could not be persuaded to pass any act

Digitized by Google

till the people had recalled him. Cicero, indeed, spent the time of exile in an inactive manner in Macedonia; but with Demosthenes it was a busy period in his political character. Then it was (as we have mentioned above) that he went to the several cities of Greece, strengthened the common interest, and defeated the designs of the Macedonian ambassadors. In which respect he discovered a much greater regard for his country than Themistocles and Alcibiades, when under the same misfortune. After his return, he pursued his former plan of government, and continued the war with Antipater and the Macedonians. Whereas Lælius reproached Cicero in full senate with sitting silent, when Cæsar, who was not yet come to years of maturity, applied for the consulship contrary to law. And Brutus, in one of his letters, charged him with "having reared a greater and more insupportable tyranny than that which they had destroyed."

As to the manner of their death, we cannot think of Cicero's without a contemptuous kind of pity. How deplorable to see an old man, for want of proper resolution, suffering himself to be carried about by his servants, endeavouring to hide himself from death, which was a messenger that nature would soon have sent him, and overtaken notwithstanding and slaughtered by his enemies! The other, though he did discover some fear, by taking sanctuary, is, nevertheless to be admired for the provision he had made of poison, for the care with which he had preserved it, and his noble manner of using it. So that, when Neptune did not afford him an asylum, he had recourse to a more inviolable altar, rescued himself from the weapons of the guards, and eluded the cruelty of Antipater.

Digitized by Google

LESSON LXXXIII.

The Pernicious Effects of Unnecessary Drinking.

IT is truly astonishing to behold how completely the habit of *unnecessary* drinking pervades the various classes of our community. In one way or another, it is their morning and evening devotion, their noonday and midnight sacrifice. From the highest grade to the lowest, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, from the gentleman to the labourer, down descends the universal custom. From those who sit long at the wine that has been rocked upon the ocean, and ripened beneath an Indian sky, down to those who solace themselves with the fiery liquor that has cursed no other shores than our own—down, till it reaches the miserable abode, where the father and mother will have *rum*, though the children cry for *bread*—down to the bottom, even to the prison-house, the forlorn inmate of which hails him his best friend, who is cunning enough to convey to him, undiscovered, the all-consoling, the all-corroding poison.

Young men must express the warmth of their mutual regard, by daily and nightly libations at some fashionable hotel—it is the custom. The more advanced take turns in flinging open their own doors to each other, and the purity of their esteem is testified by the number of bottles they can empty together—it is the custom. The husband deems it but civil to commemorate the accidental visit of his acquaintance by a glass of ancient spirit, and the wife holds it a duty to celebrate the flying call of her companion with a taste of the latest *liqueur*—for this, also, is the custom. The interesting gossipry of every little evening coterie must be enlivened with the customary cordial. Custom demands that idle quarrels, perhaps

Digitized by Google

generated over a friendly cup, another friendly cup must drown. Foolish wagers are laid, to be adjusted in foolish drinking—the rich citizen takes a dozen, the poor one a dram. "The brisk minor panting for twenty-one," baptizes his new-born manhood in the strong drink to which he intends training it up. Births, marriages and burials are all hallowed by strong drink. Anniversaries, civic festivities, military displays, municipal elections, and even religious ceremonials are nothing without strong drink. The political ephemera of a little noisy day, and the colossus whose footsteps millions wait upon, must alike be apotheosised in liquor. A rough-hewn statesman is toasted at, and drank at, to his face in one place, while his boisterous adversary sits through the same mummery in another. Here, in their brimming glasses, the adherents of some successful candidate mingle their congratulations, and there, in like manner, the partisans of his defeated rival forget their chagrin. Even the great day of national emancipation is, with too many, only a great day of drinking, and the proud song of deliverance is trouled from the lips of those, who are bending body and soul to a viler thraldom than that from which their fathers rescued them.

I need not swell the catalogue—it were a shorter task to tell where liquors do not abound, than where they do. And all these things would only wake a smile, but that their consequences make us sad, and ought to make us wise. Is it not here that the mischief we mourn over begins?—and if so, ought not the reformation to begin here also? Look back to the days of childhood. Call up round you the little groups that made your young hours happy. Follow them along, from year to year, as you and they grew older. Remember how this one and that one, the generous and the gifted, dropped off from your sides into the grave. Did not intemperance drag them down?

Digitized by Google

—and was it not amid the innocent recreations of society that they were first ensnared? Cannot many a parent, many a wife, many a husband here find the source of days and nights of anguish? May we not select some youthful victim of excess, and trace him back, step by step, to these *harmless* indulgences—these *innocent* recreations? Have we not seen

> "The young disease, that must subdue at length,
> "Grow with *their* growth, and strengthen with *their* strength?"

Could he repeat—alas! he cannot—his mind is sunk in his body's defilement—but *could* he for a moment shake off his lethargy, and repeat to us the story of his errors, as faithfully as he *looks* their odious consequences, he would tell us that to the *innocent* enjoyments of hospitality and festivity he owes his ruin—that the *warranted* indulgences of convivial life led the way to the habitual debauch, which has finally set upon him the seal whereby all men may know the drunkard. He would tell us that he was once worthy of a happier destiny—that he stepped on life's pathway, rejoicing in purity and hope—that he was blessed with a frame for vigorous action, and a heart for the world's endearing charities—that his eye loved the beauties of nature, and his spirit adored the goodness of nature's God. But, he would tell us, that in an evil hour, he found he had fallen, even before he knew he was in danger—that the customs of society had first enticed him, and then unfitted him for its duties—that the wreaths they had insidiously flung round him hardened to fetters, and he could not shake them off. He would tell us that over the first discovery of his fatal lapse, his alarmed parents wept, and he mingled his tears with theirs—that as he grew more unguarded in his offence, they raised the angry voice of reproof, and he braved it in sullen silence—that as he became still more vile and

Digitized by Google

brutish, kindred and friend turned their cold eyes away from him, and his expiring shame felt a guilty relief. He would tell us, that at length, just not hated, he has reached the lowest point of living degradation—that in his hours of frenzy he is locked up in the receptacle for the infamous, and in his lucid intervals let out, a moving beacon to warn the virtuous.—Could he anticipate the end of his unhappy story, he might tell us that yet a little while, and his short and wretched career will be ended—that the father who hung over his cradle, weaving bright visions of his son's future greatness, will feel a dreadful satisfaction as he gazes upon him in his coffin—that the mother who lulled him to sleep on her bosom, and joyed to watch his waking, will not dare to murmur that the sleep has come upon him, out of which on earth he will never awake—that the grave will be gladly made ready to receive him—that as, "while living," he forfeited "fair renown," so, "doubly dying," he must

"Go down
"To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
"Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

LESSON LXXXIV.

Extract from Webster's Discourse on Adams and Jefferson.

LET us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices of this band of patriots.

Digitized by Google

HANCOCK presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence, is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration.

'Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters, and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England, for she will exert that strength to the utmost? Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act, as the people of other countries have acted, and wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputable to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions farther, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious, subjects. I shudder, before this responsibility. It will be on us, if relinquishing

Digitized by Google

the ground we have stood on so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption, on the scaffold.'

LESSON LXXXV.

Extract from Webster's Discourse on Adams and Jefferson.

[Continued.]

IT was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England,

Digitized by Google

which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or title of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms

Digitized by Google

against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England, herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of Independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious

Digitized by Google

liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunkerhill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in Heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the

Digitized by Google

declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence, *now;* and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.'

LESSON LXXXVI.

Extract from Webster's Discourse on Adams and Jefferson.

AND now, fellow-citizens, let us not retire from this occasion, without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices, posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future, the world turns hither its solicitous eyes—all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much, of what we are and of what we possess, we owe to this liberty and these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil, which yields bounteously to the hands of industry, the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigour. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without

Digitized by Google

society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture; and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government? Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience, in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing, let us feel it deeply and powerfully, let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us, a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long, cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance, but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character, among the nations of the earth. It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by Free Representative Governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America,

Digitized by Google

our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them. Let us contemplate, then, this connexion, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. WASHINGTON is in the clear upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation: they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

LESSON LXXXVII.

Chief Justice Marshall's Speech in Congress, announcing the Death of Washington.

MR. SPEAKER—THE melancholy event which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more. The hero, the patriot, and the sage of America; the man on whom in times of danger, every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed; lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people.

If, sir, it had even not been usual openly to testify respect for the memory of those whom Heaven has

Digitized by Google

selected as its instruments for dispensing good to man, yet such has been the uncommon worth, and such the extraordinary incidents which have marked the life of him whose loss we all deplore; that the whole American nation, impelled by the same feelings, would call with one voice for a public manifestation of that sorrow, which is so deep and so universal.

More than any other individual, and as much as to one individual was possible, has he contributed to found this our wide spreading empire, and to give to the western world, independence and freedom.

Having effected the great object for which he was placed at the head of our armies, we have seen him convert the sword into the ploughshare, and sink the soldier into the citizen.

When the debility of our federal system had become manifest, and the bonds which connected this vast continent were dissolving; we have seen him the chief of those patriots who formed for us a constitution, which, by preserving the union, will I trust, substantiate and perpetuate those blessings which our revolution had promised to bestow.

In obedience to the general voice of his country, calling him to preside over a great people, we have seen him once more quit the retirement he loved, and in a season more stormy and tempestuous than war itself, with calm and wise determination, pursue the true interests of the nation, and contribute more than any other could contribute, to the establishment of that system of policy which will, I trust, yet preserve our peace, our honour and our independence.

Having been twice unanimously chosen the chief magistrate of a free people, we have seen him, at a time when his re-election with universal suffrage could not be doubted, afford to the world a rare instance of moderation,

Digitized by Google

by withdrawing from his station to the peaceful walks of private life.

However the public confidence may change, and the public affections fluctuate with respect to others, with respect to him they have, in war and in peace, in public and in private life, been as steady as his own firm mind, and as constant as his own exalted virtues.

Let us then, Mr. Speaker, pay the last tribute of respect and affection to our departed friend. Let the grand council of the nation display those sentiments which the nation feels.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Wirt on the Trial of Aaron Burr for High Treason.

WHO is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author; its projector; its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless and aspiring; his brain conceived it; his hand brought it into action. Beginning his operations in New-York, he associates with him, men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the main spring, his personal labour contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New-York to New-Orleans; he draws into his plan by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks and all descriptions. To youthful ardour he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honours; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses, he presents the object adapted to his taste: his recruiting officers are appointed; men are engaged throughout the continent; civil life is indeed

Digitized by Google

quiet upon its surface; but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match produces an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and in the autumn of 1806, he goes forth for the last time, to apply this match.—On this excursion he meets with Blennerhassett.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind; if it had been, he would never have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic states, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and "lo, the desert smiled." Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him; musick that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature; peace, tranquillity and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. The *evidence* would convince you, sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity; this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the

Digitized by Google

heart—the destroyer comes—he comes to turn this paradise into a hell—yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others; it wears no guards before its breast; every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and a desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste: his books are abandoned; his retort and crucible are thrown aside; his shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not: his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of musick; it longs for the trumpet's clangour, and the cannon's roar: even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and

Digitized by Google

unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility: he has been taught to burn, with restless emulation, at the names of Cromwell, Cæsar, and Buonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a desert; and in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessory! Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason. O! no Sir—there is no man who knows any thing of this affair who does not know, that to every body concerned in it, Aaron Burr was as the sun to the planets which surround him; he bound them in their respective orbits, and gave them their light, their heat and their motion. Let him not then shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy, by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

Digitized by Google

LESSON LXXXIX.

Speech of Patrick Henry, delivered in the House of Delegates of Virginia, in support of his motion to put the colony in a state of defence against the encroachments of Great Britain, March, 1775.

NO man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and therefore I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to these gentlemen, if I should speak my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country—for my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. In proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate—It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence; I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she seduces our judgments. Is it the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it might cost, I am willing to know the whole

Digitized by Google

truth ; to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past ; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house ? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received ? Trust it not, sir, it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition, comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land ? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation ? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love ? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission ? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it ? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies ? No, sir, she has none : they are meant for us : they can be meant for no other purpose—they are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them ? Shall we try argument ? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject ? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable ; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication ? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted ? Let us not, I beseech you, sir,

Digitized by Google

deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight—An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed; and when a British guard shall be stationed in our House? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us, hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power —three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of Liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess;

Digitized by Google

are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone ; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have now no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged :—their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston ! The war is inevitable—and let it come ! ! I repeat it, sir, let it come ! ! !

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace ! The war is actually begun ! The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms ! Our brethren are already in the field ! Why stand we here idle ? What is it that gentlemen wish ? What would they have ? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains, and slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God !—I know not what course others may take ; but as for me, GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH !

LESSON XC.

Extracts from the Speech of Mr. Hopkinson, on the Impeachment of the Honourable Samuel Chase, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

MR. PRESIDENT,—WE cannot remind you and this honourable court, as our opponents have so frequently

Digitized by Google

done, that we address you in behalf of the majesty of the people—we appear for an ancient and infirm man, whose better days have been worn out in the service of that country which now degrades him, and who has nothing to promise you for an honourable acquittal, but the approbation of your own consciences : we are happy however to concur with the honourable managers in one point ; I mean, the importance they are disposed to give to this cause. In every relation and aspect in which it can be viewed, it is indeed of infinite importance. It is important to the respondent, to the full amount of his good name and reputation, and of that little portion of happiness the small residue of his life may afford. It is important to you, senators and judges, inasmuch as you value the judgment which posterity shall pass upon the proceedings of this day ; it is important to our country, as she estimates her character, for sound, dignified and impartial justice, in the eyes of a judging world. The little, busy vortex, that plays immediately round the scene of action, considers this proceeding merely as the trial of Judge Chase, and gaze upon him as the only person interested in the result ! This is a false and imperfect view of the case—It is not the trial of Judge Chase alone —it is a trial between him and his country ; and that country is as dearly interested as the Judge can be, in a fair and impartial investigation of the case, and in a just and honest decision of it. There is yet another dread tribunal to which we should not be inattentive—we should look to it with solemn impressions of respect. It is POSTERITY. The race of men that will come after us—when all the false glare and false importance of the times shall pass away—when things shall settle down into a state of placid tranquillity, and lose that bustling motion which deceives with false appearances—when you, most honourable senators, who sit here to judge, as well as

Digitized by Google

the respondent, who sits to be judged, shall alike rest in the silence of the tomb: then comes the faithful, the scrutinizing historian, who, without fear or favour will record the transaction; then comes a just and impartial posterity, who, without regard to persons or to dignities, will decide upon your decision—then, I trust, the high honour and integrity of this court, will stand recorded in the pure language of deserved praise, and this day will be remembered in the annals of our land, as honourable to the respondent, to his judges, and to the justice of our country.

We have heard, sir, from the honourable managers who have addressed you, many harsh expressions—I hope, sir, they will do no harm; we have been told of the respondent's "unholy sins," which, even the heavenly expiation of sincere repentance cannot wash away; we have been told of his volumes of guilt, every page of which calls loudly for punishment. This sort of language, but pursues the same spirit of asperity and reproach, which was begun in the replication to our answer. But we come here, sir, not to complain of any thing; we come, expecting to bear and to forbear much. It does indeed seem to me, that the replication filed by the honourable manager on behalf of the house of representatives and all the people, carries with it more acrimony, than either the occasion, or their dignity demanded. It may be said they have resorted for it to English precedent, and framed it from the replication filed in the celebrated case of Warren Hastings: there is however, no similarity between that case and ours—Precedents might have been found more mild in their character, and more adapted to the circumstances of our case. The impeachment of Hastings was not instituted on a petty catalogue of frivolous occurrences, more calculated to excite ridicule than apprehension; but for the alleged murder of princes and plunder of

Digitized by Google

empires. If, however, the choice of this case as a precedent for our pleadings, has exposed us to some unpleasant expressions, it also furnishes to us abundance of consolation and hope.—There the most splendid talents that ever adorned the British nation were strained to their utmost exertion, to crush the devoted victim of malignant persecution—but in vain—The stern integrity, the enlightened perception, the immovable justice of his judges, stood as a barrier between him and destruction, and safely protected him from the fury of the storm. So, I trust in God, it will be with us.

A very strange and unexpected effort has been made sir, to raise a prejudice against the respondent on this occasion, by exciting, or rather forcing, a sympathy for John Fries. We have heard him most pathetically described, as the ignorant, the friendless, the innocent John Fries.—The *ignorant* John Fries! Is this the man who undertook to decide that a law, which had passed the wisdom of the Congress of the United States, was impolitic and unconstitutional; and who stood so confident of this opinion, as to maintain it at the point of the bayonet? He will not thank the gentleman for this compliment, or accept the plea of ignorance as an apology for his crimes. The *friendless* John Fries! Is this the man who was able to draw round himself a band of bold and determined adherents, resolved to defend him and his wild doctrines, at the risque of their own lives, and of the lives of all who should dare to oppose? Is this the John Fries who had power and friends enough, actually to suspend, for a considerable time, the authority of the United States over a large district of country; to prevent the execution of the laws, and to command and compel the officers appointed to execute the law, to abandon the duties of their appointment, and lay the authority of the government at the feet of this friendless usurper?—The

Digitized by Google

innocent John Fries! Is this the man, against whom a most respectable grand jury of Pennsylvania, in 1799, found a bill of indictment for high treason; and who was afterwards convicted by another jury, equally impartial and respectable, with the approbation, and under the direction of a judge, whose humanity and conduct on that very occasion, has received the most unqualified praise of the honourable manager who thus sympathizes with Fries? Is this the John Fries against whom a second grand jury, in 1800, found another bill for the same offence, founded on the same facts; and who was again convicted by a just and conscientious petit jury? Is this *innocent* German the man, who, in pursuance of a wicked opposition to the power and laws of the United States, and a mad confidence in his ability to maintain that opposition, rescued the prisoners duly arrested by the officers of the government, and placed those very officers under duresse; who, with arms in his hands and menace on his tongue—arrayed himself, in military order and strength—put to hazard the safety and peace of the country, and threatened us with all the desolation, bloodshed and horror of civil war? who at the moment of his desperate attack, cried out to his infatuated followers, "Come on, I shall probably fall on the first fire, then strike, stab, and kill all you can?" In the fervid imagination of the honourable manager, the widow and orphans of this man, even before he is dead, are made, in hypothesis, to cry at the judgment seat of God, against the respondent; and his blood, though not a drop of it has been spilt, is seen to stain the pure ermine of justice. I confess, sir, as a Pennsylvanian, whose native state has been disgraced with two rebellions in the short period of four years, my ear was strangely struck, to hear the leaders of one of them addressed with such friendly ten-

Digitized by Google

derness, and honoured with such flattering sympathy by the honourable manager.

It is not unusual, sir, in public prosecutions, for the accused to appeal to his general life and conduct in refutation of the charges. How proudly may the respondent make this appeal. He is charged with a violent attempt to violate the laws and constitution of his country, and destroy the best liberties of his fellow citizens. Look, sir, to his past life, to the constant course of his opinions and conduct, and the improbability of its charge is manifest. Look to the days of doubt and danger; look to that glorious struggle so long and so doubtfully maintained for that independence we now enjoy, for those rights of self government you now exercise, and do you not see the respondent among the boldest of the bold, never sinking in hope, or in exertion; aiding by his talents, and encouraging by his spirit; in short, putting his property and his life in issue on the contest, and making the loss of both certain, by the active part he assumed, should his country fail of success. And does this man, who thus gave all his possessions, all his energies, all his hopes to his country and to the liberties of this American people, now employ the small and feeble remnant of his days, without interest or object, to pull down and destroy that very fabric of freedom, that very government, and those very rights he so laboured to establish? It is not credible; it cannot be credited, but on proof infinitely stronger than any thing that has been offered to this honourable court on this occasion. Indiscretions may have been hunted out by the perseverance of persecution; but I trust most confidently, that the just, impartial, and dignified sentence of this honourable court, will completely establish to our country and to the world, that the respondent has fully and honourably justified himself against the charges now exhibited against him, and has dis-

Digitized by Google

charged his official duties, not only with the talents which are conceded to him, but with an integrity which is infinitely more dear to him.

LESSON XCI.

Extract from Demosthenes' first Oration against Philip.

IF there be a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies* which attend him; and, on the other, the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions: he thinks justly. Yet, let him reflect on this; there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round: when many of those states, now subjected to him, were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner—*How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of all assistance!*—he would not have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes,† laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are

* *The numerous armies*, &c. The number of Philip's forces at that time amounted to twenty thousand foot and three thousand horse: a great army compared with those of the Greeks. At their march to Marathon, the Athenians could not assemble more than ten thousand forces. *Tourreil.*

† *But prizes*, &c. His hearers were of all others most devoted to public games and entertainments, and must therefore have been particularly sensible of the beauty of this image.

Digitized by Google

in the field ; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole countries ; he holds all people in subjection : some, as by the right of conquest ; others, under the title of allies and confederates ; for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you, my countrymen ! will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments : if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself a useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand : if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field : in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains,—that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required ; you then (if heaven so pleases) shall regain your dominions, recall those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that, like a god, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians ! there are who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind ; nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence ! for you see how we are situated ; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet ; but braves you with his menaces ; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance : and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of farther

Digitized by Google

conquests; and while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, encloses us on all sides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen, when will you exert your vigour? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct, is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, *What new advices?* Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece?—*Is Philip dead?**—*No, but in great danger.* ——How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus regarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him, should Fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the state, than we ourselves, now repeat her favours; (and may she thus crown them!)—be assured of this, that by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters; but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis,† you could not take possession of it, while this suspense prevails in your designs and in your councils.

* *Is Philip dead*, &c. These rumours and inquiries of the Athenians were occasioned by the wound Philip received at Methone, the year before, and which was followed by a dangerous fit of sickness.—Longinus quotes this whole passage as a beautiful instance of those pathetic figures, which give life, and force, and energy, to an oration *Tourreil.*

† *Present you with Amphipolis*, &c. They had nothing more at heart than the recovery of this city. So that the author here gives the last and most heightening stroke to his description of their indolence. *Tourreil.*

Digitized by Google

LESSON XCII.

Extract from Demosthenes' second Olynthiac Oration.

AND be not ignorant of this, Athenians! that a decree is of no signification, unless attended with resolution and alacrity to execute it. For were decrees of themselves sufficient to engage you to perform your duty; could they even execute the things which they enact; so many would not have been made to so little, or rather to no good purpose; nor would the insolence of Philip have had so long a date. For if decrees can punish, he hath long since felt all their fury. But they have no such power: for though proposing and resolving be first in order; yet, in force and efficacy, action is superior. Let this then be your principal concern; the others you cannot want: for you have men among you capable of advising, and you are of all people most acute in apprehending: now, let your interest direct you, and it will be in your power to be as remarkable for acting. What season indeed, what opportunity do you wait for, more favourable than the present? or when will you exert your vigour, if not now, my countrymen? Hath not this man seized all those places that were ours? should he become master of this country too, must we not sink into the lowest state of infamy? are not they whom we have promised to assist, whenever they are engaged in war, now attacked themselves? Is he not our enemy? is he not in possession of our dominions? is he not a barbarian?* is he not every base thing words can express? If we are insensible to all this, if we almost aid his designs;—Heavens! can we

* *A barbarian?* This was the term of reproach which the Greeks applied to all other nations: nor were the Macedonians excepted.

Digitized by Google

then ask to whom the consequences are owing? Yes, I know full well, we never will impute them to ourselves. Just as in the dangers of the field: not one of those who fly will accuse himself; he will rather blame the general, or his fellow-soldiers: yet every single man that fled was accessary to the defeat: he who blames others might have maintained his own post; and had every man maintained his, success must have ensued. Thus then, in the present case, is there a man whose counsel seems liable to objection? let the next rise, and not inveigh against him, but declare his own opinion. Doth another offer some more salutary counsel? pursue it, in the name of Heaven!——*But then it is not pleasing.*——This is not the fault of the speaker, unless in that he hath neglected to express his affection in prayers and wishes. To pray is easy, Athenians! and in one petition may be collected as many instances of good fortune as we please. To determine justly, when affairs are to be considered, is not so easy. But what is most useful, should ever be preferred to that which is agreeable, where both cannot be obtained.

LESSON XCIII.

Extract from Demosthenes' third Oration against Philip.

AND now what could be the reason (you may possibly ask with surprise) that the people of Olynthus, and those of Eretria, and those of Oreum, all attended with greater pleasure to the advocates of Philip than to their own friends? The same reason which prevails here. Because they who are engaged on the part of truth and justice, can never, even if they were inclined, advance any thing to

Digitized by Google

recommend themselves to favour : their whole concern is for the welfare of the state. The others need but to soothe and flatter, in order to second the designs of Philip. The one press for supplies ; the others insist that they are not wanted : the one call their countrymen to battle, and alarm them with apprehensions of danger ; the others are ever recommending peace, until the toils come too near to be escaped. And thus, on all occasions, one set of men speak but to insinuate themselves into the affections of their fellow-citizens ; the other to preserve them from ruin : till, at last, the interests of the state are given up ; not corruptly or ignorantly, but from a desperate purpose of yielding to the fate of a constitution thought to be irrecoverably lost. And, by the powers of heaven ! I dread, that this may prove your case ; when you find that reflection cannot serve you ! And when I turn my eyes to the men who have reduced you to this, it is not terror that I feel ; it is the utmost detestation. For, whether they act through design or ignorance, the distress to which they are reducing us is manifest. But far be this distress from us, Athenians ! It were better to die ten thousand deaths, than to be guilty of a servile complaisance to Philip, and to abandon any of your faithful counsellors ! The people of Oreum have now met a noble return for their confidence in Philip's creatures, and their violence towards Euphræus. The Eretrians are nobly rewarded for driving out our ambassadors, and committing their affairs to Clitarchus. Captivity, and stripes, and racks are their reward. Great was his indulgence to the Olynthians, for choosing Lasthenes their general, and banishing Apollonides. It were folly and baseness to be amused with such false hopes as theirs, when neither our counsels direct us, nor our inclinations prompt us, to the pursuit of our true interests ; and to suffer those who speak for our enemies, to persuade us

Digitized by Google

that the state is too powerful to be affected by any accident whatever. It is shameful to cry out, when some event hath surprised us, *Heavens! who could have expected this? We should have acted thus and thus; and avoided these and these errors.* There are many things the Olynthians can now mention, which, if foreseen in time, would have prevented their destruction. The people of Oreum can mention many: those of Phocis many: every state that hath been destroyed can mention many such things. But what doth it avail them now? While the vessel is safe, whether it be great or small, the mariner, the pilot, every person should exert himself in his particular station, and preserve it from being wrecked, either by villany or unskilfulness. But when the sea hath once broken in, all care is vain. And therefore, Athenians! while we are yet safe, possessed of a powerful city, favoured with many resources, our reputation illustrious——What are we to do? (perhaps some have sat with impatience to ask.)——I shall now give my opinion, and propose it in form; that, if approved, your voices may confirm it.

Having, in the first place, provided for your defence, fitted out your navy, raised your supplies, and arrayed your forces (for although all other people should submit to slavery, you should still contend for freedom); having made such a provision (I say), and this in the sight of Greece, then we are to call others to their duty; and, for this purpose, to send ambassadors into all parts, to Peloponnesus, to Rhodes, to Chios, and even to the KING (for he is by no means unconcerned in opposing the rapidity of this man's progress). If ye prevail, ye will have sharers in the dangers and expense which may arise; at least you may gain some respite; and as we are engaged against a single person, and not the united powers of a commonwealth, this may be of advantage;

Digitized by Google

as were those embassies of last year into Peloponnesus, and those remonstrances which were made in several places by me, and Polydatus, that true patriot, and Hegesippus, and Clitomachus, and Lycurgus, and the other ministers; which checked his progress, prevented his attack of Ambracia, and secured Peloponnesus from an invasion.

I do not mean that we should endeavour to raise that spirit abroad, which we ourselves are unwilling to assume. It would be absurd to neglect our own interests, and yet pretend a regard to the common cause: or, while we are insensible to present dangers, to think of alarming others with apprehensions of futurity. No: let us provide the forces in the Chersonesus with money, and every thing else that they desire. Let us begin with vigour on our part; then call upon the other Greeks; convene, instruct, exhort them. Thus it becomes a state of such dignity as ours. If you think the protection of Greece may be entrusted to the Chalcidians and Megaræns, and so desert its cause, you do not think justly. It will be well if they can protect themselves. No: this is your province; this is that prerogative transmitted from your ancestors, the reward of all their many, and glorious, and great dangers. If every man sits down in ease and indulgence, and studies only to avoid trouble, he will certainly find no one to supply his place; and I am also apprehensive, that we may be forced into all that trouble to which we are so averse. Were there persons to act in our stead, our inactivity would have long since discovered them: but there are really none.

You have now heard my sentiments. You have heard the measures I propose, and by which I apprehend our affairs may be yet retrieved. If any man can offer some more salutary course, let him arise, and declare his

Digitized by Google

opinion. And whatever be your resolution, the gods grant that we may feel its good effects.

LESSON XCIV.

Extract from Demosthenes' Oration on the Regulation of the State.

THUS it lately happened—(Let no man interrupt me: let me have a patient hearing)—that some persons broke into the treasury. The speakers all instantly exclaimed, *Our free constitution is overturned: our laws are no more.* And now, ye men of Athens! judge, if I speak with reason. They who are guilty of this crime, justly deserve to die; but, by such offenders, our constitution is not overturned. Again, some oars have been stolen from our arsenal.—*Stripes and tortures for the villain! our constitution is subverted!* This is the general cry. But what is my opinion? This criminal, like the others hath deserved to die: but, if some are criminal, our constitution is not therefore subverted. There is no man who dares openly and boldly to declare, in what case our constitution is subverted. But I shall declare it. When you, Athenians! become a helpless rabble, without conduct, without property, without arms, without order, without unanimity; when neither general, nor any other person, hath the least respect for your decrees; when no man dares to inform you of this your condition, to urge the necessary reformation, much less to exert his efforts to effect it—*then is your constitution subverted.* And this is now the case.

But, O my fellow-citizens! a language of a different nature hath poured in upon us; false, and highly dan-

Digitized by Google

gerous to the state. Such is that assertion, that in your tribunals is your great security; that your right of suffrage is the real bulwark of the constitution. That these tribunals are our common resource in all private contests, I acknowledge: but, it is by arms we are to subdue our enemies, by arms we are to defend our state. It is not by our decrees that we can conquer. To those, on the contrary, who fight our battles with success, to those we owe the power of decreeing, of transacting all our affairs, without control or danger. In arms, then, let us be terrible; in our judicial transactions, humane.

LESSON XCV.

Extract from Cicero's First Oration against Catiline.

HOW far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shall thy frantic rage baffle the efforts of justice? To what height meanest thou to carry thy daring insolence? Art thou nothing daunted by the nocturnal watch posted to secure the Palatium? nothing by the city guards? nothing by the consternation of the people? nothing by the union of all the wise and worthy citizens? nothing by the senate's assembling in this place of strength? nothing by the looks and countenances of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy designs are brought to light? that the senators are thoroughly apprized of thy conspiracy? that they are acquainted with thy last night's practices; with the practices of the night before; with the place of meeting, the company summoned together, and the measures concerted? Alas, for our degeneracy! alas, for the depravity of the times! The senate is apprized of all this, the consul beholds it; yet

Digitized by Google

the traitor lives. Lives! did I say? he even comes into the senate; he shares in the public deliberations; he marks us out with his eye for destruction. While we, bold in our country's cause, think we have sufficiently discharged our duty to the state, if we can but escape his rage and deadly darts. Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee for execution; and pointed upon thy own head that ruin thou hast been long meditating against us all. Could that illustrious citizen, Publius Scipio, sovereign pontiff, but invested with no public magistracy, kill Tiberius Gracchus for raising some slight commotions in the commonwealth; and shall we consuls suffer Catiline to live, who aims at laying waste the world with fire and sword? I omit, as too remote, the example of Q. Servilius Ahala, who with his own hand slew Spurius Melius, for plotting a revolution in the state. Such, such was the virtue of this republic in former times, that her brave sons punished more severely a factious citizen, than the most inveterate public enemy. We have a weighty and vigorous decree of the senate against you, Catiline; the commonwealth wants not wisdom, nor this house authority: but we, we the consuls, I speak it openly, are wanting in our duty.

A decree once passed in the senate, enjoining the consul L. Opimius to take care that the commonwealth received no detriment. The very same day Caius Gracchus was killed for some slight suspicions of treason, though descended of a father, grandfather, and ancestors, all eminent for their services to the state. Marcus Fulvius too, a man of consular dignity, with his children, underwent the same fate. By a like decree of the senate, the care of the commonwealth was committed to the consuls C. Marius and L. Valerius. Was a single day permitted to pass, before L. Saturninus, tribune of the people, and C. Servilius the prætor, satisfied by their death the justice of

Digitized by Google

their country? But we, for these twenty days, have suffered the authority of the senate to languish in our hands. For we too have a like decree, but it rests among our records like a sword in the scabbard; a decree, O Catiline, by which you ought to have suffered immediate death. Yet still you live; nay more, you live, not to lay aside, but to harden yourself in your audacious guilt. I could wish, conscript fathers, to be merciful; I could wish too not to appear remiss when my country is threatened with danger; but now I begin to reproach myself with negligence and want of courage. A camp is formed in Italy, upon the very borders of Etruria, against the commonwealth. The enemy increase daily in number. At the same time we behold their general and leader within our walls; nay, in the senate-house itself, plotting daily some intestine mischief against the state. Should I order you, Catiline, to be instantly seized and put to death, I have reason to believe, I should rather be reproached with slowness than cruelty. But at present certain reasons restrain me from this step, which indeed ought to have been taken long ago. Thou shalt then suffer death, when not a man is to be found, so wicked, so desperate, so like thyself, as not to own it was done justly. As long as there is one who dares to defend thee, thou shalt live; and live so as thou now dost, surrounded by the numerous and powerful guards which I have placed about thee, so as not to suffer thee to stir a foot against the republic; whilst the eyes and ears of many shall watch thee, as they have hitherto done, when thou little thoughtest of it.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XCVI.

Extract from Cicero's second Oration against Catiline.

BUT some there are, Romans, who assert, that I have driven Catiline into banishment. And indeed, could words compass it, I would not scruple to drive them into exile too. Catiline, to be sure, was so very timorous and modest, that he could not stand the words of the consul; but being ordered into banishment, he immediately acquiesced and obeyed. Yesterday, when I ran so great a hazard of being murdered in my own house, I assembled the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, and laid the whole affair before the conscript fathers. When Catiline came thither, did so much as one senator accost or salute him? In fine, did they regard him only as a desperate citizen, and not rather as an outrageous enemy? Nay, the consular senators quitted that part of the house where he sat, and left the whole house clear to him. Here I, that violent consul, who by a single word drives citizens into banishment, demanded of Catiline, whether he had or had not been in the nocturnal meeting in the house of M. Lecca. And when he, the most audacious of men, struck dumb by self-conviction, returned no answer, I laid open the whole to the senate; acquainting them with the transactions of that night, where he had been, what was reserved for the next, and how he had settled the whole plan of the war. As he appeared disconcerted and speechless, I asked what hindered his going upon an expedition, which he had so long prepared for; when I knew that he had already sent before him arms, axes, rods, trumpets, military ensigns, and that silver eagle, to which he had raised an impious altar in his own house. Can I be said to have driven into banishment a man who had

Digitized by Google

already commenced hostilities against his country? Or is it credible that Manlius, an obscure centurion, who has pitched his camp upon the plains of Fesulæ, would declare war against the Roman people in his own name; that the forces under him do not now expect Catiline for their general; or that he, submitting to a voluntary banishment, has, as some pretend, repaired to Marseilles, and not to the before mentioned camp?

O wretched condition, not only of governing, but even of preserving the state! For should Catiline, discouraged and disconcerted by my counsels, vigilance, and strenuous care of the republic, be seized with a sudden dread, change his resolution, desert his party, quit his hostile designs, and alter his course of war and guilt, into that of flight and banishment; it will not then be said, that I have wrested out of his hands the weapons of insolence, that I have astonished and confounded him by my diligence, and that I have driven him from all his hopes and schemes: but he will be considered as a man innocent and uncondemned, who has been forced into banishment by the threats and violence of the consul. Nay there are, who in this event would think him not wicked, but unhappy; and me not a vigilant consul, but a cruel tyrant. But I little regard this storm of bitter and undeserved censure, provided I can screen you from the danger of this dreadful and impious war. Let him only go into banishment, and I am content it be ascribed to my threats. But believe me, he has no design to go. My desire of avoiding public envy, Romans, shall never induce me to wish you may hear of Catiline's being at the head of an army, and traversing in a hostile manner the territories of the republic. But assuredly you will hear it in three days; and I have much greater reason to fear being censured for letting him escape, than that I forced him to quit the city. But if men are so perverse as to complain

Digitized by Google

of his being driven away, what would they have said if he had been put to death ? Yet there is not one of those who talk of his going to Marseilles, but would be sorry for it if it was true ; and with all the concern they express for him, they had much rather hear of his being in Manlius's camp. As for himself, had he never before thought of the project he is now engaged in, yet such is his particular turn of mind, that he would rather fall as a robber, than live as an exile. But now, as nothing has happened contrary to his expectation and desire, except that I was left alive when he quitted Rome ; let us rather wish he may go into banishment, than complain of it.

LESSON XCVII.

Extract from Cicero's third Oration against Catiline.

BUT not to be tedious, Romans, I at last ordered the letters to be produced, which were said to be sent by the different parties. I first showed Cethegus his seal ; which he owning, I opened and read the letter. It was written with his own hand, and addressed to the senate and people of the Allobrogians, signifying, that he would make good what he had promised to their ambassadors, and entreating them also to perform what the ambassadors had undertaken for them. Then Cethegus, who a little before being interrogated about the arms that were found at his house, had answered, that he was always particularly fond of neat arms ; upon hearing his letter read, was so dejected, confounded, and self-convicted, that he could not utter a word in his own defence. Statilius was then brought in, and acknowledged his hand and seal ; and when his letter was read, to the same purpose with

Digitized by Google

that of Cethegus, he confessed it to be his own. Then Lentulus's letter was produced. I asked if he knew the seal? he owned he did. It is, indeed, said I, a well-known seal; the head of your illustrious grandfather, so distinguished for his love to his country and fellow-citizens, that it is amazing the very sight of it was not sufficient to restrain you from so black a treason. His letter directed to the senate and people of the Allobroges, was of the same import with the other two: but having leave to speak for himself, he at first denied the whole charge, and began to question the ambassadors and Vulturcius, what business they ever had with him, and on what occasion they came to his house? To which they gave clear and distinct answers; signifying by whom, and how often they had been introduced to him; and then asked him in their turn, whether he had ever mentioned any thing to them about the Sibylline oracles? upon which being confounded, or infatuated rather by the sense of his guilt, he gave a remarkable proof of the great force of conscience: for, not only his usual parts and eloquence, but his impudence too, in which he outdid all men, quite failed him: so that he confessed his crime, to the surprise of the whole assembly. Then Vulturcius desired that the letter to Catiline, which Lentulus had sent by him, might be opened; where Lentulus again, though greatly disordered, acknowledged his hand and seal. It was written without any name, but to this effect: "You will know who I am, from him whom I have sent "to you. Take care to show yourself a man, and recol-"lect in what situation you are, and consider what is now "necessary for you. Be sure to make use of the assist-"ance of all, even of the lowest." Gabinius was then introduced, and behaved impudently for a while; but at last denied nothing of what the ambassadors charged him with. And indeed, Romans, though their letters, seals,

Digitized by Google

hands, and lastly their several voluntary confessions, were strong and convincing evidences of their guilt; yet had I still clearer proofs of it from their looks, change of colour, countenances, and silence. For such was their amazement, such their downcast looks, such their stolen glances one at another, that they seemed not so much convicted by the information of others, as detected by the consciousness of their own guilt.

Digitized by Google

POETRY.

THE exercise afforded the mind, in turning poetry into prose, is both pleasing and instructive; it refines the taste—elevates the understanding—and strengthens the faculty whereby obscurity is made plain and beauty heightened.

LESSON I.

On Time.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthy grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over death, and chance, and thee,
O Time!

Digitized by Google

LESSON II.

Retirement.

I PRAISE the Frenchman,* his remark was shrewd—
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet,
Yet neither these delights, nor aught beside,
That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,
Can save us always from a tedious day,
Or shine the dullness of still life away;
Divine communion, carefully enjoy'd,
Or sought with energy must fill the void,
O sacred art, to which alone life owes
Its happiest seasons, and a peaceful close,
Scorn'd in a world, indebted to that scorn
For evils daily felt and hardly borne,
Not knowing thee, we reap with bleeding hands
Flow'rs of rank odour upon thorny lands,
And, while Experience cautions us in vain,
Grasp seeming happiness, but find it pain.
Despondence, self deserted in her grief,
Lost by abandoning her own relief,
Murmuring and ungrateful Discontent,
That scorns afflictions mercifully meant,
Those humours tart as wines upon the fret,
Which idleness and weariness beget;
These, and a thousand plagues, that haunt the breast,
Fond of the phantom of an earthly rest,
Divine communion chases, as the day
Drives to their dens th' obedient beasts of prey.

* Bruyere.

Digitized by Google

See Judah's promis'd king, bereft of all,
Driv'n out an exile from the face of Saul ;
To distant caves the lonely wand'rer flies,
To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.
Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,
Hear him o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, yet rejoice ;
No womanish or wailing grief has part,
No, not a moment, in his royal heart ;
'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,
Suff'ring with gladness for a Saviour's sake ;
His soul exults, hope animates his lays,
The sense of mercy kindles into praise,
And wilds, familiar with a lion's roar,
Ring with exstatic sounds unheard before ;
'Tis love like this, that can alone defeat
The foes of man, or make a desert sweet.
Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumber'd pleasures harmlessly pursu'd ;
To study culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil ;
To give dissimilar, yet fruitful lands,
The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands ;
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
Aud share the joys your bounty may create ;
To mark the matchless workings of the pow'r,
That shuts within its seed the future flow'r,
Bid these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell,
Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on Earth, and charm all human eyes ;
To teach the canvas innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
These, these are arts pursu'd without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of Time.

Digitized by Google

My poetry, (or rather notes that aim
Feebly and vainly at poetic fame,)
Employs, shut out from more important views,
Fast by the banks of the slow winding Ouse;
Content if thus sequester'd I may raise
A monitor's, though not a poet's praise,
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

LESSON III.

The Faithful Bird.

THE green-house is my summer seat:
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat
Enjoy'd the open air;
Two Goldfinches, whose sprightly song,
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
That after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

Digitized by Google

The open windows seem'd t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight :
  But Tom was still confin'd :
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too gen'rous and sincere,
  To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp and kiss, he seem'd to say,
  You must not live alone—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
Till I with slow and cautious hand,
  Return'd him to his own.

O ye who never taste the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
  Fandango, ball, and rout !
Blush, when I tell you how a bird,
A prison with a friend preferr'd
  To liberty without.

LESSON IV.

The Glow Worm.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
  A worm is known to stray,
That shows by night a lucid beam,
  Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
  From whence his rays proceed ;
Some give that honour to his tail,
  And others to his head.

Digitized by Google

But this is sure—the hand of might,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives *him* a modicum of light
Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid the trav'ller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod;

Nor crush a worm whose useful light
Might serve however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis pow'r almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

LESSON V.

Indolence Reproved—Sun Rising, &c.

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake,
And springing from the bed of sloth enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song!

Digitized by Google

For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
To die in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul !
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd and tossing through distemper'd dreams !
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk ?
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light !
Of all material beings first, and best !
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne
Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years : to *Mercury*, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train !
Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs

Digitized by Google

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,
By the sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High seen, the Seasons lead in sprightly dance,
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom etherial the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
  Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnished War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Digitized by Google

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes,
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes,
Its hue cerulean; and of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening Opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

Digitized by Google

How shall I then attempt to sing of *Him !*
Who, *Light Himself*, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky :
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faltering tongue of Man,
Almighty Father ! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice ;
Even in the depth of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celestial *Thee* resound,
The eternal cause, support, and end of all !

LESSON VI.

The Wisdom of God.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught were form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd the pride of art !
A critic-fly whose feeble-ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.

Digitized by Google

And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things,
Mark'd their dependance so and firm accord
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought ? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss !
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling turns ?
Till then alone, let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

LESSON VII.

Sunset.

THE sun has lost his rage : his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre : that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth,
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul ;

Digitized by Google

To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light ;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day :
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;
By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd.

LESSON VIII.

Philosophy.

WITH thee, serene *Philosophy*, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song !
Effusive source of evidence, and truth !
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer noon ; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear : with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
The First up-tracing, from the dreary void,

Digitized by Google

The chain of causes and effects to *Him*,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being ; while the Last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence *Poetry* exalts
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !
Without thee, what were unenlightened Man ?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey ; and with the unfashioned fur
Rough-clad ; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his : nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wint'ry pole ;
Mother severe of infinite delights !
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse ; but taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace ;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, *Philosophy* directs
The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out and bears the inferior world along.

Digitized by Google

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth,
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
Creation through ; and from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the *Sole Being* right, who spoke the word,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train :
To reason, then, deducing truth from truth ;
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills *Eternal Providence*, sits deep,
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of *God*,
By boundless *Love* and perfect *Wisdom* form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

LESSON IX.

Rural Life.

O KNEW he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he ; who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the *Rural Life*.

Digitized by Google

What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
Vile intercourse ! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools ; oppress him not ?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death ? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
Or in the wint'ry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;

Digitized by Google

Unsullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased ;
Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

LESSON X.

The Variety of Constitution in the Minds of Men.

BUT not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveiled. For while the claims
Of social life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wisest care
Hath nature on the multitude of minds
Impressed a various bias ; and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven. To some she gave
To search the story of eternal thought ;
Of space, and time ; of fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
Were destined : some within a finer mould
She wrought, and tempered with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds,
In fuller aspects and with fairer lights,
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty sketches of his hand :
In earth or air, the meadow's flow'ry store,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien

Digitized by Google

Dressed in attractive smiles, they see pourtrayed
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait scan)
Those lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind supreme. They also feel their force,
Enamoured : they partake the eternal joy.

LESSON XI.

General Character of a Fine Imagination.

SAY, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation ; why empowered
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join
In contest with his equals, who shall best
The task achieve, the course of noble toils,
By wisdom and by mercy pre-ordained ?
Might send him forth the sovereign good to learn
To chase each meaner purpose from his breast ;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the pelting storms of chance and pain,
To hold straight on with constant heart and eye
Still fixed upon his everlasting palm,
The approving smile of heaven ? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That seeks from day to day sublimer ends ;
Happy, though restless ? Why departs the soul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,
To grasp the good she knows not ? In the field
Of things which may be, in the spacious field

Digitized by Google

Of science, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
To raise up scenes in which her own desires
Contented may repose ; when things, which are,
Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale :
Her temper, still demanding to be free ;
Spurning the rude control of wilful might ;
Proud of her dangers braved, her grief endured,
Her strength severely proved ; to these high aims,
Which reason and affection prompt in man,
Not adverse nor unapt hath nature framed
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world presents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breast
E'er doubts, before the transient and minute,
To prize the vast, the stable, the sublime ?
Who, that from heights aërial sends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and surveys
Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
Through mountains, plains, through spacious cities old,
And regions dark with woods ; will turn away
To mark the path of some penurious rill
Which murmureth at his feet ? Where does the soul
Consent her soaring fancy to restrain
Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings,
Destined for highest heaven ; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers shall confine her flight
To any humbler quarry ? The rich earth
Cannot detain her ; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy
She hovers o'er the sun, and views the small
Attendant orbs, beneath his sacred beam,
Emerging from the deep like cluster'd isles
Whose rocky shores to the glad sailor's eye
Reflect the gleams of morning : for a while
With pride she sees his firm, paternal sway

Digitized by Google

Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But soon she quits
That prospect: meditating loftier views,
She darts adventurous up the long career
Of comets; through the constellations holds
Her course, and now looks back on all the stars
Whose blended flames as with a milky stream
Part the blue region. Empyrean tracts,
Where happy souls beyond their concave heaven
Abide, she then explores, whence purer light
For countless ages travels through the abyss
Nor hath in sight of mortals yet arrived.
Upon the wide creation's utmost shore
At length she stands, and the dread space beyond
Contemplates, half recoiling: nathless down
The gloomy void, astonished, yet unquelled,
She plungeth; down the unfathomable gulf
Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
Rest at the fatal goal. For, from the birth
Of human kind, the Sovereign Maker said
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find contentment; but, from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through nature's opening walks enlarge her aim,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection fill the scene.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XII.

The Natural of Beauty, Truth and Good.

YE chiefly gentle band
Of youths and virgins, who through many a wish
And many a fond pursuit, as in some scene
Of magic bright and fleeting, are allured
By various beauty ; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean, on bless'd religion's seat
Presenting superstition's gloomy form,
To dash your soothing hopes : I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
And scare you from your joys. My cheerful song
With happier omens calls you to the field,
Pleased with your generous ardour in the chase,
And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
Doth beauty ever deign to dwell where use
And aptitude are strangers ? is her praise
Confessed in aught whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless ? or did nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie,
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And win each fond admirer into snares,
Foiled, baffled ? No. With better providence
The general mother, conscious how infirm,
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
Thus, to the choice of credulous desire,
Doth objects the completest of their tribe
Distinguish and commend. Yon flowery bank
Clothed in the soft magnificence of spring,

Digitized by Google

Will not the flocks approve it ? will they ask
The reedy fen for pasture ? That clear rill
Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,
Yields it less wholesome beverage to the worn
And thirsty traveller, than the standing pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown ? yon ragged vine
Whose lean and sullen clusters mourn the rage
Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
Report of her, as of the swelling grape
Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
When first it meets the sun ? Or what are all
The various charms to life and sense adjoined ?
Are they not pledges of a state entire,
Where native order reigns, with every part
In health, and every function well performed ?
  Thus then at first was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world. For truth and good are one :
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie ?
O ! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
Which beauty seems to deck, nor once enquire
Where is the suffrage of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly ? Wanting these,
Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace ;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
That kindliest inmate of the youthful breast,
Be hence appalled ; be turned to coward sloth
Sitting in silence, with dejected eyes
Incurious and with folded hands. Far less
Let scorn of wild fantastic folly's dreams,

Digitized by Google

Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride,
Persuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
The sacred lore of undeceitful good
And truth eternal.

LESSON XIII.

Virtue.

THUS, through the paths
Of human life, in various pomp arrayed,
Walks the wise daughter of the judge of heaven,
Fair virtue ; from her father's throne supreme
Sent down to utter laws, such as on earth
Most apt he knew, most powerful to promote
The weal of all his works, the gracious end
Of his dread empire. And though haply man's
Obscurer sight, so far beyond himself
And the brief labours of his little home,
Extends not ; yet, by the bright presence won
Of this divine instructress, to her sway
Pleased he assents, nor heeds the distant goal
To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
Still looking toward his own high purpose, fixed
The virtues of his creatures ; thus he rules
The parent's fondness and the patriot's zeal ;
Thus the warm sense of honour and of shame ;
The vows of gratitude, the faith of love ;
And all the comely intercourse of praise,
The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XIV.

The Wealth of Mind.

YET indistinct
In vulgar bosoms, and unnoticed lie
These pleasing stores, unless the casual force
Of things external prompt the heedless mind
To recognize her wealth. But some there are
Conscious of nature, and the rule which man
O'er nature holds: some who, within themselves
Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance
And momentary passion, can at will
Call up these fair exemplars of the mind,
Review their features, scan the secret laws
Which bind them to each other, and display,
By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense
Of all the world their latent charms display:
E'en as in nature's frame (if such a word,
If such a word, so bold, may from the lips
Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
Of things, the Great Artificer portrays
His own immense idea. Various names
These among mortals bear, as various signs
They use and by peculiar organs speak
To human sense. There are, who, by the flight
Of air through tubes with moving stops distinct,
Or by extended chords in measure taught
To vibrate, can assemble powerful sounds,
Expressing every temper of the mind
From every cause, and charming all the soul
With passion void of care. Others mean time
The rugged mass of metal, wood or stone,
Patiently taming; or with easier hand

Digitized by Google

Describing lines, and with more ample scope
Uniting colours ; can to general sight
Produce those permanent and perfect forms
Those characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
Their own high minds created. But the chief
Are poets ; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the soul admires or loves
With language and with numbers. Hence to these
A field is opened wide as nature's sphere ;
Nay, wider : various as the sudden acts
Of human wit, and vast as the demands
Of human will. The bard, nor length, nor depth,
Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
To every organ of the copious mind,
He offereth all its treasures. Him the hours,
The seasons him obey : and changeful time
Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,
At will outstrip it. To enhance his toil,
He summoneth from the uttermost extent
Of things which God hath taught him, every form
Auxiliar, every power : and all beside
Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
Gives to corporeal essence, life and sense
And every stately function of the soul.
The soul itself to him obsequious lies,
Like matter's passive heap ; and as he wills,
To reason and affection he assigns
Their just alliances ; their just degrees ;
Whence his peculiar honours ; whence the race
Of men who people his delightful world,
Men genuine and according to themselves,
Transcend as far the uncertain sons of earth,
As earth itself to his delightful world
The palm of spotless beauty doth resign.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XV.

The Voice of Memory.

HOW canst thou move my fixed regret,
Or how allure me to forget,
When there is nought in earth, sea, sky,
But hath a voice to Memory ?
What speaks the sinking orb of day ?—
Of hope as quick to pass away !
What speaks the pale and drooping flower ?—
Of joy, that withers in an hour !
What speaks the balmy breath of eve ?—
Of sighs as sweet, that could deceive !
What speaks the music of the bird ?—
Of strains more soft, no longer heard !
What speaks still ocean's glassy breast ?—
Of peace as brief, as false a rest !
What speaks each wave that leaves the shore ?—
Of days that pass, to come no more !
What speaks the far receding sail !—
Of faithless fortune's changing gale !
What speaks the pure and pendant dew ?—
Of tears as fresh, as silent too !
What speaks the deepening gloom of night ?—
Of woe, succeeding to delight !
What speaks each brightly-twinkling star ?—
Of eyes more soft—more radiant far !
What speaks the blue expanse of Heaven ?—
Of plighted vows in sunder riven,
Recorded *there*—though *here* forgiven !
Thus is there nought in earth, sea, sky,
But hath a voice to Memory !—

Digitized by Google

A voice that *will* be heard, as now,
Till o'er this eye and aching brow,
His welcome shadow Death shall cast,
And this fond heart has throbbed its last!

LESSON XVI.

Scenes of My Childhood.

SCENES of my childhood! once more I behold ye,
'Mid the green, waving lindens that graced ye of yore;
Friends of my childhood! once more I enfold ye,
What would my gloom-boding spirit have more?

Scenes of my childhood! in sadness I greet ye,
Can your freshness and bloom youth's gay season restore?—
Friends of my childhood! in sorrow I meet ye,
For a welcome is wanting can glad me no more!

Scenes of my childhood! the breath of your flowers,
Is loaded with memories too painful for bliss;
Friends of my childhood! there's gloom in your bowers;
Oh! where are the bright, beaming glances I miss?

Scenes of my childhood! let strangers possess ye;
Can ye witness again what ye witnessed of yore?
Friends of my childhood! in vain ye caress me,
For the kiss that was sweetest, can charm me no more!

Digitized by Google

LESSON XVII.

The Bee and the Fly.—A Fable.

'TWAS at the sultry hour of noon,
The hottest day in June,
A Fly who sate upon a peach,
Felt much inclined to make a speech.

He was a highly gifted Fly,
With polished wings and killing eye,
And would disdain to buz and bore,
Like C—— and H—— and twenty more.
Whilst thus he basked in scornful ease,
He saw a Bee among the peas,
Filling his arms and thighs with honey,
As Rothschild fills his bags with money.
Fly marked the insect as he toil'd ;
" My poor friend Hum, you'll sure be broil'd,"
Politely sneering he began,—
" This is a day when bee and man
Should leave alike their painful task,
And be content to burn and bask.
You fret all day to carry home
A little wax to build your comb,
Whilst I, who love the sweet *far-miente*,
Enjoy myself in peace and plenty.
Here sit I basking in the sun,
Until I'm roasted, over-done ;
And then, retiring to the shade,
Flirt with some microscopic maid :
Or when I'm hungry, here at hand
Lies all the fatness of the land.

Digitized by Google

Then pray, friend Hum, leave off your labour,
And be a more amusing neighbour ;
With Mister Wasp and Mistress Grubber,
We'll see if we can make a rubber."

The Bee heard well the whole discourse,
But thinking it had no great force,
Or wishing time and toil to save,
Continued silently to slave.

Beneath the Fly there lay exposed,
With luscious lips and mouth unclosed,
A phial full of sweets—a bribe,
Fatal to flies and all their tribe,
He, as an alderman will stoop,
To his first plate of turtle-soup,
Bent down with his elastic trunk,
Which soon in sugary ocean sunk :—
At length, well gorged with luscious drink,
He sought again to reach the brink,
But lo ! his legs had lost their spring,—
The nectareous gum weighs down his wing ;
His limbs, all glued, together cling ;
He flounders, pauses, labours, tires,
Sinks deep—sinks deeper—and expires.

'Twas then the Bee, with look sedate,
Spoke like a judge upon his fate :
" Poor flutt'ring thing ! such is the measure
Dealt out to those who live for pleasure !
Awhile in Fortune's sun they bask,
And pity labour's humble task ;
But brief their joy ; too soon elated,
Too quickly pleased, too quickly sated ;

Digitized by Google

When gorged with joys, or wise with age,
They seek their limbs to disengage,
Indulgence weakens all their powers;
In useless struggles pass the hours;
They waste in premature decay,
And unregretted pass away,
While we who still pursue the cause
Of nature's bidding, virtue's laws,
When we have worked from morn to night,
Review past moments with delight;
Health nerves our limbs, and sweetens rest,
And all our pleasures keep their zest!"

LESSON XVIII.

Morning.

BEHOLD glad Nature's triumph! the sun
Hath burst the pall of night, and o'er the earth
Reviving radiance scattered. Sleep hath done
Her death resembling reign—and thoughts have birth
That fill the grateful heart with sacred mirth!
For now the spells of waking bliss abound,
And mortals own the glory and the worth
Of that bright boon, *existence*—all around
Unnumbered blessings rise in every sight and sound!

The scene is steeped in beauty—and my soul
No longer lingering in the shroud of ease,
Doth greet creation's smile. The grey clouds roll
E'en from the mountains' peaks, and melt in air.
The landscape looks an Eden! Who could wear
The hues of sorrow now? This glorious hour

Digitized by Google

Reveals the ruling God ! The Heavens are bare,
Each sunny stream, and blossom-mantled bower
Breathes of pervading love, and shows the power
That spoke him into life, hath bless'd man's earthly dower.

LESSON XIX.

The Friendship of Home.

OH, no !—not through the glitt'ring crowd
For faith or stedfast friendship roam ;
Or rich or poor, or meek or proud—
Thy friend is home.

E'en though thou'lt meet the glance, the smile,
The greeting fond, the deep'ning hue :
Heed—heed them not ! they but beguile !—
Thy home is *true*.

What are all other friends to those
Who circle round thy own fireside,
Whose sympathy for ever flows,
To thee allied ?

The dew, the flower, the zephyr's sigh,
The heaving ocean's silv'ry spray,
The flakes that gild the evening sky,
Are brief as they.

Bright is thy sun, thy skies are clear,
And fragrant garlands o'er thee twine ;
Crown of them all, in beauty dear,
True love is thine.

Digitized by Google

Not only then !—let tempests low'r,
And blot the disk of life with care,
Still 'midst the wreck of joys no more
That love is there !

Then stray not from the hallow'd bound
Which kindred makes thy bosom's own,
Nor seek elsewhere the light that's found
In that alone.

There thou wilt meet the zeal that knows
No chill, no change, no nerveless rest—
Balm of the heart ! which Home bestows,
Thy name be blest.

LESSON XX.

The Quiet Mind.

THOUGH low my lot, my wish is won,
My hopes are few and staid ;
All I thought life would do, is done,
The last request is made :
If I have foes, no foes I fear ;
To fate I live resigned :
I have a friend I value here—
And that's a quiet mind.

I wish not it was mine to wear
Flushed honour's sunny crown :
I wish not I was fortune's heir ;
She frowns, and let her frown :

Digitized by Google

I have no taste for pomp and strife,
Which others love to find :
I only wish the bliss of life—
A poor and quiet mind.

The trumpet's taunt in battle-field,
The great man's pedigree—
What peace can all their honours yield,
And what are they to me ?
Though praise and pomp, to eke the strife,
Rave like a mighty wind,
What are they to the calm of life—
A still and quiet mind ?

I mourn not that my lot is low,
I wish no higher state ;
I sigh not that fate made me so,
Nor tease her to be great :
I am content, for well I see,
What all at last shall find,
That life's worst lot the best shall be—
And that's a quiet mind.

I see the great pass heedless by,
And pride above me tower ;
It costs me not a single sigh
For either wealth or power :
They are but men, and I'm a man
Of quite as great a kind,
Proud too, that life gives all she can—
A calm and quiet mind.

I never mocked at beauty's shrine,
To stain her lips with lies ;
No knighthood's fame, or luck was mine,
To win love's richest prize :

Digitized by Google

And yet I found in russet weed,
What all will wish to find,
True love, and comfort's prize indeed—
A glad and quiet mind.

And come what will of care or woe,
As some must come to all,
I'll wish not that they were not so,
Nor mourn that they befall:
If tears for sorrows start at will,
They're comforts in their kind,
And I am blest, if with me still
Remains a quiet mind.

When friends depart, as part they must,
And love's true joys decay,
That leave us like the summer's dust
The whirlwind puffs away;
While life's allotted time I brave,
Though left the last behind,
A prop and friend I still shall have,
If I've a quiet mind.

LESSON XXI.

God and Nature.

SOME say that in the origin of things,
When all creation started into birth,
The infant elements receiv'd a law,
From which they swerv'd not since. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,
And need not His immediate hand who first

Digitized by Google

Prescrib'd their course, to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God
Th' encumbrance of his own concerns, and spare
The great artificer of all that moves
The stress of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and severe a task.
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span omnipotence, and measure might
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not e'er to-morrow's sun go down.
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impell'd
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire,
By which the mighty process is maintain'd,
Who sleeps not; is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profan'd, not serv'd,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling Earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One spirit—His

Digitized by Google

Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows—
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the seaside sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the Earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd,
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.

LESSON XXII.

Conversation.

TH' emphatic speaker dearly loves t'oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose.
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touch'd with the magnet, had attracted his.
His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,
An extract of his diary—no more,
A tasteless journal of the day before,
He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain
Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home again,

Digitized by Google

Resum'd his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
Adieu, dear Sir, lest you should lose it now.
I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman, that's all perfume;
The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
Who thrusts his nose into a raree show?
His odoriferous attempts to please
Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees;
But we that make no honey, though we sting,
Poets are apt sometimes to maul the thing,
'Tis wrong to bring into a mix'd resort,
What makes some sick, and others *a la mort*.
An argument of cogence, we may say,
Why such a one should keep himself away.
A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he;
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home:
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage:
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love;
But when unpack'd your disappointment groans
To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and stones.

Digitized by Google

LESSON XXIII.

Sphere of Man.

PRESUMPTUOUS man! the reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less!
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;
And all the question, (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;

Digitized by Google

Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end ;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not, man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought ;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there ?
The blest to-day, is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

LESSON XXIV.

Imitation from the Persian.

LORD ! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust !
Not what I would, O Lord ! I offer thee,
Alas ! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to Heaven, for thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition :—
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition !

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Princeton University Library
32101 063847220